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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Steve Harley meets his critics

Page 24 . . .

Rotten: A Punk And His Music

Page 12.

I'm in there with the New Wave

. . . & 25.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 18, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	2	ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 &2	Gary Glitter (Bell)
6	3	SYLVIA'S MOTHER	Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
8	4	I CAN SEE CLEARLY	Johnny Nash (CBS)
5	5	CIRCLES	New Seekers (Polydor)
3	6	LITTLE WILLY	Sweet (RCA)
4	7	TAKE ME BACK 'OME	Slade (Polydor)
23	7	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Partridge Family (Bell)
11	9	JOIN TOGETHER	The Who (Track)
12	10	WALKIN' IN THE RAIN WITH THE ONE I LOVE	Love Unlimited (UN)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 22, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	ALTERNATIVE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
6	3	IT MUST BE HIM	Vicki Carr (Liberty)
4	4	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
3	5	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procul Harum (Deram)
5	6	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
18	7	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
10	8	SEE EMILY PLAY	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
7	9	CARRIE ANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
15	10	RESPECT	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 22, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
4	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
1	2	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
2	3	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	4	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
21	5	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
5	6	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
7	7	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
12	8	DON'T EVER CHANGE	Crickets (Liberty)
8	9	ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
13	10	OUR FAVOURITE MELODIES	Craig Douglas (Columbia)

CHARTS

Week ending July 23rd, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	2	1
2	(1)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	4	1
3	(3)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	7	2
4	(2)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	6	1
5	(8)	PRETTY VACANT	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	5
6	(6)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	8	4
7	(11)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	2	7
8	(14)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	6	8
9	(15)	SAM	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	6	6
10	(5)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	7	1
11	(7)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	9	7
12	(21)	FEEL THE NEED	Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	4	12
13	(12)	SLOW DOWN	John Miles (Decca)	4	12
14	(16)	EASY	Commodores (Motown)	3	14
15	(9)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO	T Connection (TK)	5	9
16	(9)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	15	3
17	(24)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	4	17
18	(13)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI)	7	12
18	(18)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4	17
20	(—)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	20
21	(29)	ROAD RUNNER	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	2	21
22	(—)	ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY	Joe Walsh (ABC)	1	22
23	(22)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	8	4
24	(30)	I KNEW THE BRIDE	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	3	24
25	(25)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	2	25
26	(—)	GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY	Queen (EMI)	5	26
27	(—)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp (A & M)	1	27
28	(—)	IT'S YOUR LIFE	Smokie (Rak)	1	28
29	(28)	I JUST WANNA BE YOUR EVERY-THING	Andy Gibb (RSO)	4	24
30	(23)	ONE STEP AWAY	Tavares (Capitol)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
THIS PERFECT DAY — The Saints (Harvest); A LITTLE BOOGIE WOOGIE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND — Gary Glitter (Arista); WHEN TWO WORLDS DRIFT APART — Cliff Richard (EMI); YOUR SONG — Billy Paul (Philadelphia).

Week ending July 23, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5	1
2	(1)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	15	1
3	(7)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	4	3
4	(4)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	8	1
5	(3)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	35	1
6	(12)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	22	6
7	(6)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	12	6
8	(5)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	30	1
9	(14)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	13	7
10	(9)	EXODUS	Bob Marley (Island)	6	9
11	(11)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	4	10
12	(10)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	11	1
13	(13)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	33	5
14	(8)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	12	2
15	(16)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS	(Arcade)	2	15
16	(—)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)	1	16
17	(21)	STEVIE WINWOOD	(Island)	3	17
18	(19)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A & M)	6	15
19	(17)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	2	17
20	(26)	LIVE AT THE ROXY	Various Artists (Harvest)	3	17
21	(30)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	5	11
22	(18)	AMERICAN STARS 'N' BARS	Neil Young (Reprise)	3	18
23	(29)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	11	18
24	(—)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	1	24
25	(25)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent (Epic)	4	25
26	(—)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	67	1
27	(15)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	6	12
28	(—)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	12	6
29	(20)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	28	2
30	(23)	CSN	Crosby Still & Nash (Atlantic)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
STILL TOGETHER — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah); ON STAGE — Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster); SORCERER (Original Soundtrack) — Tangerine Dream (MCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 23, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
2	(2)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
3	(3)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
4	(6)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
5	(1)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
6	(5)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller Band
7	(8)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
8	(9)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
9	(10)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
10	(11)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
11	(12)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
12	(13)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
13	(14)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
14	(15)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
15	(17)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
16	(18)	EASY	Commodores
17	(7)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
18	(19)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
19	(21)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman
20	(22)	BARRACUDA	Heart
21	(24)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
22	(20)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
23	(30)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby, Stills & Nash
24	(27)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
25	(25)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson
26	(29)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
27	(16)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
28	(23)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)	Waylon Jennings
29	(26)	THEME FROM "ROCKY" (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
30	(28)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 23, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
3	(3)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
4	(7)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
5	(6)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
6	(4)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
7	(9)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
8	(5)	COMMODORES	
9	(8)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
10	(10)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
11	(11)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
12	(12)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
13	(15)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
14	(14)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
15	(16)	FOREIGNER	
16	(21)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
17	(19)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
18	(19)	JT	James Taylor
19	(13)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	
20	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(24)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
22	(17)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
23	(—)	REJOICE	Emotions
24	(18)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
25	(23)	BOSTON	
26	(—)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
27	(22)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
28	(26)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
29	(27)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	The Isley Brothers
30	(25)	CAUGHT LIVE + FIVE	Moody Blues

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

Public's cash in peril as New Vic closes

ONE OF LONDON's leading rock venues, the New Victoria Theatre, closed its doors this week as the company which has been running it — Videpalm Ltd. — appointed a liquidator and called a meeting of its creditors. The box-office had already opened for five upcoming concerts, which now have absolutely no chance of taking place at this venue — and, as NME closed for press this week, it was still not clear if ticket-holders would lose their money.

Although Videpalm ceased trading on Friday, Monday night's concert by Alessi went ahead, but only because the promoters — the MAM Organisation — and Alessi themselves agreed to foot the bill, which involved paying the staff and re-connecting the electricity supply that had been cut off at the weekend.

Upcoming New Victoria shows affected by the closure are by the Stanley Clarke Band (August 5), Bonnie Raitt (6 and 7), Hot Chocolate (13, not 18 as reported last week) and Harry Chapin (September 3). A string of autumn dates had also been booked by various promoters, but fortunately tickets were not on sale for any of these.

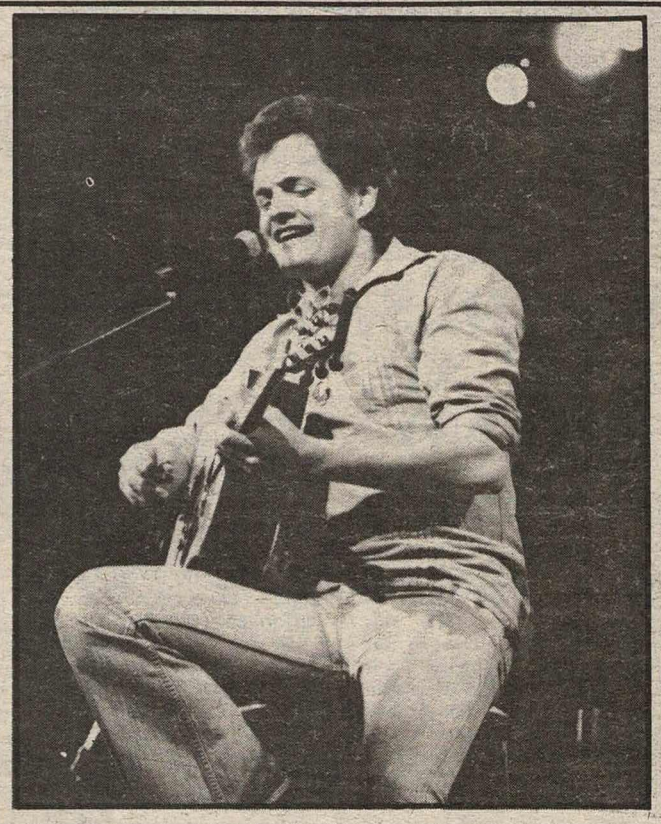
The New Victoria is owned by the Rank Organisation, who were responsible for hiring it out until November, 1975, when it was sub-let to Videpalm, a company owned jointly by impresario Danny O'Donovan and the Playboy Club. It is understood that recently, under a buy-sell arrangement, O'Donovan made a move to buy out the Playboy's interest for £10,000 and thus become the sole proprietor. Instead, Playboy turned the tables and bought out O'Donovan.

BONNIE RAITT: gigs affected

This deal was completed on July 8, and a week later Videpalm appointed Messrs. Stoy Haward as liquidators of the company. They also instructed their solicitors to call a meeting of creditors on July 29. From that point, Videpalm ceased to operate the New Victoria, which was being taken over by the owners — the Rank Organisation — on Tuesday.

The New Victoria box-office was still accepting bookings until last Friday, and all money taken in respect of future concerts is now frozen. Asked what would happen to this money, liquidators Stoy Haward told NME: "It's not terribly clear. It's a question of whether of not it's trust money. If it proves to be in trust, then the public should get their money back. But otherwise, the promoters and the public will be in some difficulty. It's a legal issue which still has to be resolved."

John Curd of Straight Music, who were promoting the Stanley Clarke and Bonnie Raitt gigs, said this week: "The New Victoria had already sold about 60 percent of the tickets for Bonnie's concert. And remember, this money doesn't belong to me — it belongs to the public. I have re-scheduled two of the concerts for another venue, but there's still no guarantee that the original money will be returned, and the public might have to pay all over again."



Beach Boys mystery as tour is scrapped

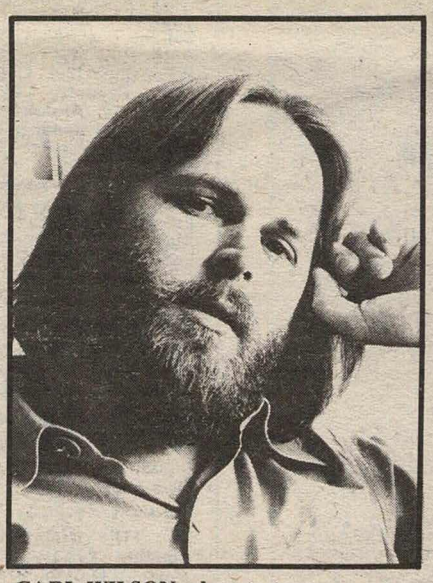
MYSTERY STILL surrounds the Beach Boys' decision to cancel their British tour. Official line is that there was "inadequate time to make preparations" but it seems there are other factors involved — and the group say they are coming to London in a week's time to explain personally to the public and the Press.

Meanwhile, thousands of ticket-holders for the proposed gigs at Cardiff Castle (this Saturday), Manchester Belle Vue (Sunday), Wembley Stadium (July 30) and Dublin Dalymont Park (August 1) are now — in most cases — having to apply for their money back.

The tour was beset with problems from the start. First, the support bill had to be changed because the U.S. acts being negotiated — Dr. Hook and The Outlaws — suddenly became unavailable. Then the British promoter was changed, ticket prices altered, and the Wembley gig reduced to an afternoon-only concert.

A spokesman for the Beach Boys' London representatives commented: "As you know, they've recently re-grouped with Brian Wilson, and they were naturally nervous about playing such important dates. Then with all the changes in billing, prices and promoter, it got to the point where they felt it had little or no chance of going right."

Chip Raklin of New York's ICM company, who handle the Beach Boys' concert and personal management (and who cancelled the tour on the group's behalf), flew into London at the weekend. He told NME: "I've been placed under instructions by the Beach Boys not to talk about it, because they want to explain personally when they arrive. But I can say that ticket prices were a major factor in the decision to cancel."



CARL WILSON: close to tears

There have also been suggestions that another reason is insufficient advance ticket sales — believed to be £6,000 in Cardiff and £8,000 in Manchester — due to the late announcement of the tour not allowing enough time for bookings. Roy Allison of Music Centre Promotions, who were organising the Cardiff and Manchester gigs, said: "We are very disappointed. We were well prepared, and sales were increasing daily. We expected at least £20,000 in advance at both venues."

Barry Clayman of the MAM Organisation, who were promoting the Wembley concert, was not prepared to comment.

Dave Clarke, who was to have acted as the group's British tour manager, flew to Los Angeles last week in a late bid to salvage the tour. On his return, he told NME "You must realise there's more in this than meets the eye. The Beach Boys have been subjected to a lot of internal pressures, and they're very upset about the cancellation. In fact, Carl Wilson was close to tears when I spoke to him."

It is understood that their management Henry Lazarus and Pat Hawkins resigned last week because "they couldn't cope with the internal problems created by the people around the band". Another source described as "unfair" the claim that there was insufficient time to prepare for the tour — "everyone in England connected with the gigs has been working his brains out, and we were completely ready", he said.

The Beach Boys say that their European dates will now be re-scheduled for 1977-'78. And Chip Raklin added that their revised dates will be at indoor venues. Some of the group — "it could be just one or all of them" said Raklin — plan to attend the CBS Convention in London on July 30.

People who bought tickets personally at box-offices or ticket agencies should take them back to the point of purchase, where cash will be refunded. Those who booked by post for Cardiff or Manchester need do nothing — their money will be returned automatically — but people who ordered by post from Wembley should return their tickets to the stadium box-office.

The cancellation poses another problem for the Wembley authorities, who have already refunded money to several thousand applicants, after the original admission price was reduced.

CHAPIN GIG SWITCHED

Provincial gigs added

HARRY CHAPIN's London concert on September 3 has quickly been re-scheduled, following the closure of the New Victoria, where he was originally booked to appear. His gig is switched to the Rainbow Theatre on the same date, and tickets are from tomorrow (Friday) priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. It is still not clear what happens to money already taken at the New Victoria box-office.

Chapin has also been lined up for five provincial dates and two in Ireland. They are Manchester Ardwick Apollo (September 4), Dublin Stadium (6), Belfast Ulster Hall (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Southport New Theatre (9), Glasgow Apollo (10) and Newcastle City Hall (11). Ticket prices and booking arrangements for these extra gigs had not been fixed at press time.

Raitt, Clarke re-set

AT PRESSTIME it was learned that the Stanley Clarke Band's concert has been re-scheduled for London Hammersmith Odeon on the original date of August 5, with Bonnie Raitt appearing at the same venue the next day. Tickets for both gigs are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. The second Raitt date has been dropped. Promoter John Curd said: "Unfortunately the public will have to book again. We shan't know until July 29 if New Vic ticket-holders will get their money back, but my solicitor reckons there's a 50-50 chance".

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H.M. KIDS TOUR

HEAVY METAL KIDS set out next week on an extensive British tour which, apart from a two-week interruption for a visit to Germany, continues unbroken until the end of October. It is the band's first major tour since, after a winter of inactivity, they resumed work in May when Gary Holton rejoined.

They open at London Camden Music Machine on July 28, followed by Bridlington Royal Spa (August 5), Birmingham Barbarella's (9), Manchester Electric Circus (12), Newcastle Mayfair (19), Sheffield Top Rank (21), Plymouth Castaways (24), Penzance The Garden (25) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (27).

Other confirmed gigs are Retford Porterhouse (September 16), Newark Palace (21), London Marquee (22 and 23), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), St. Albans City Hall (October 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (7), Glasgow Strathclyde University (8), Birmingham Barbarella's (21 and 22) and Walsall West Midlands College (28). At least 12 more dates are being finalised.

GARY HOLTON

Bowie gigs in autumn?

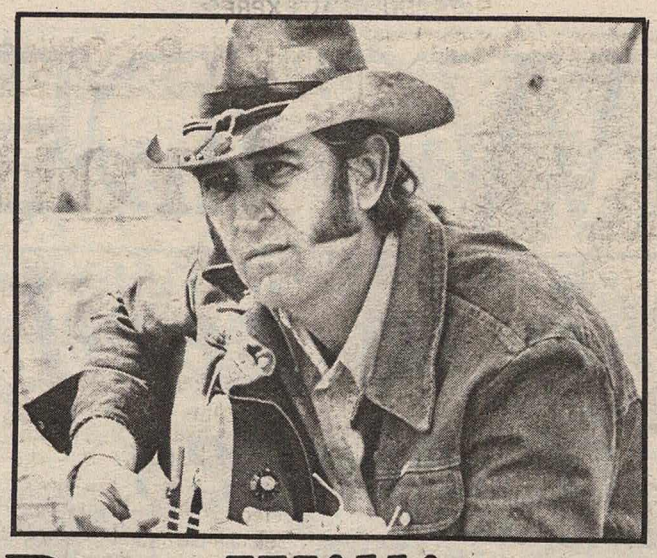
DAVID BOWIE is being lined up for a major American concert tour in the early autumn. And Iggy Pop and Brian Eno, both of whom are currently working with him on his new album in Berlin, are expected to accompany him on his travels. It is understood that following the U.S. tour, Bowie plans a string of dates in Britain, possibly as soon as October. Plans for a Bowie tour with Marc Bolan now seem to have fallen through, and he has elected instead to have Iggy backing him — reversing their roles earlier this year, when Bowie played in Iggy's backing band.

PISTOLS ABROAD, AND NO SWEAT!

THE SEX PISTOLS' current gigs in Scandinavia are proving a great success, according to reports reaching NME this week, and they have so far encountered no problems. Their management and Virgin Records are hoping that this will help to relieve the pressure on the band in Britain, when they return here at the end of the month.

The Pistols kept secret the details of their departure and destination, to avoid airport hassles. Even so, the National Press managed to contrive a controversial news item out of their exit from London Airport last Wednesday. They played two gigs in Copenhagen before moving to Sweden at the weekend, and they are at present working in Norway.

The band made their first appearance in "Top Of The Pops" last week, when they performed "Pretty Vacant". Their sequence was pre-filmed because of their European tour. BBC-TV switchboard received a mumber of complaints after the show — not because of the content of their material, but because certain viewers objected to the Pistols being on TV!



Don Williams in U.K. trek

DON WILLIAMS headlines a string of major British concerts starting in mid-September. The country star's last tour here, at the same time last year, was a complete sell-out — and he has notched almost £2 million in U.K. record sales during the past 18 months. A new Williams album will be issued by Anchor to coincide with his tour, which comprises:

Liverpool Empire (September 15), Nottingham Albert Hall (16), Coventry Theatre (17), Bournemouth Pavilion (18), Portsmouth Guildhall (19), Belfast ABC Theatre (20 and 21), London Hammersmith Odeon (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Peterborough ABC (24), Norwich Theatre Royal (25), Oxford New Theatre (27), Taunton Odeon (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Dublin Stadium (October 1) and Torquay Princess (2). One or two more dates may be added later.

Gabriel tour alterations

THERE HAVE been three changes in the British concert tour by Peter Gabriel, announced last week. They involve the last three venues in the itinerary, as follows:

- Liverpool Empire, originally scheduled for September 24, moves forward one day to the 23rd.
- Bristol Hippodrome, where two shows were planned for September 30 and October 1 will now stage two performances on October 2 (5 and 8 pm).
- Southampton Gaumont switches from October 2 to September 30.

These changes are caused by double bookings at the theatres concerned. Unless applicants notify box-offices to the contrary, they will be sent tickets for the revised dates.

DOCTORS ON THE ROAD

DOCTORS OF MADNESS set out on another tour next week, and their itinerary ties in with the August 5 release of their new Polydor single "Bulletin". Dates are London Marquee (July 26), Plymouth Castaways (August 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (2), Newcastle Mayfair (5), Sheffield Top Rank (7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), Falkirk Maniqui (11), Scarborough Penthouse (12), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (13), Manchester Electric Circus (14), Doncaster Outlook (15) and the Marquee again (16). There is also a gig in Rotherham on August 18, but the venue has not been fixed.

Quo anniversary tour

STATUS QUO are to headline a British tour during the second half of the autumn, following the October release of their new album. It will coincide with the 15th anniversary of their launch and, to celebrate the occasion, they plan a massive tour visiting practically every top venue in the country. Details of their itinerary are not expected to be available for at least another month.

Costello gigs, album, single

STIFF RECORDS artist Elvis Costello has a string of gigs lined up during the next few weeks, supported by his band, the Attractions. With Elvis on vocals and guitar, they comprise Peter Thomas (drums), Bruce Thomas (bass) and Steve Mason (keyboards). Confirmed dates are:

Manchester Archies at Rafters Club (tonight, Thursday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (July 26), **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (27), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (29), **Liverpool** Eric's (30), **Coventry** Mr George's (August 4), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (5), **Redditch** Tracey's (6), **London Kensington** Nashville (7, 14, 21 and 28), **Plymouth** Castaways (23), **Scarborough** Penthouse (26), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (27), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (31), **Falkirk** Maniqui (September 1) and **London** Nashville again (4).

Robertson in Lizzy again — official

IT IS NOW officially confirmed that guitarist Brian Robertson is back with Thin Lizzy. He has just started rehearsing with them in preparation for their Reading Festival appearance next month, and he will also be on the road with Lizzy for their October concert tour. The band's new double A-side single "Dancing In Moonlight"/"Bad Reputation" is released by Vertigo this week, the second track also being the title of their next album due in September.

Chelsea tour with Cortinas

INITIAL dates have now been set for the punk package tour featuring Chelsea and the Cortinas, organised by Step Forward Records. As reported last week, the tour kicks off tonight (Thursday) at the Acklam Hall in West London, where the Lurkers and Sham 69 support. Other confirmed gigs are:

Torquay Town Hall (July 27), Yeovil Johnson Hall (28), Plymouth Castaways (31), Exeter Tiffany's (August 1), Cortinas only at Penzance Garden (4), Cardiff Top Rank (5), Manchester Electric Circus (7), Chelsea only at London Marquee (10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Birmingham Barbarella's (16), Edinburgh Tiffany's (22), Glasgow Disco Harry (24) and Falkirk Maniqui (25). More dates are being set throughout August.

Linda Lewis open-air gig

THREE MORE concerts have been arranged in the series of Sunday summer shows at the Open-Air Theatre in London Regent's Park. Barbara Dickson and her guest Richard Digance appear this Sunday (24), Linda Lewis is supported by Alfalpha on July 31, and Fairport Convention headline with Paul Brett guesting on August 7. All concerts start at 7.30 pm, and they are promoted jointly by John Martin and Capital Radio.

REDDING BAND IN BIG RE-LAUNCH

NOEL REDDING BAND are planning a major re-launch, following a High Court settlement releasing them from management and recording contracts, which have bound them for the past two years. The band — Redding, David Clarke and Leslie Sampson — had claimed damages and other relief from Jonathan Brewer, Robert Patterson and their company Anastasia Productions. After a week-long hearing, the parties reached an out-of-court settlement, under which the band secured their contract release and the defendants agreed to pay all costs. Commented David Clarke: "We can now set about earning a living. We hope to negotiate a new deal and release a third album."

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Barclay James — 16 concerts

DATES AND VENUES for the early autumn concert tour by Barclay James Harvest — which, as exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago, begins in late September — were announced this week. The band's new album — the follow-up to "Octoberon" but as yet untitled — will be issued to coincide with the 16-venue itinerary. As a preview, their single "Hymn" is released by Polydor this weekend.

The tour takes in Sheffield City Hall (September 28), Manchester Palace (29), Birmingham Hippodrome (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (October 2), Liverpool Empire (4), Bristol Hippodrome (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Southend Kursaal (8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Edinburgh Usher Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Newcastle City Hall (14), Oxford New Theatre (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17) and Brighton Dome (18).

Tickets go on sale at all box-offices this Saturday (23). Prices at Hammersmith are £3, £2.50 and £2; and at Croydon £2.75, £2.25 and £2. At all other venues, tickets are £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises.

Promoter slams Longleat gossip

PROMOTER Harvey Goldsmith this week lashed out over continued speculation concerning acts he has allegedly booked for an open-air event at Longleat in September. He insists that no acts have been signed, and that the event itself has not been confirmed.

Goldsmith told NME: "Longleat is available to me if I want to put on a concert there. But it depends, and it has always depended, upon finding the right attraction. So far nothing suitable has come up, and right now I'm not even pushing it. If someone like Dylan were to phone and say he'd like to play Longleat, I'd lay on a concert for him, but I'm not putting on a show just for the sake of doing so.

"The trouble is that, if nothing happens at Longleat, I shall get the blame for cancelling it — which is ridiculous, because it's never officially been scheduled". However, Goldsmith did confirm that he is working on a Crystal Palace Garden Party event, to be staged in September.

NEW PROMOTERS EMERGE, BUT . . .

Droitwich punk festival is ON

THE CONTROVERSY surrounding a proposed punk festival at Wychbold, near Droitwich in the Midlands, took an unexpected turn on Friday last week — when it became clear that an event is being organised by a completely different company from the previously-named promoter.

The date is different, the admission price less — and what's more both the local authorities and the police have given tentative approval for the festival to go ahead.

Billed as "The Roxy Revue", it is being staged by Colourvale Ltd as a one-day event on Saturday, August 20. Acts include the Buzzcocks, Cherry Vanilla, Slaughter & the Dogs, the Electric Chairs featuring Wayne County, 999, the Slits, Chelsea, Alternative TV, the Models, the Prefects, Headbanger and the Nosebleeds, the Cortinas and New York Police. Spokesman Bob McNab said that more bands are being booked.

The event takes place in a 40-acre field on the site, as reported last week, of the old Wychbold Sunday market — for which Colourvale say they held the lease for four years. Tickets cost £3.50 and are available by post from Colourvale Ltd., 142a High Street, Bromsgrove, West Midlands.

Points of purchase for personal callers are Virgin Records (Birmingham and Coventry), R. E. Cords (Derby and Burton), Select-A-Disc (Nottingham), Breez Records (Leicester), Sundown (Wolverhampton), Graduate (Dudley), Music Machine (Wolverhampton), Johnston's (Bromsgrove), Music Craft (Wellington), Durrant's (Shrewsbury) and London Theatre Bookings.

McNab said this week: "We have had discussions with the council, the police, the health authorities and the Department of the Environment, and we don't expect any aggravation. They all seem to think it's being well organised. We're not pushing this as a massive event with 50,000-plus attending — on the contrary, we're only expecting about 4,000".

He added that plans are in hand for the festival to be recorded for a live album, with the possibility of it also being filmed.

Inspector Chidley of Bromsgrove Police confirmed that he is satisfied with the organisers' arrangements. He told NME: "We're awaiting observations from the local council, but we don't see any great problems. Providing it's run properly, we have no objections."

Confusion over the event began last month, when the Midlands were saturated with posters advertising a punk rock festival, to be held during August Bank Holiday weekend at "Farmer Giles' Farm, Hell Field, near Bromsgrove". A man, who described himself as the organiser of this event, told NME at the time this was a fictitious site. The explanation was that he was keeping the exact location secret to reduce the risk of attempts to ban it.

Two weeks ago, local Press discovered that a punk event was to be held at Wychbold, and published details of the site — linking it to the "Farmer Giles' Farm" organisation who, it is now claimed, had no involvement in the Wychbold festival.

A man was recently charged by West Midlands Police with conspiracy to cheat and defraud, and he is now on bail to appear in court tomorrow (Friday). Inspector Chidley commented: "I should stress that these charges have no direct bearing on the supposed punk festival, except to the ticket address printed on the posters."

The "Farmer Giles" posters had invited bookings at £4.25 each to be sent to an address in Stourbridge.

Bob McNab of Colourvale said he hoped the situation had now been clarified, and that the confusion would not detract from his own "Roxy Revue" event, which looks all set to go ahead on August 20.

RECORD NEWS

Animals album due

THE LONG-AWAITED album by the original Animals, who reformed specially and solely for the recording session, is at last scheduled for release. Titled "Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted", it comes out at the end of next month on the Barn label, distributed by Polydor. A single taken from the LP, "Please Send Me Someone To Love", is issued on August 12. The Animals — Eric Burdon, Alan Price, Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine and John Steele — have also made a short film to promote the single and album.

● **Television's** new single "Prove It", taken from their "Marquee Moon" album, is released by Elektra this weekend — the first 15,000 copies are pressed in light green vinyl, and the second 15,000 in dark green. The band are considering recording their next album in Britain during the autumn, and leader Tom Verlaine is checking out the availability of British producers.

● **Pilot's** first single under their new deal with Arista comes out this weekend, titled "Get Up And Go". Their album "Two's A Crowd" follows in September, the title referring to the fact that the group are now a two-piece, comprising Ian Bairnson and David Paton.

● The latest **Linda Lewis** single "Come Back And Finish What You Started", issued by Arista tomorrow (Friday), has a star-studded cast. Musicians include Willie Weeks, Jim Cregan, Ray Parker, Jean Roussel and Ollie Brown; backing vocals are by Deniece Williams and James Gilstrap; and the producer is Cat Stevens.

● A 12-inch single of **Freddie Mercury's** "Bohemian Rhapsody", running almost 6½ minutes and performed by the **London Symphony Orchestra**, comes out this weekend. It's taken from an upcoming LSO album, for autumn release by K-Tel — but under a special agreement, the single is issued by Anchor.

● The **Floaters'** single "Float On" is available this week in a limited edition as a 12-inch Anchor single, with the full 11-minute version on the A-side. It is already on sale as an ordinary seven-inch, with "Float On" divided into parts one and two. Also included in the 12-inch package is a voucher entitling the purchaser to 50p off the upcoming album "The Floaters".

● Chiswick release a mid-price compilation album this weekend titled "Submarine Tracks & Fool's Gold". Selling at £2.25, it comprises three tracks each from the **Count Bishops** and the **Gorillas**, two each from **Little Bob Story** and **Rocky Sharpe & The Razors**, and one each from the **101-ers** and **Radio Stars**.

● **Carole King's** single "Hard Rock Cafe" is released by Capitol on July 29. Out the same day on Fantasy is a maxi-single containing three former **Creedence Clearwater Revival** hits — "Bad Moon Rising", "Proud Mary" and "Green River".

● **Elvis Presley** reverts to vintage rock'n'roll on his latest single "Way Down", issued by RCA this weekend. It is taken from his "Moody Blue" album, out on August 5.

● EMI singles on July 29 include "Another Night" by the **Shadows** and "San Diego" by **Billy J. Kramer**. Upcoming in mid-August through EMI, but on the T. Rex label, is "Celebrate Summer" by **Marc Bolan**.

● Tomorrow (Friday) Sonet issue a maxi-single of four millionsellers drawn from the original Specialty catalogue. Titled "Hey Hey Rock-'n'Roll" and selling at 75p, it features "Long Tall Sally" and "Lucille" by **Little Richard** and "Dizzy Miss Lizzy" and "Bony Moronie" by **Larry Williams.**

● **David Soul's** new single "Silver Lady", a British composition by Tony Macaulay and Geoff Stephens, is issued by Private Stock on August 5. It is followed three weeks later by his album "Playing To An Audience Of One".

● Kicks members Paul Rudolph and Alan Powell, plus Phil Manzanera, are among musicians who have been working on **Brian Eno's** new album "Thirteen Pictures" for September release. As reported last week, Eno has now left for Berlin to contribute to **David Bowie's** next elpee.

● The **Hollies'** latest single "Amnesty" is released by Polydor on July 29. Out on the same day and label are "Can I Bring You Love" by **Slowbone** (produced by Roger Daltrey's Goldhawke company) and a reissue of "Honky Tonk" by **James Brown.**

PIRATES CLINCH WARNERS DEAL

THE PIRATES have signed a long-term deal with Warner Brothers. Their album "Out Of Their Skulls" comes out on September 16 — the first side was recorded live at London Nashville, and side two at Rockfield Studios. Four of the tracks are originals, the remainder being classic hits from the Sixties. It is preceded on September 9 by a maxi-single comprising "Sweet Love" (recorded at the Nashville but not on the album), "Don't Mention It" and "You Don't Own Me". The band — all of whom were members of the original Johnny Kidd and the Pirates — headline a British tour in September and October, and dates are currently being set by the Asgard Agency.

. . . AND ADVERTS GO TO ANCHOR

THE ADVERTS are the latest new-wave band to land a major recording contract. They have signed an exclusive deal with Anchor, and their first single "Looking Through Gary Gilmore's Eyes" (the killer recently executed in the States), is scheduled for August release. The band's only previous recording experience was a single called "One Chord Wonders", issued by Stiff. An album is in the planning stages, and The Adverts — comprising TV Smith (vocals), Gaye Advert (bass), Howard Pickup (guitar) and Laurie Driver (drums) — are being lined up for a series of dates in the London area next month.

Dead movie premiere

LONDON's Rainbow Theatre kicks off its programme of rock films in style on Sunday, July 31, with the European premiere of "The Grateful Dead". The film, which has previously only been screened in New York, has taken over three years to make — it includes a complete Dead concert, plus sequences involving Janis Joplin and Jefferson Airplane. Tickets are now on sale priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Films at the Rainbow will not interfere with live gigs, as they are being slotted in only on nights when no concerts are booked. The Dead's movie is likely to be shown in selected provincial cinemas later in the year.

BeBop's Bill Nelson is rushed to hospital

BE-BOP DELUXE front man Bill Nelson was rushed to hospital in Oxford last week for an emergency appendicitis operation. He was expecting to be discharged this weekend, but will have to spend another fortnight convalescing. The band were working at The Manor, finishing their new album, and sessions have now been halted until Nelson returns.

This means a delay in the start of their U.S. tour until late August, and it also rules out the prospect of any summer concerts here. And the band's planned British tour in October is now put back by a month.

● The Jam were forced to cancel gigs at Liverpool Eric's and Barrow Maxim's last weekend, when Paul Weller was taken ill with a chest infection. He expects to have recovered fully in time for the band's concert at London Hammersmith Odeon this Sunday.

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AN NJF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION

N/M/E2

To churn it out or not to . . .

RICK WAKEMAN looks back on a life of cultural crime from the safety of a Swiss sanatorium. (Drop out with CHRIS SALEWICZ on duck-call.)

HOW WONDERFUL IT IS to see the British abroad; to note their ready assimilation of alien cultures, the versatility with which they adapt to the day-to-day habits of the natives, the dexterous manner in which their tongues tackle foreign syllables.

Come. Journey with Pennie Smith and myself.

Let Swissair carry you across the Channel, over the land of the snail-eaters, high over the Alps. Descend with us to the tiny Swiss canton of Geneva. Take a forty-five-minute taxi ride to Montreux, that lakeside resort much loved, and thereby popularised for legions of expatriate Brits, by Queen Alexandra.

My, you can almost taste the muesli in the air.

But here we are. At last, finally, we have reached our destination: The White Horse pub in Montreux High Street.

Could Rick Wakeman have done no better than this? Is there nowhere in this town that boasts a board proclaiming "English tea sold here"? Is this Watneys Red plush velvet pile and cat-house dim lighting all he has to offer in the way of a kitsch setting?

But wait! Where is our Krass Keyboardsman?

Hark! *(Oh get on with it. — Ed).* We hear the sound of football machines from the rear of The White Horse.

Rick Wakeman emerges from the games room, litre in hand. He looks healthier than he has done in years. The paunch is practically vanished. The cheeks, edged with the light down that is the result of several months of beard-growing, are bright pink from exposure to the sun.

Nervous twitches, it is true, do still career across his face.

This is perhaps understandable: only a couple of weeks ago the longstanding Wakeman stomach ulcer burst yet again. Rick learnt this after a night of heavy drinking turned into a morning of heavy throwing-up of blood. He's still knocking 'em back, though. It's good to see there's still some men left in the world.

But, Rick, a true patriot like yourself . . . How could a man who could write concept albums about King Arthur possibly quit once proud Blighty's shores to be a tax exile in, of all times, Jubilee year?

"You ain't seen my tax bill for the last year," responds Wakeman. "The only people who're going to make anything out of the Jubilee is the bleedin' Government, And the Queen. Mind you, she deserves to, poor sod."

Well deserved, indeed. Elizabeth's done a lot of promo for the Jubilee, gigging all over the country . . .

Wakeman nods sagely, with all the understanding of a mediaeval statesman: "It's one of the heaviest tours ever that the Queen's just done . . ."

No album out either.

"Just 'God Save The Queen.'"

Ah, we have lift-off.

NME HAS BEEN highly honoured by being given this audience with the Kaped Keyboardsman. It is, for what it's worth, a "world exclusive."

For the first time Wakeman is prepared to tell all and reveal just exactly why he re-joined Yes, thereby replacing *his* replacement of three years standing, the hapless (and Swiss) Patrick Moraz.

All things being unequal, however, it seems fortuitous that mention of the Pistols should have been made already. Wakeman, after all, is believed to be among the "established artists" who bitched about the band's being signed to A & M, thereby becoming one of the reasons whereby the outfit was removed from the label.

Wakeman, maintained both *Sounds* and the *Evening Standard,* sent A & M managing director Derek Green the following telex: "Have just gone out and bought three tons of safety pins and razor blades and torn all my clothes. Goodbye A&M."

Wakeman says, however, that the final sentence read "Love live A&M" and *not* "Goodbye". This does rather alter the meaning of the telex. In fact, Wakeman claims he has started legal proceedings against both papers.

He appears thoroughly bemused that a fairly low Wakeman-esque Man Of The People jest should be so misconstrued:

"The next thing I knew is that about a week later they're no longer on A&M Records. And their manager Malcolm McLaren says it was because I'd sent the telegram saying I objected to them being on the label.

"I really *like* it all," he continues. "It's my youth all over again. I remember when I was about fourteen or fifteen going over to Eel Pie Island to see The Who or the Stones. We went there to watch them wreck everything in sight because they had it all on HP and couldn't afford it.

"I thought it was bloody funny. I used to go down there and thoroughly enjoy myself. Used to throw as many Coke bottles as anyone else did.

"The thing that really upset me was that I thought there were enough people in the music business who knew me better than that. I just found it all a bit strange."

IF STEVE HARLEY'S fearful phone call to Caroline Coon — "It is true The Clash can't play, isn't it?" — is anything to go by then some of the more neurotic members of the Old Wave are beginning to feel Time's Winged Messenger breathing on their heels.

Whether it's caused by the rarified atmosphere of Switzerland (where he's been since last November) or by the constant alcohol haze in which he dwells, it is apparent that Wakeman hasn't even considered the possibility that Js Rotten and Strummer could render him redundant. (In fact, he's probably correct not to have even considered this; as the sales of the current ELP and Genesis singles indicate, there would appear to be a solidly established market for technoflash and near-technoflash material).

Are Yes under threat from the New Wave, though?

"People desperately need something to relate to of their own . . . But I would like it to mellow down. Nobody wants to think that if they go to a punk rock concert, and they don't look like a punk rocker, then they're going to get cut up. I'd like it to mellow down to the point where anyone can go and make their own judgement. Which is what's done in any other area of music.

"I had one ambition," he belches, "when I left college — which was to really enjoy life, to really enjoy what I was doing. And if somebody else enjoyed what I was doing then great. If they didn't — hard luck.

"In the same way that punk rock doesn't bow down to the Establishment but yet eventually becomes the Establishment, then I refuse to bow down. I mean, seven or eight years ago for a record company to sign up a piano player who couldn't sing was, in its own little way, just as ludicrous as signing up a band that maybe couldn't play.

"I've done some ludicrous things, but I believe in everything I've done and will always stick by it. A lot of people may say it's bloody *horrible* . . . but *I* don't give a monkey's toss".

I can't imagine what you might thinking of here, Rick. What "ludicrous" and "bloody horrible" things could you possibly have done? Not King Arthur and His Koronary on ice, perchaunce?

Litre in hand, Wakeman stands alone, a man defiant in the face of critical and financial onslaughts:

"I've gone into ventures to put on concerts that I *knew* were going to lose money. Like Arthur. *But I'd do it again. Any* day of the week.

"And in spite of the slagging it got, I'm sure a *lot* of people enjoyed it. *I* did.

Ah, so you don't believe in the Almightiness of the bank account, then?

"I live well and I enjoy what I do but I've got no pound notes," he says, brandishing a thick wad of Swiss francs." Everyone thinks I'm a multi-millionaire . . . I don't mind. It's great fun. It's great when I can go into a shop and write out a cheque for a thousand pounds. I ain't got it but I can write out a cheque for it.

"I've invested it for the future in things like houses so that hopefully when I'm eighty years old I can have a bit of comfort. And still have a roadie to wheel me up to bed.

"Preferably female with big tits."

He guffaws loudly, bouncing up and down on his stood.

ERE, FABRICE," he bellows. "Can you get another round in for me? You're a gentleman and a scholar."

Draining his mug he turns disconsolately back to me and shakes his head sadly: "It's weak as gnat's piss, this stuff."

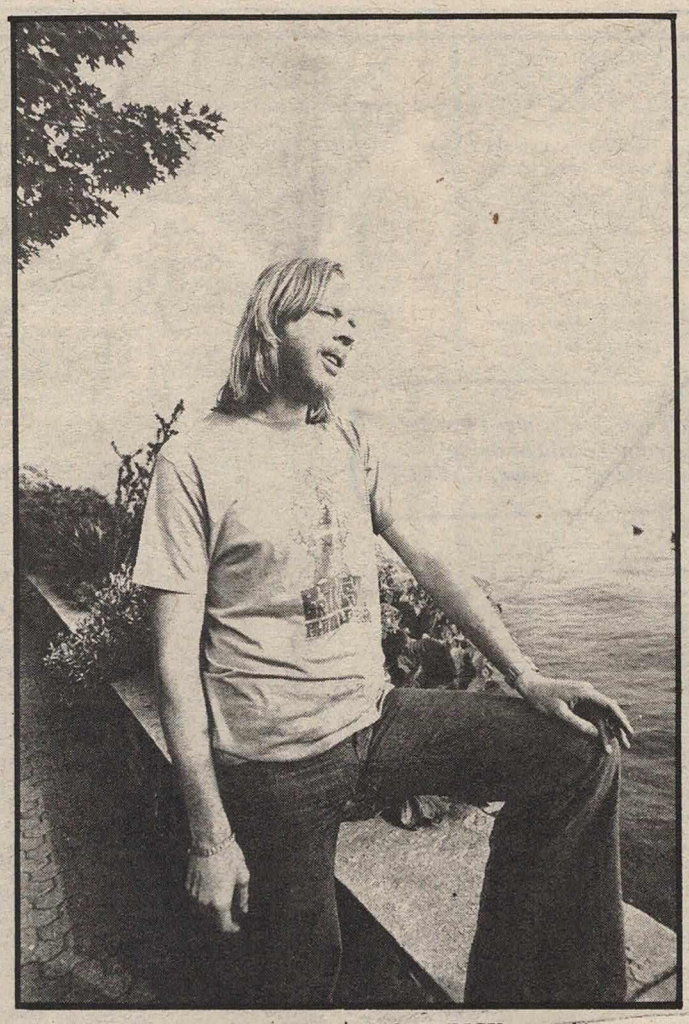
Quite.

However, Rick. Surely now is the time to let all our readers in on the lowdown as to how you come to be here in the first place. Is it just that you want to stay close to your numbered account? Or is there perhaps yet another concept album and stage show planned? "William Tell On Skis" maybe?

Let us travel back in Rick's synthesized Time Machine to July of last year when, as King Henry the Eighth once dissolved the monasteries, so Rick decided to dissolve his English Rock Ensemble. Though, not two months

Continues over

"Punks? I used to throw as many coke bottles as anybody."



Above: RICK counts his millions. (Pics: PENNIE SMITH)

From previous page

earlier, he'd sworn to me that he wanted to develop and strengthen ERE, Wakeman realized that his recording commitments — which at the time included three film soundtracks plus a solo keyboards album — precluded him from working on the road with the band for at least a year. And he couldn't possibly afford to keep them on retainers for that length of time.

So he went off and recorded the "White Rock" film soundtrack.

One day shortly afterwards he met former King Crimson bassist John Wetton who got him together again with the first drummer Wakeman worked with in Yes — Bill Bruford. The three disappeared down to Wakeman's country rehearsal studios where they remained for ten weeks, writing and rehearsing material.

Somehow word of this closely guarded secret leaked out to the companies that each possessed a part of the musicians involved:

"Suddenly instead of rehearsing eight hours a day we spent eight hours a day trying to sort out problems. I don't *like* problems. To be honest I'm *frightened* of them. I'm a big coward when it comes to facing major problems. All *I* wanted to do was make some music with two people I liked playing with.

"So, in the end, I said 'Listen, I can't handle it anymore'. And I literally locked myself away for a week."

Hardly the Dunkirk spirit, is it now? Maybe that big set of keyboards is all compensatory.

The music that the trio made, however, *will*, claims Wakeman, be released. He sounds very happy with what they came up with:

It obviously had Yes infuences. It had Genesis influences. It had strong King Crimson influences . . . It ended up like . . . Could you imagine a rock'n'roll Weather Report?"

This was last November. Wakeman's musical future was not exactly beckoning him with open arms:

"I was seriously thinking that . . . Well, I've got quite a good name for doing film music and I was thinking, 'Well, maybe this is the time when I bow out gracefully and maybe do the odd album now and then. Maybe this is what it's come to'."

Meanwhile, though — according to Steve Clarke who saw Yes on their States tour last year — Patrick Moraz was littering the US with unsuitable notes. In November Yes themselves went over to Montreux to begin work on "Going For The One", the new Yes album.

ONE DAY Wakeman was asked by his manager to go to Switzerland to work with the band on a session basis.

"To be perfectly honest I was very pissed off," says Wakeman, describing his reaction to hearing the music that had been written for the record. "Because *this* was what my feelings for the band were. *This* sort of music was what I feel Yes music is. And here am I come over as *a bloody session musician* to do what I feel the band should be doing anyway. Which is like *good* vocals, *fantastic* bass line and drumming, *amazing* guitar playing . . . All the things I've wanted.

"And I just thought 'Well, c'est la vie'."

The night after Wakeman arrived in Montreux, however, the boss of Swiss Atlantic threw a party which the four members of Yes plus Wakeman attended:

"Chris Squire came over and said "I like your ideas'. I said 'Yeah, I'm really knocked out. I'm glad Yes are taking this path'. He said. 'Well, how would you feel about making it a bit more permanent'. And I said 'Yeah, I'd be into that'. Because it's something I could offer something to.

"And I said 'I've got to go home for the weekend'. So I went home, packed all me bags and I've been here ever since. We finished 'Going For The One' — which for me has an even bigger buzz than "Fragile" and that gave me such a buzz. And when we finished at the end of April, I stayed here and did an album on me own. Just myself, Chris Squire and Alan White. In fact, very much like what I wanted to do with Bill and John.

"Of course," he continues, answering my next question before I've asked it, "there've been the expected *ludicrous* comments from people who said I went back for the money.

"The irony about *that* is that people sometimes just do *not* sit down and work out their mathematics. I don't *write* for Yes. I just *play* So I share a *fifth* of the royalties on record sales. On my own record sales, which are nearly as high as Yes's record sales, I cop the *lot* plus the publishing, plus everything.

"So if you work things out financially I'm almost *worse* off because obviously I can't do as many solo albums in the same time because Yes comes first."

SOMEHOW WHERE the Taurean Rick Wakeman is concerned it is difficult to avoid the subject of finances. The first time I met him, he spent much of the first half hour drunkenly crowing to himself about his newfound richesse.

This time round, though, we are being presented with a close-up of the new, improved Rick Wakeman, purged of all desire for base metals. A man who came to terms with himself by slipping on the ice at Wembley and falling flat on his bum.

"I ignored my accountants in America and in England and I ignored my lawyers in America and in England. I ignored my record company and I ignored my management. I just went ahead and did what I wanted to do. I thought I was Jack The Lad. You think 'Oh, they can find a hundred grand from there, twenty grand from there' . . .

"And then one day they all sit you down and say, 'Listen, we can't find it'. Because in the music industry you're playing with money that you never see. For example, since I've been in Switzerland — if you include the Atlantic and A&M money and publishing money — I must have spent quite happily close on a million dollars. But I've not seen any of it.

"But now what I do," he tells me as an example of his newly-discovered wisdom. "I look to see that million dollars is there before I spend it."

So you think that maybe all the hassles, ulcers, coronaries have had a beneficial effect in the end?

"My nerves are still terrible," he mutters, spilling half his lager before it can reach his lips. "But you're right: all those things helped to put things in perspective. But the point is: unless I'd done all those things I wouldn't have got them in perspective."

He lights up a Henri Winterman Cafe Creme to calm himself down and nurture his heart condition:

"A lot of people say how if they had their time again they'd do things differently. If *I* had *my* time again I'd do *exactly the same* things all over again. And I think that I've learnt through all the things that have gone wrong.

"Mind you, there were also quite a lot of things that went right."

Bleeding ulcer notwithstanding, Wakeman then orders une bierre grosse *and* a large shot of Ballantyne's whisky. He takes a sip from each and lets them mingle in his mouth as he mulls over my question as to how Yes and he resolved the mutual bad-mouthing which resulted from the "Topographic Oceans" fiasco.

"That was one of the first things we talked about," he replies after gulping down the mouthwash. "We all sat down and said there's been a lot of shit thrown about. A lot of it was truth, a lot of it was hasty, a lot of it was bickering, a lot of it was just silly things, and a lot of it was blown out of all proportion.

"So we said," he continues, "there's going to be a lot of muck thrown under the bridge. We'll do nothing. Let people say what they want to say. If they want to throw muck under the bridge we can all handle it and laugh at it and ignore it and the time'll be right to talk about it when we've done an album we can be really proud of.

"For people who were close to the band I think it was a very happy, inevitable event really."

As to what actually "went wrong" with Yes's music circa 1973 Wakeman now maintains that perhaps, after all, it wasn't really going wrong.

"I just think that I happened to take the overground route and they took the underground and we both arrived at the same destination. One was making music that was almost too understandable, whilst the other was turning out stuff that was almost completely incomprehensible."

So you think that at times yours has been too simplistic?

"Ummm . . . *Maybe.*" He nods, experiencing visible difficulty in making such a confession. "Maybe I was almost *trying* to please sometimes . . .

"There'll be nothing played *onstage,*" he free-associates, "that we don't all have one hundred per cent faith in. I've got a feeling that it's going to be the closest to what you might call a 'good time' set from Yes that's ever been heard.

"Churn out all the things that are good fun to play and churn out all the things that the radio stations like and churn out all the things that the people like — which hopefully is the same thing anyway. Just steam it through.

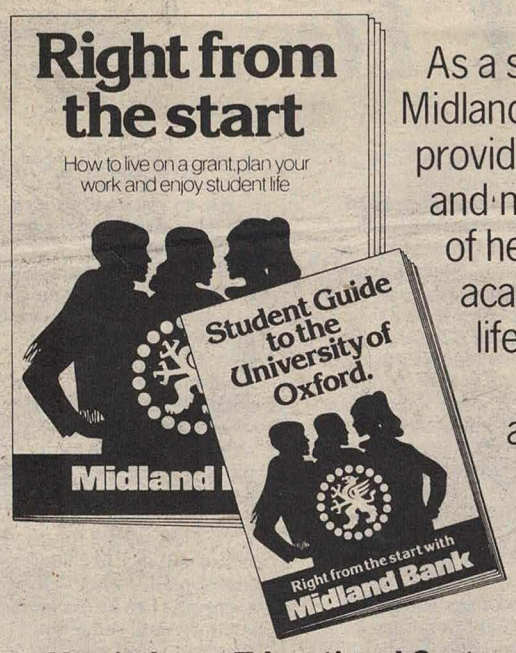
"Nobody really had to produce 'Going For The One'. It produced itself. It's nice when you can put on the 24-track, just wack the faders up anywhere and it sounds nice wherever they are. So then it's just literally down to a matter of choice. Which was what it was like on 'Fragile'. Though not to this extent.

"I tell you what I honestly think: that though 'Going For The One' is a great album. I feel it in my bones that the best is yet to come.

"And I hope I'm right."

Out on the lake a passing ferry-boat's siren squawks.

"No more beans for *him.*" cackles Rick Wakeman, downing the last dregs of both his glasses and calling for the waitress to order yet another round.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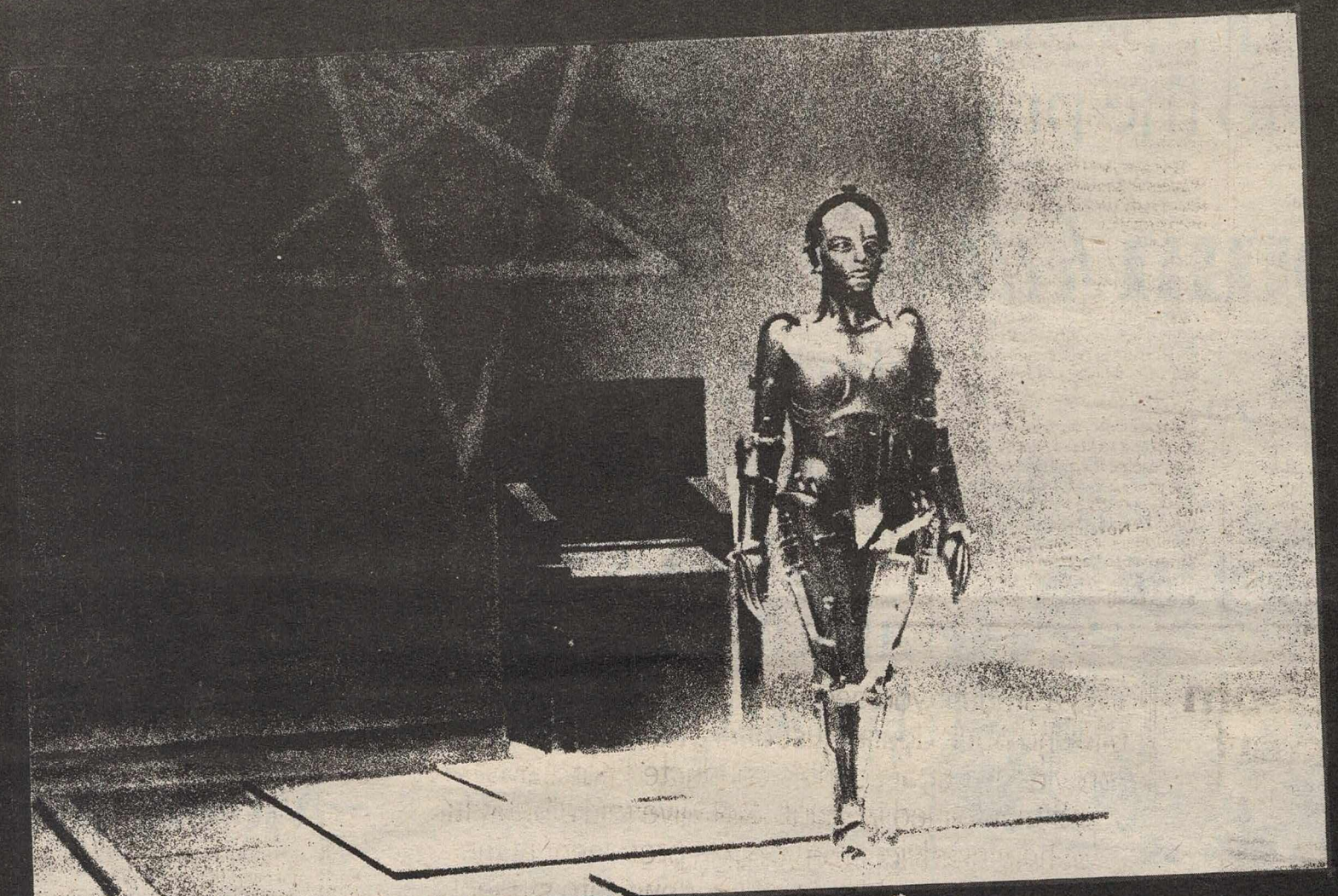

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Among the old favourites you will find two previously unrecorded songs:... "Mill Street Junction" I wrote way back in 1972, a relic from the very earliest period of the band's career. "Piece of Mine" is more recent, being part of BE BOP'S live shows for around two years.

So here it is, Live! In The Air Age, with thanks to the many people behind the scenes who help keep the show on the road, but most of all to you for being there to hear it.

Bill Nelson.

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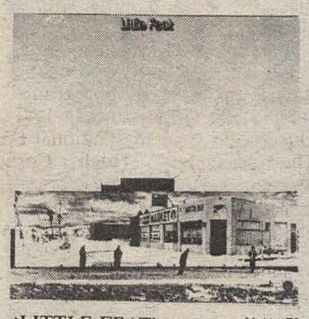

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THRILLS

ONE LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET

Lone Joe Strummer being handed back into his limo. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

— three little piggies stayed in the CBS car . . . The CLASH in Birmingham

WAKING UP in the back of a van crammed with Slits may be some people's idea of heaven, but after the Pyrrhic victory of The Clash City Rockers Alternative Event, all you're thinking about is the hobnailed boot that someone has lodged in your ribcage.

After the proposed One-Day Punk Festival featuring The Clash and several less revered New Wavers was cancelled by Police Order, the band issued a communique stating that they still intended to show. The Law then warned that such action would result in charges of conspiracy and incitement to riot, and required that The Clash issue a press release to the effect that fans should stay away from the arranged location of the Event — Digbeth Rag Market.

But a convoy carrying The Clash and others headed up the motorway on Sunday afternoon, and there was no law to stop them.

"Driving two tanks right up to the gates of the market," Clash manager Bernie Rhodes had said wistfully: "Imagine that! But even if you hire them you can't get a licence to drive them on the motorway . . ."

In a Consul, not a Sherman, Joe Strummer bounced and sangalong to the endless reggae coming from his cassette machine, occasionally adding to the book he calls "The Thoughts Of Chairman Strummer". The tranquility of the trip was enlivened only by the mildly "High Noon' ambience of police surveillance and the taking of registration numbers, at a service-station tea-break.

The convoy comes to rest in the vicinity of the Rag Market at seven in the rain. Joe and the NME Kinder-bunker can't persuade Jones, Simenon and Headon to leave the car of the American CBS Press Officer for a pilgrimage to the closed market gates of red steel, and Strummer delivers the first of many tirades that cease only when the gig at Barbarella's is confirmed.

Some thirty kids, soaked to the skin, have ignored the repeated police warnings broadcast on the radio and swarm around Strummer.

"Where's the rest of the band, Joe?"

"They're over *there* . . . in the *car*."

Moved on by two amiable cops, refused entry to a nearby pub, all "High Noon" fantasies are temporarily dismissed as our vehicle follows the convoy to the only pub in town not too terrified to take our money.

Really, there was nothing to fear. Nicky Headon expresses his disapproval of all authority by firing peas at innocent drinkers while Paul Simenon favours a pink plastic pistol as a means of inciting teen rebellion.

In a corner away from the rest, Strummer seemed genuinely brought down by the others' lack of interest in making the gesture he had to the kids that care about them. "I feel like a stranger in my own band," he repeated several times. "I feel like a pimple that's about to burst . . ."

"Abstract Theatre!" Bernie says, hurtling into the pub pursued by hordes of Clash supporters. "It's great . . . everything's spontaneous. If we were at home we'd only be watching television . . ."

"What are we doing, Bernie?" Mick demands.

"You're gonna play Barbarella's," smiles Bernie. "While The Jam are gonna be playing Hammersmith Odeon. How does that make you feel?"

"I just want to *play*," Mick says.

"It doesn't make me feel what you think I should be feeling," Joe slurs, before demanding that the *whole* band returns to the Rag Market. Mick agrees enthusiastically and a kid in the now-crowded pub calls out that there's about five hundred kids waiting for them.

"I'll tell you what," Bernie says, "I'll drive you back and you can lean out the window and call to them. But you've got to stay in the car."

The band immediately dismiss this idea as preposterous. "That would make us as bad as fuckin' royalty," says Strummer.

So the band takes off, Joe hanging out the window like a demented wild-eyed Moses in a bondage suit. The reported number of kids is accurate and the Law move in swiftly, threatening arrest if the crowd doesn't disperse pronto, Tonto. The band are forcibly assisted back into their car but not until the word has been passed, and the troops troop off to Barbarella's.

Back in the pub people soon begin to harangue the band with complaints that the management of the club is too frightened to open their doors to a seething mass of 500 punks when the small annexe adjacent to the main ballroom holds only 250. "It's OK, I'll take care of everything," Bernie reassures all and sundry. "Everyone will get in and the bands will all play."

By now The Slits have arrived to a jubilant welcome from the same Clash member who only fifteen minutes earlier had quipped: "The Slits are cunts!" Anxious youngsters Shag Nasty asked Bernie again if they will really get to play a set tonight. Bernie assured them that they will, obviously relishing the prospect of power-struggles galore on behalf of the three bands.

"Abstract theatre," he chuckles gleefully, brilliantly pulling off several complex manoeuvres, enabling the whole crowd of waiting punks to gain entry to the large ballroom where he persuaded the management to allow The Clash to play three numbers as a frantic finale to the headlining Heavy Metal locals, Warhead.

Shag Nasty played their three chord Teenage Wasteland set in the smaller venue and all that prevented The Slits from a similar victory was the cute cussing given by lead singer Arianna to the band who were to lend them their equipment, New Heart. The only obstacle in the way of The Clash's set of three numbers was the stubborn refusal of Warhead to permit the band use of their drumkit and amps. But Bernie had come too far to give up now.

"We are all creative people," he reasoned. "This is all spontaneous . . . are you artists, are you musicians?"

The Clash came on at midnight and the three numbers multiplied to a full fifty-minute set which served as a suitable climax to a day of — uh — abstract theatre. They gave everything they had and it hurts to admit that it wasn't enough.

With just one microphone in working order, sometimes with none, the new songs' quality was buried under a morass of noise, the feedback whine cutting through all the songs you love from the album, a couple of ecstatic kids being hurled back onto the heads of the crowd and rich-bitch strangers with painted faces tapping their toes and pantomiming applause at the back of the stage.

But the ultimate contradiction is that if you really want a riot, you're not going to get it in Barbarella's Dancehall.

Or Rock and Roll.

□ TONY PARSONS
JULIE BURCHILL

NEW WAVE NEAT SAY NAZIS

THESE days the National Front — and Fascist trash in general — got *no* comp when it comes to the Contemptometer! Before — dear, unconcerned, sooo coool Reader — you bleat: "Politics got nuthin' to do with rock an' roll!" you might care to clock a publication called *British Patriot* (motto: ham-fisted hammer et sickle with words "Communism & Immigration — The Poison For Britain"), the 47th edition of which, sent us by an Essex reader, bears an article cryptically entitled "Rock And Reich."

This effort (by the oddly-baptised "A. Critic") goes on to praise the recent return to short hair and violence, opening with eloquent Eric Clapton's infamous Birmingham Bluster: "Vote for Enoch Powell! Stop Britain becoming a black colony — get the foreigners OUT!"

Nice one, Eric! Also approved are the antics of David Bowie *(Hitler was the first super-star. He really did it right)*, Elton John's "Texan Love Song" *(Your long hair's gonna die* — waitaminnit, thought that was meant to be *satirical)* — and Mod the Sod *(My brother said he saw you in a downtown bar with a black man on your arm and a price on your head / Sister, I'd rather see you dead).*

Great stuff, boys!

Natch, such a true blue backlash has caused the reds to slide their slimey way out from under the bed; take for example Rock Against Racism, which is — uh — "an International Socialist front organisation". According to the *Patriot* such idealists are DOOMED to DESTRUCTION because of their mouldy music, lousy long hair and dumb dope-smoking.

On the BALL, however, are all you PUNKS, because of your "short hair and clean cut appearance," not to mention your "Iron Crosses and Swastikas" (you still wearing them? You jerk) and the fact that you're beating on the hippies in no uncertain terms.

The *British Patriot* wipes the grin from its grotesque visage to end the article with an alert against "the most Left wing of the contemporary groups". That's your friends and mine, the cuddly Clash, who according to the *Patriot* "proudly proclaim their anti-racialist views to anyone who cares to listen".

We are advised to help annihilate "these musical Marxists" by keeping "an eye out for posters that advertise Clash concerts so that they may be removed from walls and hoardings and reconsigned to the gutter where they will reach a more appropriate clientele".

That's you and me, pop kids!

So where do the Fascist finks figure their support is coming from? The Jam wear Union Jacks, love the Queen and hate the National Front. The Stranglers' Hugh Cornwell idolizes Trotsky though his band's music has undeniable undertones of emotional Fascism, and their most rabid fans are the Swastika-daubed Finchley Boys. Says Johnny Rotten: "The National Front would love to be part of us, but I don't like what they're doing. They are ridiculous. They are elitist. If you could see what they'd do when they get in . . . it wouldn't be very pleasant". And The Damned just don't care.

Reds under the bed, huh? I should be so lucky as to find The Clash under *my* mattress.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

Rotten: "Maybe Nigeria will be a holiday resort. I might go there for a sun tan."

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Move over Max Bygraves

THE JOHNNY ROTTEN SHOW

LONDON'S HIPPIES and old farts were perhaps pleasantly surprised, hard-core punks possibly outraged, and the average tranny listener probably left as blank as usual by *The Johnny Rotten Show* on London's Capital Radio last Saturday night.

The 1½ hour show, which was pre-recorded and subtitled *A Punk And His Music*, featured Rotten being interviewed by DJ Tommy Vance as he played a personal selection from his record collection.

And Johnny's Desert Island Discs?

Would you believe the likes of The Chieftains, Neil Young, and Captain Beefheart nestling alongside lesser known but equally dazzling tracks from reggae notables like Dr. Alimantado, Ken Boothe, Aswad and Fred Locks?

"You'd be surprised by the records I've got at home," Rotten told Vance, "because I like *all* sorts of music."

Well, not *quite* all types of music. Not apparently, most of the sixties bands who Rotten described as "just a terrible scratching sound." Or even the current crop of punk outfits the majority of whom Rotten considered to be "predictable . . . you can sing along with the lyrics without ever having heard them before. And that's not much of a night out, is it?"

Asked about where he thought the Punk movement was going, Rotten answered: "A lot of it is real rubbish, I mean *real* rubbish, pathetic, and just giving it a terrible bad name. A lot of bands are ruining it. They're either getting too much into the star trip or they're going the exact opposite way. Neither way is really honest. If you know what you're really doing you can completely ignore the whole damn thing which is what we've always done . . ."

Rotten was unable to name one record that triggered his interest in music ("I've just liked it since the first day I began living"), but added that he could "remember *Ready Steady Go* when I was really small and that was great fun. I had a plastic Beatles wig. That's what started me buying records — I felt a part of it. But in recent years over the seventies I haven't felt a part of anything in particular.

"Bowie was good for a while but you couldn't really get into it cos you didn't really believe he was doing what he believed in. I dunno what he was up to . . . he was like a real bad drag queen.

Rotten went on to play "Rebel Rebel" which he considered a "good record . . .it's about The New York Dolls I think."

Along with Tim Buckley's "Sweet Surrender", The Chietain's "Jig A Jig", a rather mundane funk offering from Creation ("Life Is Just Beginning"), Neil Young's "Revolution Blues" and Gary Glitter's "All Right With The Boys" came a welter of reggae.

"We got into reggae when we were skinheads," said Rotten, "not that it was any good then but we got into it anyway."

Reggae's creative explosion was represented by Augustus Pablo's magnificent dubwise experience "King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown", Aswad's "Jah Wonderful", Dr. Alimantado's "Don't Determine My Right" ("When I'd been beaten up I came home and played this"), and cuts by Ken Boothe, The Gladiators, Fred Locks, and Culture, whose "I'm Not Ashamed (version)" with its overdubbed traffic noises inspired Johnny to mutter "They just love *sound*, any sound . . . music is only sound innit?"

A brief discussion of Johnny's school days ("This poxy Roman Catholic thing, all they done was teach me religion") seemed to lead naturally into records by fellow tortured Catholics like Kevin Coyne ("Eastbourne Ladies"); and Peter Hammill ("The Institute Of Mental Health Is Burning" which brought forth the comment "He's a great original . . . I'm damn sure Bowie copied a lot off that geezer".

The roster of lunacy and weirdness was extended by by Captain Beefheart's notorious "It's The Blimp" ("I've got about seven of his albums. He's one of my favourites that geezer. He's mad . . . he's great"). Lou Reed's "Men of Good Fortune" ("I don't like the Velvet Underground" said Rotten — perhaps one of the few moments of real perversity in the whole interview), and cuts from Can, John Cale, and (ulp) Nico on her frightful, treadling harmonium.

In between all of this Tommy Vance blundered as gracefully as he could through a melange of questions both corny and dumb which Rotten — on his best behaviour — answered in an intelligent way.

At one point Rotten volunteered the information that "It's fashionable to believe that Malcolm McLaren dictates to us but that's just not true, he's just like the fifth member of the band and we have just as much say as him in anything. What amuses me is the way that they say he controls the press, a media manipulator. The fun of it all is that he's done nothing, he just sat back and let them garble out rubbish."

Vance responded with the incredible comment: "Someone once told me that he's a fascist."

Rotten: "That's absolute rubbish. He's a jew for a start!"

Later, Vance surpassed himself when he poopped the 'question'; "I watched you on the *London Weekend Show*" with Janet Street-Porter and I got the impression you *really* know what you're talking about . . ."

Rotten: (silence).

Vance: "That's a strange question but it *is* a question. Do you really know what you're talking about?"

Rotten: "Well if I don't I'm in a right bad state . . .what can I say to that, you know, I can't swear or spit . . ."

Vance: "What I really mean is you take it very seriously."

Rotten: "Yes, I take the band very seriously, I'm not going to have people knocking it for ignorant reasons. All the press is really bad, like the *Daily Mirror* . . . I'm really annoyed that the majority of so called intelligent people believe what they read in The *Daily Mirror*. Papers like that are just rubbish, scandal."

"Where would you like to be in five years?" persisted Vance.

"I don't know, maybe Nigeria will be a holiday resort, I might go there for a sun tan," came the answer, pure Dylan 1964.

In apparent exasperation, Rotten continued, "Let's wrap up a really tedious interview, cos if it comes to it that's what it is. Just play the records and they'll speak for themselves, that's my idea of fun. There's nothing I can say that'll make people change their minds if they hate me, so why bother?"

So what would you like to say to people who like you?" countered Vance.

"Big deal."

□CAPTAIN NEMO.

***THE WORLD** now has a new endangered species to concern itself with — and that's official.*

To the sorry list of whales, otters, golden eagles, sea elephants, Caucasian hares, ospreys and Kodiak bears, we must now add the European Hipi, according to the influential conservation magazine Kill!

In an editorial the magazine's editorship makes it clear that the European Hipi (Phrecus Meningitis), once numbered in the hundreds of thousands, is now "in grave danger of vanishing altogether from the ecosphere, existence-wise". This, the article claims, is due to several years of what it calls "benign neglect", followed by a recent period where "just about everybody has gone gunning for the Hipi — with the result that its numbers are already down to the low hundreds, and declining visibly every day".

Despite the explosion in the Hipi population which took place in the last decade, experts are divided about the nature of the animal's habits. And of course variations in temperature and feeding-grounds have brought about a certain diversification. Cooler climes have produced a longer and shaggier pelt in this friendly little animal, while varieties which inhabit warmer countries often shed their pelts altogether, especially on seashores such as Ibiza's, going 'bustabout' under the subtropical sun. But the animal may still be found from Sweden to Italy, although pressure from hunters, photographers, and police, not to mention the Hipi's natural foe, the predatory Toothed Punque (Gangrenus Hideosus), have severely reduced the numbers to danger point.

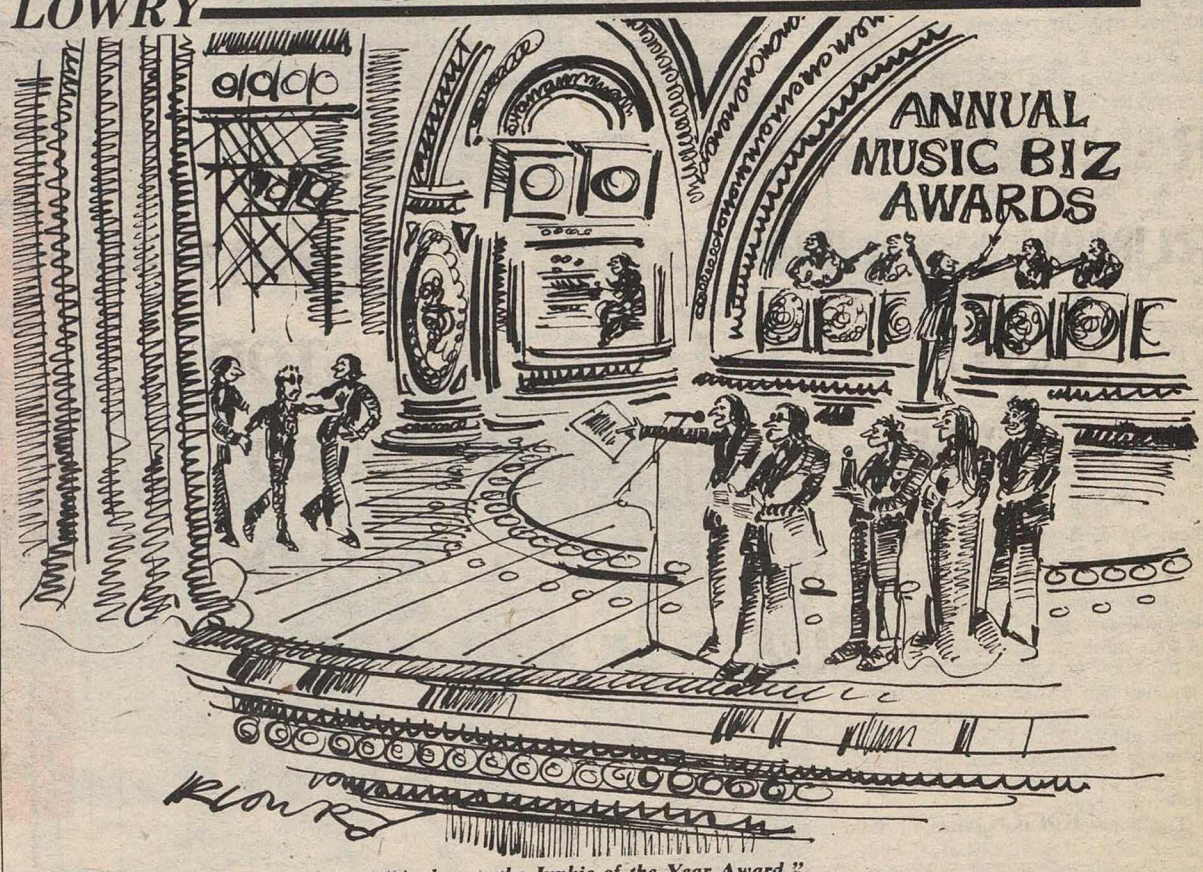
"There was a time", says Kill!, "when the gentle rattling of the sub-cervicular organ, or 'bell', signified the placid presence of the Hipi. Alas no more. Studies undertaken by this magazine lead us to believe that the first steps in the destruction of the Hipi were actually taken by the beast itself: in the late sixties, observations showed that the Hipi had been breeding with the related species, Idioticus Revolutionarius Violentii, which weakened the chromosome infrastructure and furthermore encouraged various authorities — gamekeepers and so on — to treat the Hipi as a pest, to be eradicated. The tolerance which had hitherto been the Hipi's lot was just about over."

But the gamekeepers do not escape blame. "Overzealous persecution of the mutated Hipi did not take into account the fact that many thousands of Hipis had not mutated; nevertheless they were eradicated just the same. Measures taken included the deliberate introduction of the loathsome disease Myxymamandrax, the setting of traps baited with cannabis sativa, the Hipi's natural food, and irresponsible Hipi-baiting encouraged by the British national press, of whom the Daily Express, the Daily Mail and the Evening News must take the lion's share of the blame".

Now, says the magazine, it is doubtful whether the species can survive at all. "We would warmly recommend all lovers of this intelligent though vulnerable little creature to adopt the following measures: firstly, disperse the 'communes' (mass nesting-sites) wherever possible; two, press for the ready availability of cannabis sativa, without which the Hipi cannot live or maintain itself in an increasingly hostile world, and three, there is no number three."

MO. B. DICK

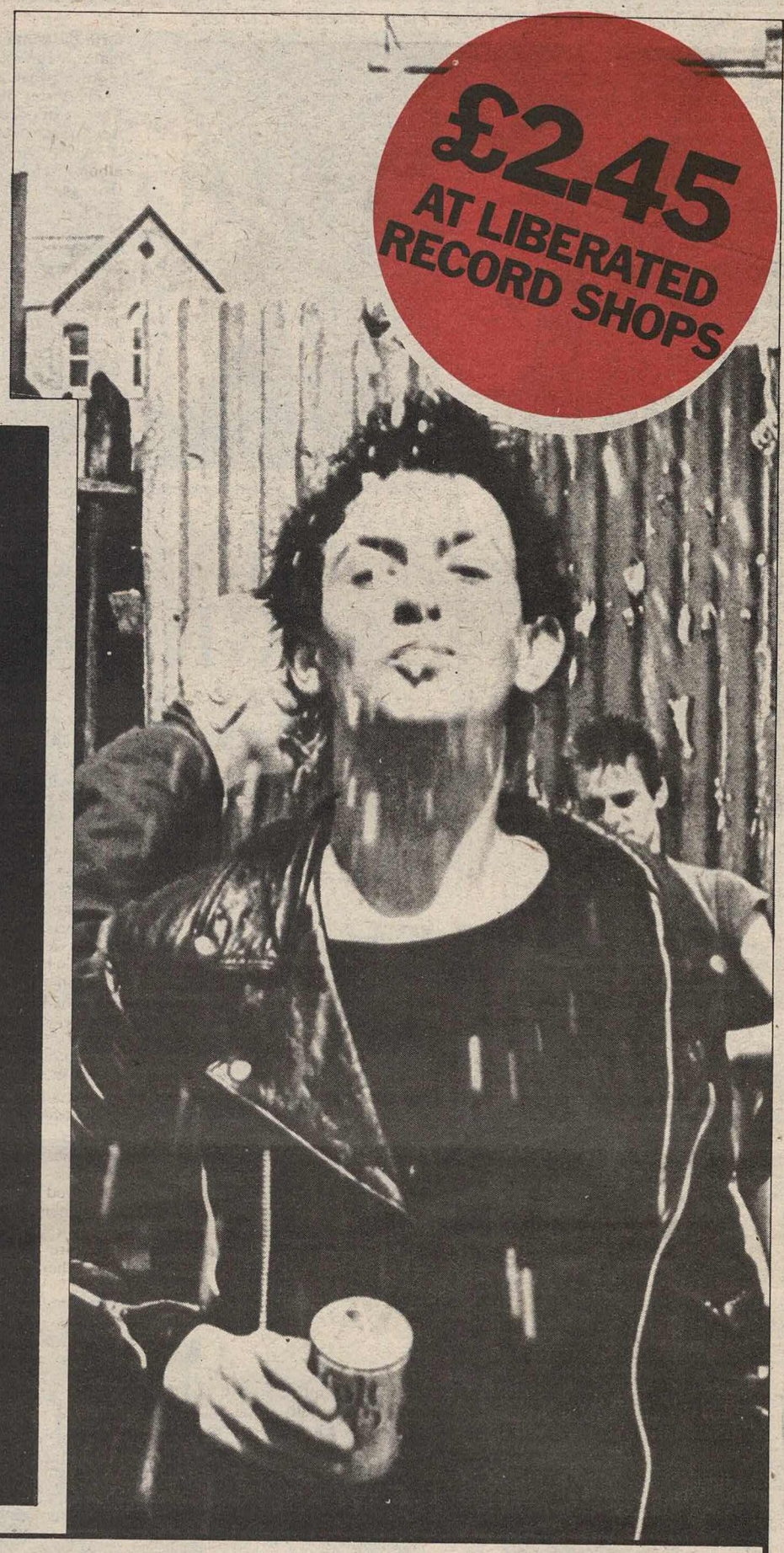
LOWRY



"And now, the Junkie of the Year Award."

THE Sin

PUNKS SEE RED!



'NEW WAVE' ALBUM LEAVES THE WETS BEHIND

RAMONES · NEW YORK DOLLS
RUNAWAYS · THE BOOMTOWN RATS
TALKING HEADS · LITTLE BOB STORY
FLAMIN' GROOVIES · THE DAMNED
PATTI SMITH · DEAD BOYS · SKYHOOKS
RICHARD HELL & THE VOID-OIDS

marketed by phonogram

Album 6300 902 Cassette 7199 005

VERTIGO

BOB CALVERT looking austerely decadent.

MINDLESS AGGRESHUN ON HIPPY FARM

THREE HOURS in a British Rail grill on wheels from London to Robert Calvert's Exeter farm hadn't left me in the best of moods, and I need interrogating on the intentions of the New Wave like I needed a swastika armband.

Calvert hangs over the back seat of the car and hangs out the carrot:

"The Clash are the most orthodox band I've ever heard!"

This is he of Hawkwind and "Silver Machine" fame, for whom I have no great love. I remain silent because I know if I speak I'll be insulting.

But he doesn't let up:

"They just play three minute pop songs and throw in a few slogans! And they don't actually *do* anything to help anyone! We were always playing benefits!"

I remark in a high-pitched whine that it's real hard to be a saint in the city in 1977. It's alright for *you*, buster; you don't have to ride the stultifying subway and work in a hollow concrete tombstone! If I could gambol with the baa-lambs at twilight, I too might believe in peace and love!

You're all the same! I bet you went to University!

With this killer I smirk smugly till Bob Calvert says:

"I went to a secondary modern and I left at fifteen."

Well — I bet your audiences go to University!

"They don't, as a matter of fact. They're just kids with very definite ideas."

They must be morons if they like *you!*

Even through my extreme agitation I can see that this is somewhat over the top. Calvert glares. Hawkwinder Dave Brock grins at the driving wheel. Andrea from Charisma winces.

Calvert finally divides the dumbness with:

"Well maybe you're a moron too!"

He stares out of the window and is finally inspired by a field of living mutton to give me a sheepish smile:

"Well, maybe I'm a moron at times."

Won't argue with that one, Bob.

"I DON'T KNOW why they sent you. You obviously hate us; come to that, the *NME* hates us, don't they? Oh yes!"

Bob goes into a paranoid recital of the evil this publication has done him. I sign — what a Boer. (For our more retarded readers, this is an allusion to Mr Calvert's South African origins.)

"Getting banned from the radio, using guerilla tactics — the single we put out after 'Silver Machine' was called 'Urban Guerilla' *and* it got banned! Do they actually believe in what they're saying?"

Who cares? They're neat to dance to. You've got a nerve — criticising these kids when all you do is swing in a hammock.

"What! You think we're some kind of tax-exiled dinosaur like Yes — that's what you think, isn't it?"

In one, honey.

"Well, we don't have any money!" Bob turns to the ever-patient Andrea. "Can you give us a fiver for the petrol?"

O.K. — I believe you.

"A New Wave band plays a free gig and it makes the front pages! We play free all the time!"

Maybe because no one will pay.

Later, ensconced on a sofa on Mr Calvert's secluded lawn, I feel more civilised as geese cackle and Morrison sings "When The Music's Over". Calvert lives in a kind of austere decadence, reminiscent of nothing so much as The Last Days Of The Raj movies.

"No, more like Weimar."

I make with a *moue* of disgust, sick to the back dentures of the current Weimar chic, which for the majority of its neophytes serves as nothing more than a credible peg on which to hang their yeukiest S/M yearnings. One Lotte Lenya record and they think they're Goebbels.

"Is it fashionable in London now? I'm not into the image side of it; I just like the art that was around at that time."

Cold, crystalline, technical ecstacy, the bare bones of which protrude through into Hawkwind's latest album, "Quark, Strangeness and Charm", which indeed is not the usual idiot-dancing stuff one comes to expect from Hawkwind. Instead it's spacey, scientific and a somewhat scary item, which proved a trifle too — uh — cerebral for my taste — but then I reckon the definitive statement on life was "I Wanna Be Your Dog" — though those of you whose idea of paradise is reading Michael Moorcock while listening to early Velvet Underground might be wise to hear it.

The line-up now comprises Adrian Shaw on bass, Simon House on keyboards and violin, Simon May on Drums, La Calvert on vocals and Dave Brock on guitar.

Mr Brock is a card. He has a sweat obsession, interrupting fevered repartee on topics such as the balance of classical and romantic incorporated into the perfect rock and roll lifestyle with the succinct discovery, "I'm sweating like a pig!" He looks like yet another boring hippie, but he is nobody's pigeon.

THIS IS Calvert's circus, however, and he talks about a book he's working on concerning the dissipation of energy — probably the biggest danger, even more so than Teds and censorship — to the New Wave right now. His heroes reflect this concern:

"Men like Nabokov and Brecht — they put all their energy to a positive use."

Curiously enough, Calvert also has admiration for one John Rotten:

"For some little ego-gratification game of his own, Richard Ogden — who was looking after Hawkwind around 'Silver Machine' — told the press I was living at the Dorchester. This was five years ago, mind, and the first time I saw Johnny Rotten he came up and started abusing me for it. But I explained and took him to a party at a solicitor's house. A really lush place, with all the county set swanning around."

Gee! You took Rotten to a society binge, Bob? Trouble, eh? Did he rape the chandelier? Butcher the butler?

"As a matter of fact, he got off with a debutante who looked like a horse."

Neighing rich bitches and now Arianna Slit? Johnny's taste seems to be all in his mouth.

Other irons in the fire are a poetry book, plays on the death of Brian Jones and the war career of Jimi Hendrix, not to mention (ah, if only!) an elaborate novel concerned with technological tussles between Arabs and aeroplanes someplace in the future.

Uh . . . don't you feel mean using Hawkwind as wheels on which to pursue your own ambitions, Bob?

"Well, they're using me, too!"

Like, dig, man, aren't there any negative vibes ricocheting round the combo?

"Not on the surface. Anyhow, I could easily be replaced; so could any of the band."

So you admit that Hawkwind are basically faceless?

"Not faceless — but the whole is greater that the parts."

Death to the individual now!

"You see, I think of myself as essentially a poet."

I think poets are a fat pain.

"Poet is a terrible word, but there really isn't another. Bertold Brecht's my idea of a poet; a leather jacket and three days' growth. Morrison was a poet; he respected words."

I smile, comparing "Horse Latitudes" with Bob Calvert's latest sonnet, "Idi Amin" *(see NME, July 9, 1977)*.

At Exeter station I give Bob a Clash badge and he threatens to write a play about a blade-flashing girl reporter who slaughters an ageing rocker.

Can geriatrics gyrate? Can country-dwellers cut the Colemans? Id dat Idi dead?

□ JULIE BURCHILL

MAN BITES EAR

A 34-year-old Danish dole queue victim, angered by being offered a job as a farm hand, jumped over the counter, knocked a startled official to the floor and bit his ear off.

The victim, Arne Jensen, woke up to find it sitting on the counter, wrapped in paper with the handwritten message: "This is your ear."

Doctors have now restored the organ to its original position but told Mr. Jensen that it will probably never be the same again.

MAN BITES DOG

A MAN in Belgium was charged with assault after repeatedly biting a dog.

Francois Moulders, was out walking with his mongrel when it was set on by a setter. Monsieur Moulders attempted to stop the fight by biting the dog but was forced to stop when the setter's owner hit him over the head with her handbag.

□ DICK TRACY
(Silly News Division)

FUNNY BUSINESS?

It has been going on for a moth or more now. Gangs of Teds, teenage imitators of the 1950s originals, on search and destroy missions for the enemy, driven by a bond of brotherhood and intolerance for anything more bizarre than themselves.

Their motive? Over to the leader of the pack, 19-year-old Rockin' Mick from Brockley. "We hate puns," he stated simply.

"By Christmas they'll be wiped out. Johnny Rotten got

From London Evening Standard, July 5, 1977.

Gorgeous Blonde on Blonde are really grooving!

YOU'VE GOT to admit that it's what the ad men call a unique selling point. As hypes go, you couldn't ask for more than "Page Three Cuties Wax Disc" (to lapse, for a moment, into Sunspeak).

The ladies in question are Nina Carter and Jilly Johnson. They've been top photographic models, of the kind who take off rather than put on clothes for the lens, for around six years.

And then one day . . .

"We got bored with it. We were working on a lingerie catalogue, you know, modelling bras and corsets and that kind of thing, when we decided it was just plain boring. We'd gone as far as we could go in modelling and it was time to do something else."

At this point in the story their manager, Ian Cassey, comes into the picture. If you imagine the kind of manager two ex-naked-but-for-high-heels models might have, you know, fat cigar, white suit, Gucci shoes etc., you couldn't be further from the truth. Ian Cassey is an amiable longhair who previously served his time on the road, taking care of business for Barclay James Harvest and Hot Chocolate among others.

I caught up with Nina, Jilly and Ian Cassey at the studios of ITN in Wells Street.

On Monday they'd had The Sex Pistols, on Friday, Blonde On Blonde. Mike Mansfield was in charge, directing the girls through a lip-synched promotional video of their single "Subway".

Prior to this, Cassey and the girls had been pretty busy. Aside from having "Subway" and a self-penned B-side in the can, pictures of the girls had been circulated round all the national papers. The *Mirror* bit on at this stage of the game and devoted the best part to the pic and some "Cuties In The Groove" copy, whilst either the pictures or the single paid off with the researchers of Thames TV's *Today* show.

Today, almost too predictably, the girls arrive late. Even in their street clothes there's no disputing that they're very fashionably beautiful. You'd sure as hell look twice if they walked into the local. There's no time to talk, however. The studio is warming up. Their hair dresser is already in attendance and the make-up people are raring to go.

Nina and Jilly are dispatched into the bowels of ITN to go through the ritual magic before which no mortal may look a TV camera in the eye. Chalkie Davies goes along to record the event for posterity.

Ian Casey and I wait in the green room. It gives me a chance to fill in some of the background.

BLONDE ON BLONDE
Is Benyon paying CHALKIE DAVIES a percentage?

It transpires that this isn't the first time the girls have had a stab at the musical end of show business. About a year ago, they'd written a song and, on their own, attempted hawking it round the record companies. They fetched up at Klik, the small reggae label, where they found themselves shoehorning their song onto a ready-made backing track that was already lying about. It was probably dub at its most bizarre.

At this point the ladies decided that this was maybe getting a little complicated, and what they really needed was a manager. There were a bunch of companies more than eager to sign a couple of page three girls, but (mentioning no names) they mainly worked on the throwing-manure-against-the-wall-and-hoping-it-sticks principle. Cassey held out for better. A straightforward one-off novelty record wasn't where it was at. Eventually they wound up doing a deal with Chrysalis.

Cassey openly admits that the girls are not yet able to work live.

"Sure, we could do the clubs like Batley, but only once. The girls's aren't talented . . ."

He stops himself.

"Let me rephrase that. They aren't experienced enough to sing in front of a serious audience."

IN THE control room, Mike Mansfield and his team are watching Virginia Wade win the Women's Singles title. The girls arrive and, with a single monitor still hooked up to Wimbledon, everyone gets down to work. Three things become immediately apparent:

The first is that the single is quite good. By quite good (he said, immediately qualifying himself), I mean it isn't any awful dumb blonde joke. Written by The Bee Gees for their "Children Of The World" album, it's been put together with instant Pepsi-generation disco appeal. The session men have done an immaculate, if stereotyped job, while Nina and Jilly aquit themselves quite creditably with breathy, sexy, little girl vocals.

The second is that Mike Mansfield appears to work according to an unvarying formula that doesn't change from artist to artist. While Blonde On Blonde are going through their routine, it looks as though there are all kinds of shots just crying out to be used. Ol' Mike just sticks to the script. Neat it may be, but it sure as hell don't look creative.

The third thing that becomes rather obvious is that Ian Cassey's right in thinking that the girls are not ready to perform live. With every respect, they're hardly ready to do a lip-synch video.

Their dancing is ragged and far from graceful. An attempt at a simple bump during the final take is only a little short of an ill coordinated disaster. Jilly has an unfortunate habit of throwing her head back and performing a kind of stiff, open-legged strut. It may be great for working to a still camera, but as a piece of fluid motion it hardly bears description.

PAGE THREE
Not up to the other lot, are they?

During the rehearsals, the girls dispense with their black leather jackets. Under them they have nifty little fur trimmed, cut down T-shirts.

Watching the playback, I notice that the girls do have one thing going for them. Their hair and make-up give them a look of identical twins. In the Beatles era there was a lot talked, particularly in America, about how it was an atavistic fear of identical twins that triggered Beatlemania. It sounds over-complex, but that and "Page Three" might yet take Nina and Jilly where they want to go. People have, after all, got there on less.

□ MICK FARREN

And more Page Three Lovelies!

SO HERE are these three young women who are pretty and seem quite nice and are ambitious, who have very good bodies and are not embarrassed to show them in chamois loincloths. Well, who knows, there but for a stone or so, hasty make-up, Wild Woman of Borneo coiffure and my father's nose, perhaps go I.

They aren't *dumb*, you know. Models aren't necessarily dumb. If somebody would take you all over the world and pay you well to photograph you in a chamois loincloth, would you be dumb to do it? Like, one of Page Three studied law even. And since I have opted for the easiest and most feasible way *I* can make a living, which happens to be covering blank sheets of paper with words rather than nuclear physics, social work or modelling chamois loincloths, who am I to give them a bad time for being sexy models and wanting to become entertainers?

(Mick Farren on professions; "We're all hookers. What matters is dignity.")

What happened was that this Dutch wheeler-dealer, Tony Van Kriegan, figured a girl vocal group from the *Sun's* roster would be hot stuff. Those girls get a lot of fan mail, you see. He auditioned about 50, I'm told. He wanted a blonde, a brunette and a redhead, and he picked Clare Russell, Stefani Marrian and Felicity Buirski because they fitted the bill. That is, in addition to variegated hair, they get along with each other, have personality and sing okay.

"We knew we'd be up against a lot of criticism. I suppose it's a normal reaction to think, who the hell are these people to think that they can come in like this?" says Stefani.

They should worry. Clare told me excitedly that at a disco in Birmingham where they were simply introduced on stage, the audience went berserk. "They were really reaching out, wanting the flowers from our hair, our autographs. They just couldn't believe we were *real* people, and they just wanted to touch us. They weren't nasty or gropey or rude to us, shouting 'Get 'em off' or anything like that. The feeling was incredible."

Their single, "Hold On To Love", is disco tailored. I guess it's quite reasonable. I don't like the song, but I don't like disco records anyway. The B-side is better. Page Three think so too. Felicity says, "The record company turned it over. They weren't strong enough to release it. They'd rather go for a number 20 than a number one. That's what we're up against."

Felicity is aggressive. When I suggest they are prey to manipulation she got really defensive. "We're prey to criticism. We're an absolute gift to the critics. Rod Stewart wiggles his *backside* and male rock stars wear make-up. Sex is in everything and anyone who knocks it is knocking life. Women's libbers should be on *our* side!"

Later she muttered stoutly, "All genius has been criticized."

Up on the roof Chalkie tries for a masterpiece. Stefani and Felicity jockey for their positions flanking Clare. "Can I change sides with you, because this is my bad side?" "Well my profile is not that hot actually." "Oh, mine is." I admire their professionalism. They remember things like licking their lips between clicks.

So *that's* where I've been going wrong.

And now they have a band — "Or so we were told today," says Clare — and hit the road in about a month. Nightclubs are clamouring for them, I gather. I can imagine. While I was there journalists were queueing up and phoning in from the provinces to talk to them.

The image is like a Mannekin ad — Luxury. Is it Art? People are buying it. People like it. In addition to Page Three and Blonde on Blonde, a third group of *Sun* chanteuses is reputedly in the offing. "The more the merrier," manager Tony says.

"It's another new wave."

□ ANGIE ERRIGO

LONE GROOVER — ***BENYON***

WHATABLEEDINROW! Y'CAN'T EVEN HEAR TH'WORDS!
THEY'RE OK!
YEUCH—LOOK AT 'IM SNEERIN' LITTLE YOBBO! AN'THOSE SLOPPY BLOODY CLOTHES— Y'THINK HE'D SMARTEN UP BEIN' ON TH' TELLY.
IT DON'T MATTER!
WAZAMADDER? WHY'S HE TWITCHIN'—IS HE 'AVIN' A FIT? GAWD THEY ONLY KNOW TWO CHORDS....I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT Y'SEE IN THEM !!!
THATS WHY I DIG 'EM!
HMM—WAS THAT DOMESTICO RAP TAKIN' PLACE IN TH'SO'S, 60'S OR 70'S.....ANSWERS ON A POST— CARD TO 'CYCLIC NEWS'.....
HERE'S TH'RUB KIDS...ITS ALL ON DEAR OL' AUNTY BOX—SOME SUBVERSION, EH!!
I MEAN BIRKIN, MAX ROMEO, JUDGE DREAD ETC NEVER MADE IT.
BUT THEIR BAG WAS SEXALATTO
HMM...THAT MUST BE TH' REAL THREAT!!...
ALORS! WHAT DARK MINDS MAKE A WRIST JOB INTO A FIST JOB....

ELVIS COSTELLO OUT NOW

Sheet 2

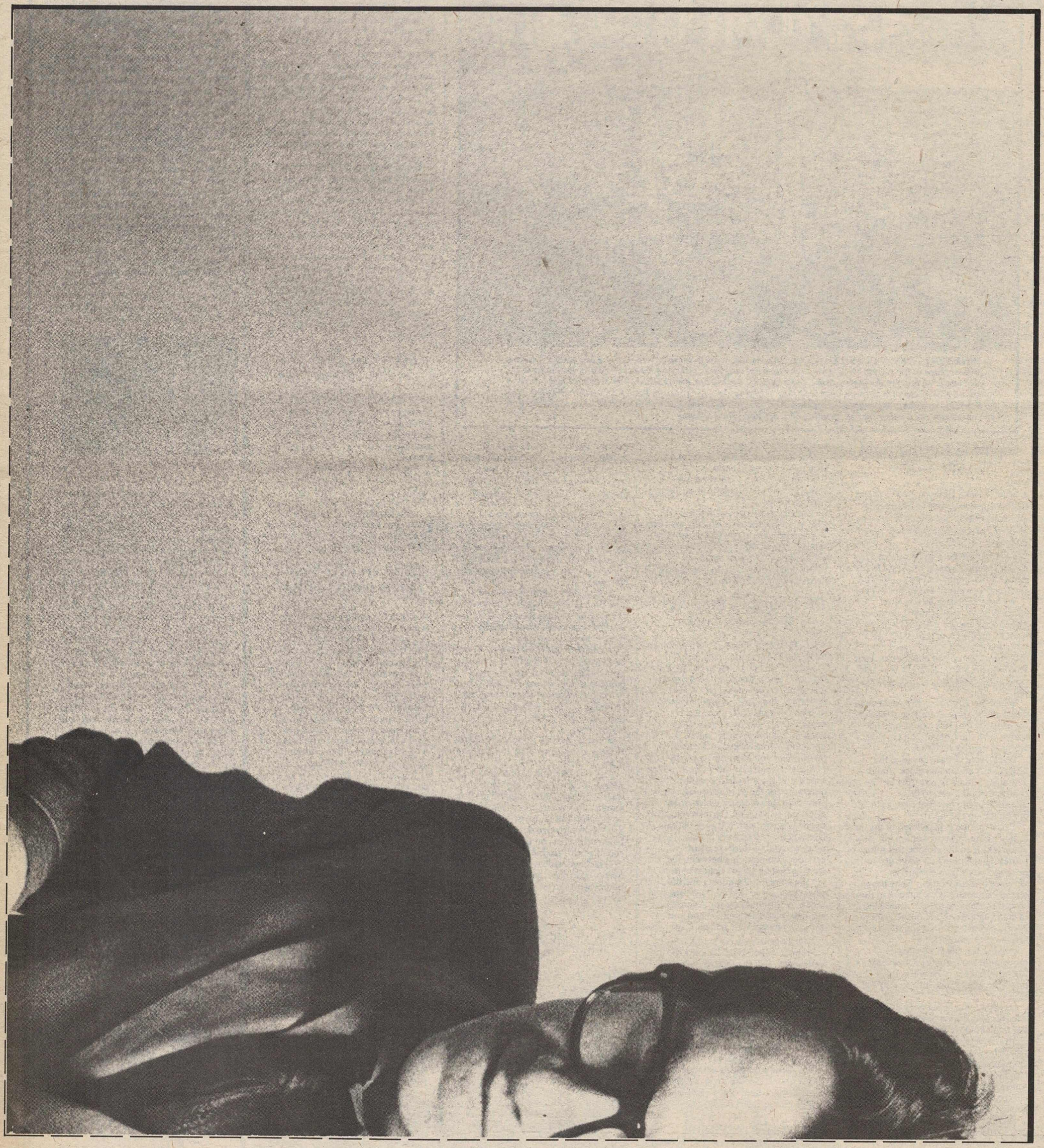
MY AIM IS TRUE

To collect your free dramatic action pix of Elvis, cut out this ad and stick it on your bedroom wall as shown in the diagram. For sheets 5,6,4,3 see this week's _____ and _____.

1	2
3	4
5	6

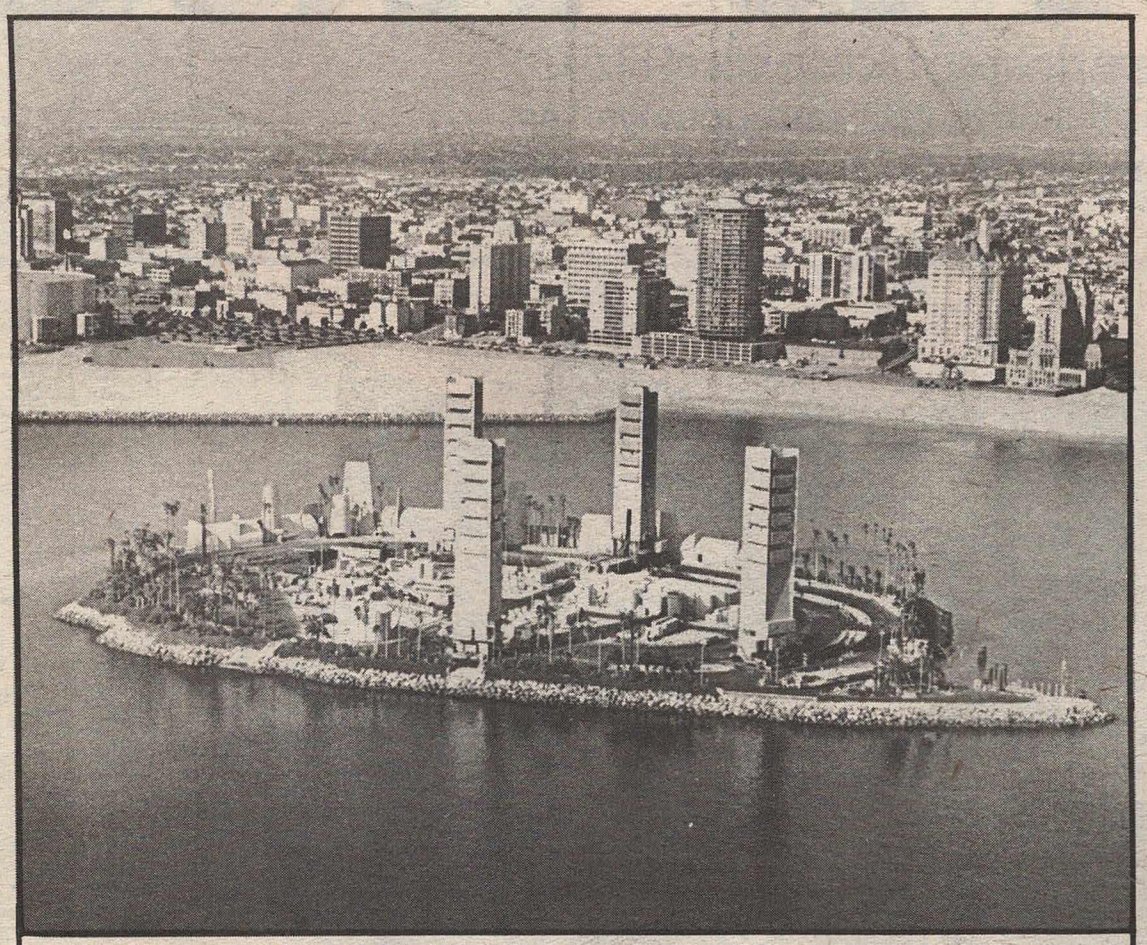
SEEZ 3 STIFF RECORDS
32 ALEXANDER STREET LONDON W2 5 SURFING ON THE NEW WAVE

Sheet 1



PLANET NEWS

What's happening in the world outside



WHEN INTERESTS CLASH Dept: Oil company discovers field just off lucrative Long Beach resort in richest place in the world, California. The vacation magnates informed the oil magnates that their ugly rigs would be bad for the tourist trade and a suitable agreement was reached. The artificial Hawaiain island (complete with palm-trees to hide the storage-tanks and imitation luxury high-rises disguising the derricks) cost the prospectors £1¼ million. Feel like you're losing touch with reality? — or could there conceivably be a better way of spending £1¼ million? (Bandphoto)

Fighting for the right in the 1970s

IN THE LAST FEW weeks three of the most important liberation movements of the 1960s have re-emerged with new issues to fight for.

At the Old Bailey the editor of *Gay News*, Dennis Lemon, has been found guilty of blasphemous libel — the full story appears elsewhere in this issue.

Women's Liberation has also recently found itself finding its voice after a long silence. Militant women have formed a group called WAR (Women Against Rape) spurred by the incredible case of guardsman Tom Holdsworth, found guilty of rape and originally sentenced to three years in jail.

When the Appeal Court substituted a suspended three-month sentence on thr grounds that this would save his career with the Coldstream Guards, a storm of protest resulted.

WAR have already invaded the High Court and held a mock trial in Trafalgar Square in an effort to change attitudes and to draw attention to the fact that rape figures are on the up and up.

This situation is paralleled in the States where militant women are once again taking to the streets, this time to protest against the new wave of pornography which glamorises violence against women. They have already successfully persuaded major record companies to take some kind of stand against objectionable album covers and are now turning their attention to other media.

Finally, the Black Panther movement looks set for a new lease of life now that Huey Newton, its one-time leader, has returned to the US.

Newton, who along with Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale, was one of the main Panther spokesmen of the sixties, fled from California in 1974 where he was on $40,000 bail on charges of murder and assault. He was, however, encouraged to return following revelations that the murder charge against him had been part of a conspiracy by the CIA.

(Part of his case will be based on a report from the US Senate Intelligence Committee which documents the activities of Countelpro, the FBI's counterintelligence group organised to disrupt radical groups.)

Currently out on bail, Newton has firm plans to regain control of the Panther Party and to increase the range and power of its social self-help organisations.

The fact that once again these liberation groups are surfacing may be coincidence. Far more likely however is the fact that, after years of relative calm, people are once again re-forming to begin again fighting for their rights in the 1970s.

Hiroshima — they want their own back

ARE THE FOUNDATIONS of the Tri-Lateral Commission shaking?

Jimmy Carter's decision to halt the spread of plutonium around the globe has come as quite a surprise to his country's allies and trading-partners in Japan — especially since the completion of the new processing plant at Tokaimura (fifty miles upcountry from Tokyo) is thereby thrown into considerable jeopardy.

The U.S. being Japan's sole supplier of the enriched uranium necessary for the production of plutonium (an element which does not occur in nature), Carter's refusal to come across with the godds at this late juncture effectively makes nonsense out of thirty years of economic co-planning between the world's first and third richest nations.

"We were good students and did what the teacher told us," said one Japanese diplomat during recent urgently-convened talks, "and you abruptly changed the policy."

That's democracy, kid.

Premier Takeo Fukuda, only too well aware — in the face of coming elections — that this cuts both ways, is anxious that President Carter sees sense pretty damn quick. Because if Jimmy sticks to his guns, Fukuda's Conservative Party will certainly be accused of giving in to Washington and, who knows, those dirty reds might just exploit the, er, "situation".

For those wondering what all the fuss is about, plutonium is the secret miracle ingredient of the H-bomb.

Remember Pearl Harbour?

Let's wipe out Tottenham Court Road

NOW THAT we have a new bogey to fear, the Neutron Bomb Argument is raging. Sources close to the U.S. Nuclear Weapons Testing Programme have confirmed that tests of the bomb have *already* been carried out in the Nevada desert north of Las Vegas.

Not surprisingly, the Russians have begun uttering grumbling noises, claiming, amongst other things, that the neutron warhead is a device "that revolts the reason and conscience of mankind, but must evoke a feeling of delight among the 'lovers of man' in Washington".

Behind the curtain of rhetoric however, it's clear that the neutron bomb could change the face of future warfare and, some would claim, make it more likely to happen.

While your standard nuclear bomb produces four lethal effects — blast, heat, fallout and radiation — the neutron is light on the first three, but heavy on radiation. In addition, the radiation can be confined to an area as small as 300 yards, and is short-lived.

If you wiped out Tottenham Court Road one day you could go shopping there the next).

This combination of precision and short-life damage is worrying the war-watchers. Old-fashioned nuclear bombs, they claim, are so messy that no-one will call on them — hence they're an effective deterrent. Neutron bombs, on the other hand, sound almost *useful*.

Whichever side wins the argument, makes little difference to yer average punter who can only sit and wait for the sky to fall in.

Psst — they don't know what they're doing

WHEREAS US BRITS regarded the Government's "Save Energy" campaign as something of a bad joke, in San Francisco the same sort of thing really caught on at cocktail parties.

To the extent that a plea for 25% saving in water-use was carried to an unforseen 40% by the enthusiastic citizenry and the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission, facing "cash-flow problems", had to announce a hefty increase in the rates!

"It does seem like a sorry reward for extra conservation," admitted general manager John Wentz, "but it is a financial fact of life. When we sell less water, we have less money, We have no alternative."

That'll teach the radical chic brigade. Drop out and grow your *own* water.

The nuclear powered, bullet-proof bionic heart

ENGINEERS at the giant Westinghouse Corporation in America have developed the world's first nuclear-powered bionic heart.

The heart itself is a mechanical pump connected to an engine installed in the abdomen. The engine coverts heat to mechanical energy fuelled by small pellets of plutonium.

The heart was tested by implanting a larger model into a calf which managed to stay alive for 184 days, apparently a record. The calf then had to be "destroyed" because it outgrew its own transplant.

Don Olsen, assistant director of artificial organs at the University of Utah, carried out these tests. Bernie Krasicki, the Westinghouse engineer who built the heart (at the cost of fifty thousand dollars) claims that the bionic organ has several advantages over a normal heart:

"It will stand fire and impact should a heart recipient be involved in a crash of some sort and the shielding material was built to stop a .38 slug."

The heart, which can run for ten years before it needs overhauling, will be ready for implant into humans in five years.

After the Cold War — the Cancer War

THE CANCER RATE of Americans serving at the American Embassy in Moscow is the highest in the world, according to Zbigniew Brezinski, national security adviser to President Carter.

Further, Mr. Z. B. claims that the cancer is caused by microwave radiation being beamed at the Embassy by the Soviets.

John Hopkins University in Baltimore have been given a quarter of a million dollars to investigate the truth of these allegations.

Coal crueller than nukes plead boffins

A SECRET energy-study for the American National Academy of Sciences has come up with an embarrassing statistic for President Carter and the anti-nuclear lobby.

Seems that 21,000 people east of the Mississippi die annually 15 or so years earlier that they should do because their lungs fill up with sulphur particles emitted from the smokestacks of power-plants burning coal — the substance the anti-nukers suggest should replace plutonium as America's future fuel-base.

The study was financed by something called the Energy Research and Development Administration. Wonder who funds them?

Uranium Oxide announces world tour

FOOTNOTE to the bad scene between the Nips and the Yanks over nuke-proliferation (reported above):

A ship carrying 200 tonnes of uranium oxide bound — somewhat indirectly — for Japan, left Sydney harbour on June 23 of this year to the accompaniment of catcalls, flower-bombs, and a wreath. The consignment was agreed four years ago, before the Labour government banned further export of this naughty mineral.

The stuff will come to Britain first to be refined. Then it'll go to the States to be converted into fuel-rods. Finally, it'll go to the Land of the Rising Sun.

So now you know.

DICK TRACY
R. G. BRICKMASTER

DIE WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE TO DO IT?

THIS IS the truth about snuff-rock, the bizarre cult of ritual self-immolation celebrated in the so-called "musical" *Sleak* by Albertos Y Lost Trios Paranoias which infests London's Royal Court Theatre for a four-day run starting on July 20th.

For many weeks our sensationalists have probed, poked and fondled this horrific shocker called snuff-rock. Their verdict is simply this. It is repulsive. It is gory. It makes you puke. It increases our circulation.

***Sleak* traces the ascent from turd to superstar legend of Norman Sleak, who originated snuff-rock when he became the first man to enact the ultimate show-biz statement on the futility of urban life — a glorious suicide in preference to a mundane existence, total nihilism rather than social castration, showing the punks up for a bunch of pink faggot pansies.**

And to growing numbers of gullible youngsters, Norman Sleak is more than a cult-hero, he is a Godhead.

Snuff-rock bands have formed since his death with a lemming-like lust to follow Sleak's lead — to live like pratts and die like heroes. Bands like The Crypt, Deduzza Dodo and The Lemmings, and The Entrails.

A sinister figure

Hard core snuff-rockers all adhere to Norman Sleak's last request that no-one should be given a chance to, in his words, "flabby bland-out like the peroxide pigbrains did" and should die on stage after their first single has started going up the charts.

These hard core "snuffs" have accused some of their contempories in the movement of selling-out to the record companies by letting their lives continue too long by merely injecting rare diseases into their veins instead of slashing their wrists, blowing themselves up with plastic explosives or shooting themselves through the brain with nuclear missiles.

To the true snuff-rockers, Norman Sleak remains the warmest corpse of them all. Mention stars from previous generations and the snuff-rock kid will vomit over your granny.

"These middle-aged old queens are living in the past," one young snuff sneers, casually slicing at his jugular vein with a razor. "Like these old poofs who keep telling us how great it is on Hergest Ridge. It probably *is* beautiful for them with their bloody great Maseratis and hand-made suits and fancy tarts. The only fing that I've got to live for is death itself, and that's what snuff-rock is saying — die while death is still worth living for, die a Star!"

They must be Russians.

□ TONY PARSONS

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ISLAND

CLAPTON with Martin acoustic (00028?). Pic: PAUL COX

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Axe me another ...

COULD YOU tell me the type of guitars and amplifiers used by Eric Clapton? — **CURLY MULLINS, Woodhall Spa, Lincs.**

● **According to Cliff Gater, who is to El Clappo what A. J. Weberman was to Dylan, young Eric toted a Hofner acoustic in his formative years, switching to a Kay electric during his stay with The Roosters.**

A Fender Telecaster and a Gibson ES-335 became his main instruments at Yardbird stage, the ES-335 being replaced by a Gibson Les Paul 1958 for the Mayall era. This latter instrument was stolen during one of Clapton's initial Cream gigs but by that time he'd acquired a collection of Les Pauls plus a multi-coloured Gibson SG Standard. Gater remembers E.C. removing the p.u. covers to increase sustain and volume, another gimmick involving his Fender rock and roll strings being strung down one place and a banjo E string being used at the top, the theory being that the strings would be slacker thus facilitating tone bending.

The SG Standard became relegated by the time of the "Goodbye Cream" album, a Gibson ES335 and a Gibson Firebird then becoming his main axes, these being joined by a rosewood Telecaster during Clapton's stay with Blind Faith. While with Bonnie and Delaney, on the first solo album and on the Derek and The Dominoes dates, he relied mainly on the Fender Stratocaster, employing a Zermatis 12-string he'd named "Ivan The Terrible" for acoustic work. A Strat was also utilised on the Howling Wolf sessions, while the Bangla Desh concert found Clapton switching to a Gibson Byrdland replete with Humbuckers.

Fans at the Rainbow Concert (1973) heard him playing a Fender Strat and a Gibson Les Paul, while those lucky enough to catch the Clapton band in '74 saw Eric employing the Stratocaster for most of his work but occasionally moving on to the Firebird or Les Paul. More recent sightings have included the use of a Strat at Hammersmith and Southampton during 1976, while the Crystal Palace gig that year saw him with a Telecaster. To bring matters up to date, Gater reports that at Hammersmith this year, the man from Ripley was playing the Strat once more, occasionally reverting to the Les Paul.

Currently his collection of instruments is said to contain Fender Stratocasters, a Gibson Les Paul, a Gibson ES-335, a Martin 00028, a Gibson Firebird, a Switchmaster (old Carl Perkins type), a wood body dobro with a Martin-type neck (customised by Randy Wood and the Zermatis 12-string acoustic ("Ivan The Terrible").

Currently, Clapton is using Music Man HD130R amplifiers, having in the past used amps marketed by Vox, Marshall and Fender.

PLEASE COULD you publish a complete list of the various albums by Soft Machine? — **DAVID SQUIRES, Rise Park Nottingham**

● **Some of the Soft's earliest tracks, originally cut as demos, are available on "At The Beginning" (Charly 30014). The band's first couple of *real* albums, "The Soft Machine" and "Volume Two" were first released separately on Probe but later re-issued as a double on ABC ABCD602, these being followed by the imaginatively titled "Third" (66 246), "Fourth" (64 280), "Fifth" (64 806), "Sixth" (68 214) and "Seventh" (65 799), all on CBS. By 1975, the band had switched to Harvest, for which label they've since recorded "Bundles" (SHSP 4044) and "Softs" (SHSP 4056), while "Triple Echo" (SHTW 800), a triple-album compilation covering the band's entire history, is due in the shops within the next couple of weeks.**

HAVING RECENTLY bought a copy of Bruce Johnston's "Going Public" album, I noticed that three of the credits (back cover photo, production co-ordinator and inside photography) were given to Harriet Johnston. Could you tell me if this is Bruce's wife? If so, when did he get married and how come we never got to hear about it? — **ANNE C. GURNHAM, Liverpool L18 1JX.**

● **How the hell do we know why Bruce didn't invite you to his confetti-throwing soiree? However, Harriet Johnston, who is indeed married to the guy who replaced Glen Campbell in The Beach Boys line-up, says that she and Bruce got wed aboard a boat off Catalina Island around a year ago. All very nautical and probably one of the reasons why Johnston's been given the task of producing Sailor's new album.**

WHERE CAN I buy gospel albums? I am particularly interested in obtaining records by Andrae Crouch and The Disciples and Jessy Dixon, both of whome were recently featured on the BBC1 *Everyman* programme. Also, is there any good publication that deals with American gospel music? — **NICHOLAS PIPKIN, Helsby, Cheshire.**

● **Probably the best place to find gospel albums is in religious bookshops. Many of these shops carry such labels as Caanan, Myrhh, Light, Solid Rock, Good News, Lamb and Lion etc., most of which are marketed by Word Records of Park Lane, Hemel Hempstead HP2 4TD. The Word catalogue is an interesting one that covers a wide sphere of music — including several albums by Crouch, including "Live At Carnegie Hall" (Light LS7018), "Soulfully" (LS7007) and "Take Me Back" (LS7025) — while Word Books, a subsidiary company, publish *Through It All,* Crouch's autobiography. Jessy Dixon, whom readers will remember through his association with Paul Simon, currently has nine albums available on the U.S. Gospel label, according to the *Schwann 2 Record And Tape Guide,* a publication which lists most of the gospel items that are available on import. Finally, the definitive book on black gospel music is undoubtedly Tony Heilbut's *The Gospel Sound,* published by Anchor Books, while the Anchor / ABC catalogue (obtainable from 140 Wardour Street, London W1) is worth having around, listing, as it does, all the great Peacock (Dixie Hummingbirds, Sensational Nightingales Mighty Clouds Of Joy etc.) and Songbird (Inez Andrews, Sensational Williams Brothers and others) releases that are obtainable in this country.**

IN 1975 I read in *NME* that Marc Bolan was to play the part of a drug-taking, sexual killer in a film with David Niven. Was the film, which was to have been called *Obsession,* ever made? If so, was it released? Also, I remember too that Bolan was reported as writing a number of songs for use on an album featuring Pat Hall, one of his back-up singers. Was this elpee — which Marc was slated to produce — ever completed? — **D. HOWELL, Warminster, Wiltshire.**

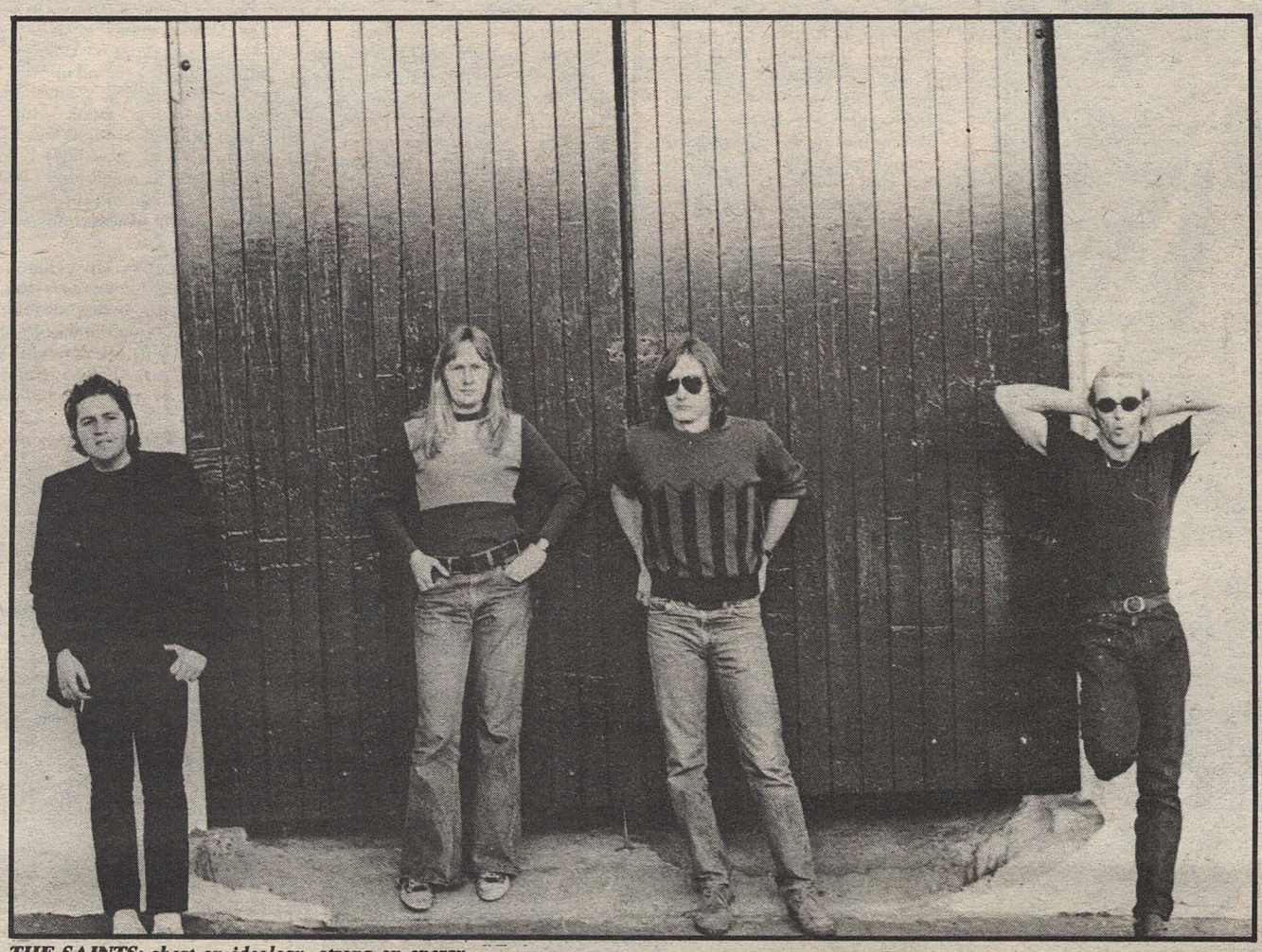
● **We phoned Marcus Boloneyius who explained: "We needed a million and a half in order to finance the film and though we raised the first million okay, by the time we'd got the rest of the cash together both David Niven and I were unavailable for filming — so the film was scrapped. The Pat Hall album was started but then it fell through when she became a hippie. However, some of the back-up tracks were kept and later used on Gloria Jones's 'Vixen' album. Those tracks were 'Tell Me Now', 'High' and 'Sailors Of The Highway'."**

Waste not, want not, eh Marc? Good on yer pal, more like you and we'd have the economy of this country back to normal in next to no time.

I KNOW that LaBelle have released "Moonshadow", "Pressure Cooking", "Nightbirds", "Phoenix" and "Chameleon" — plus "C'est La Vie" which stems from the group's Patti LaBelle and The Bluebells era. But can you tell me if any other albums are available and supply any info regarding the elpee LaBelle cut with Laura Nyro? Is the latter still available and can you provide a catalogue number? — **ROBBIE MacDUFF, Harlesden, London NW10.**

● **Apart from the Bluebells album that you've mentioned, several other compilations of very early material are available on import, the most all-embracing of these being "Superpak" (Trip 3508), a double-album that, like most of the others, repeats many of the tracks already gracing "C'est La Vie". You've forgotten to list "LaBelle" (Warner Bros. 1943), the group's debut album for Warner's but, apart from that, you don't seem to have missed anything else from Hendrix and Co's more recent offerings. The Nyro item, "Gonna Take A Miracle", was issued here on CBS 64770 in 1971 but has since been deleted, though import copies can be obtained on American Columbia PC-30987.**

SINGLES



THE SAINTS: short on ideology, strong on energy

Are the extermination camps already open?

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK By BOB EDMANDS

THE SAINTS: This Perfect Day (EMI) What's happened to the punks? This week's pile of singles is enough to generate even more rampant paranoia than usual. The Saints are the only New Wave contenders in earshot. Maybe the extermination camps are open already, and that secret European tour by the Pistols is strictly on a one-way ticket. Hastily phone A and M for reassurance. No one answers. That's reassuring.

Where were we? Ah, The Saints. Not really punks at all, these guys. They're on EMI and therefore traitors to the cause. But never mind the ideology, feel the music. And it has to be said that these Australian boys really know how to tie a kangaroo down. An album of this stuff could wipe out the world's entire stock of marsupials, including Angus Young. Riff ever so slightly recalls "Paint It Black", but the energy output's way higher than that. What they're singing about is anyone's guess, but that's not really here or there. You can really jiggle the corks around your hat to this baby. Has to be single of the week. And not just by default. Only mainly.

EAGLES: Life In the Fast Lane (Asylum). Fast lane? The Eagles? Who are they kidding? These guys probably have to drive for miles before they're off their private estates. After that, it's the chauffeurs who take the risks. There's not much mileage, in fact, in this cramped little rocker from Joe Walsh. Tries to come on like a Ferrari, but sounds like an Austin Seven. Still, this should help The Eagles to get the message when it bombs out. Their public doesn't want third-rate American heavy metal. It's sad, really. The B-side is "The Last Resort", easily the most exquisite song from the "Hotel California" album. They should have made that the single, instead.

YELLOW DOG: Stood Up (Virgin). An entertaining cut from their distinguished debut album with added disco trickery to turn it into a hit. May make it. But the B-side is the really interesting one: "California Here I Don't Come". His perfect put-down of The Eagles and their ilk from Kenny Young, who uses the appropriate bland musical style to get his message across. *"I don't hear much from my friends in California / They seem to be in a world all of their own / Open collars chasing dollars in Los Angeles / And clinching all those deals on poolside phones."* Henley and Frey may not love you for this, Kenny, but Leiber and Stoller surely will.

CHRIS WHITE: Don't Worry Baby (Charisma). Chris White wouldn't subscribe to the Kenny Young view. His greatest disappointment in life is that he lives in Worthing rather than L.A. White doesn't just claim The Beach Boys as inspiration these days. He goes straight ahead and covers one of their old songs — and does is very strangely, too. Brian Wilson wrote the tune before his talent was castaway, but White sounds more like Big Bri in the aftermath. Not quite enough sand in the box on this one. White's own song "Child Of The Sun" is a fairly impressive surfing song, and would have attracted more attention to his talent. Another cut wasted as a B-side.

GALLAGHER AND LYLE: I Had To Fall In Love (A and M). Poor old Gallagher and Lyle. They seem to be plunging back into obscurity again after their 15 minutes of fame. They produced the ultimate Gallagher and Lyle album with "Breakaway", which was loaded up with classy songs, and as a result, there's perhaps no incentive for anyone to buy any more of their product. You were too good for your own good boys. This latest tuneful warble is pretty much in the same league as all those "Breakaway" goodies, but a glut is a glut for all that. An oddly intense guitar solo is wielded like a blunt instrument at one stage during the song, and that may nudge it into the lower reaches of the chart. Otherwise, boys, it's back to the clubs.

ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW: Shimmie-Do-Wah-Sae (A and M). The Curse of the Pistols seems to have struck down another A and M artist. Andy Fairweather Friend has been laid low. It can't be long before Frampers' smile freezes on his lips and Herb Alpert's trumpet succumbs to rust. Meanwhile, this is a sadly limp song from a sadly drab album. The lyrics are an attempt at inspired nonsense that simply lacks inspiration. The tune is the sort of thing that Edmundo Ros specialised in. Ideal for the conga line at the next works outing, but no good to anyone without a paper hat and a squeaker.

STARZ: Sing It, Shout It (EMI). These chaps can't quite decide whether they're an aggro band or not. Heavy, menacing bass drum intro, fierce bludgeoning guitar solo midway. But an utterly banal chorus surges with the sound of clean-cut youth at its most deferential. *"I've got to sing it, shout it,, tell the world about it, cos I'm in love."* It's enough to make even The New Seekers wince. The flip, "Subway Terror", sounds more promising, but still not quite the ticket. The vocalist on that side, though, does sound a trifle more brain damaged. Maybe his head was caught in the subway doors.

BARBRA STREISAND: My Heart Belongs to Me (CBS). Suitably narcissistic title for the self-regarding Streisand. A whole generation of film-goers probably think she's got something to do with rock music as a result of the pernicious *A Star Is Born.* They probably think Streisand's mawkish ballads are some kind of boogie, too. This latest one is basically an "Evergreen" re-run, but hopefully more deciduous with it. Same plummy vocal, sugary arrangement, and sticky sentiments. Strictly for childish palates.

THE 'O' BAND: Almost Saturday Night (UA). Vastly under-rated John Fogerty song that cried out to be covered by some enterprising entrepreneur. Alas, this version does it less than justice. It completely lacks the bite of the original with Fogerty's rasping vocals replaced by absurdly glossy harmonies. What's worse, that trademark chugging rhythm has vanished completely, and at some points the song seems to simply stand still. Besides, aren't these the guys currently selling an album called "The Knife", which the ads suggest is in some way macabre? If it's them, they must be schizophrenic. This performance is so nice and polite, it could marry your daughter. 'O' as in obsequious.

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Hymn (Polydor). If you thought Barclay Jim's songs were all like hymns, then be warned that this one is more so than most. Lyrics about Jesus and his virgin birth. Reverently strummed acoustic guitars of the "My Sweet Lord" ilk. Church organ playing long, pompous notes. All somewhat tedious. The desperately serious message it attempts to convey only adds to the ordeal. Religious maniacs of most denominations may enjoy it.

CLOVER: Streets Of London (Vertigo). No relation to the Ralph McTell song of the same name. This starts out with a refrain that recalls Percy Sledge's "When A Man Loves A Woman". But a thoroughly butch vocalist tends to mess up the atmosphere, and some of the soulful cliches teeter on the edge of being comical. There's also a somewhat damning line about: *"I tried to sell my song, but no one wanted to buy it."*

LINDA RONSTADT: Different Drum (Capitol). It's easy to see why this song gave Ms Ronstadt a reputation 10 years ago. It's not that she's a sensitive interpreter of lyrics. Indeed, quite the opposite. She has no evident qualms about singing words meant to be woeful in a thoroughly exuberant way. It's the sheer good humour of her delivery that's the song's strong point. How Mike Nesmith felt about her perverse approach isn't recorded. He wrote the song, which just goes to show that his best work is his most commercial, regardless of the mystical image he seems to have acquired lately.

J AND J: Love Catechism (GTO). Inspired silliness from the indefatigable Jonathan King. Hard to believe it, perhaps, but he's turned up as half of one of those showbiz couples who exhibit their relationship for the sake of entertainment. Verbal flashers, you might say. The other J involved, a tasty blonde, whispers sweet nothings to which Jonathan responds in an unusually gruff voice. In between times, King hisses a chorus that goes: *"This is my love catechism, this is my love catechism."* Plus, there's a sprightly, prancing back-up to round things off. All very funny. But cataclysm seems to be the correct word.

DYNAMIC SUPERIORS: Nowhere to Run (Part 1) (Motown). If these are The Dynamic Superiors, the Lethargic Inferiors must be in bad shape. Hard to believe that the classic team of Holland-Dozier-Holland were responsible for this confused shouting match. Not much of the distinctive Motown identity evident here. Don't bother reaching out, boys. I won't be there.

DAVID RUFFIN: I Can't Stop The Rain (Motown). This is more like it. Old Ruffin is in as fine a voice as he ever was with the original Temptations. The song's a strong one, if by no means a classic. And Van McCoy for once does a presentable job as producer. Nice to think that second division Motown acts can still cut it on occasion.

SOME TWELVE INCH DISCO SINGLES AND EPS *(You don't have to be an ecologist to find them a nightmare).*

NATALIE COLE: Party Lights (Capitol). In the view of some American observers, Ms Cole has now eclipsed Aretha Franklin, but there's scant evidence to back up that view on this EP. At least three of tracks, "Party Lights", "This Will Be" and "Sophisticated Lady", depend for their appeal on snappy arrangements and immaculate rhythm sections. On the fourth, "Inseparable", Ms Cole shows that she can handle a mean ballad, but she never gets close to Aretha's emotional range.

THE SYLVERS: High School Dance (Capitol). Simple-minded singalongs from archetypal black pop act fronted by a kid who looks and sounds like a younger Michael Jackson. The song titles give you the gist: "High School Dance", "Boogie Fever", and "Hot Line." A good value EP, though, for partying weenyboppers. But don't get too excited, or you'll bring up your jelly.

BILLY PAUL: Your Song (Philadelphia International). Paul manages to inject some new life into the Elton John song that's become something of a hoary old standard. He's done it by largely ignoring the melody, the mood, and the pace of the original. The result is a high-stepping dance cut that deflects criticism by its sheer high spirits.

THE LOVERS: Discomania (Epic). If you've ever thought disco cuts go on too long, then The Lovers have the answer. Seven songs in a medley that lasts five minutes 40 seconds. Included are: "Don't Leave Me This Way", "Shake Your Booty", and "Daddy Cool". They're all taken at an absurdly manic pace. There's only one snag. A disco medley that lasts five minutes 40 seconds goes on too long. Come to that, you may feel that a disco medley that lasts 40 seconds goes on too long.

THE EMOTIONS: Flowers (CBS). A load of hollyhocks from three thoroughly misnamed black ladies. *"Love is a flower"*, they sing, as the predictable disco riff tramples all over it. Manure.

SILVER SCREEN

Time forgot this? DANA GILLESPIE as Ajor

The People That Time Forgot (U)

Directed by Kevin Connor. Starring Patrick Wayne and Sarah Douglas (Brent Walker).

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, the audience is swept into a Saturday morning at the pictures, when a big bag of sweeties was less than sixpence and a couple of choruses of "We are the ABC minors" merely prompted impatient urchins to stamp their feet and yell "Sod off!" and "Get on with it!"

The cartoons and the serial have finished. Time for the Big Feature. *The People That Time Forgot* may well turn into the movie that people forgot but the weekend matinee music, the papier mache sets and the corny dialogue — as creaky as the film's amphibian bi-plane — are all requisite parts of the fun.

"Hold on, this may be a little rough," says Patrick Wayne grimly as the plane conks out miles above treacherously mountainous terrain. When a giant pterodactyl looms out of the clouds it's as though some threatening, fetid Concorde-mutation has arrived to pass judgement on the perpetrators of this nonsense.

But, of course, the plane's passengers survive. Besides Wayne, there's the airplane mechanic (Shane Rimmer), the eminent biologist (Thorley Walters) and a *Times* photographer (Sarah Douglas). They're searching the Lost Island of Caprona for Wayne's buddy Doug McClure (who got lost in *The Land That Time Forgot).*

Amidst the mammoth reptiles and erupting volcanoes, the pigheaded Wayne still finds time to bicker with the emancipated Ms Douglas (sporting a sensible hair-do and a neat line in put-downs). The closest Wayne comes to resembling his illustrious father is when he sternly intones, "Lady, I believe in a *man* doing a man's work."

From that moment on, you know he's going to end up with egg on his face. It's all sub-Wellsian comic book stuff (Edgar Rice Burroughs never was much cop, was he?) but there's far too much going on for it ever to commit the cardinal sin of tediousness (fatal in a kiddies' flick).

And, for the lads, Dana Gillespie strides through the film like some over-endowed inflatable doll, her halter top revealing twin attributes as wobbly as most of the sets.

Monty Smith

Quiet in the back, or you'll be thrown out

From left: Patrick Wayne, Sarah Douglas and Thorley Walters marvel at Dana Gillespie's attributes in The People That Time Forgot.

Orca (A)

Starring Richard Harris, Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Michael Anderson (EMI)

ORCA IS little more than an exercise in sub-*Jaws* tedium. The killer whale, the most magnificent and powerful of all sea creatures, is here roped into a script which might have been fished out of a bin in the Hollywood Writer's Building.

The same mentality that can trap these whales in concrete pens and make them leap through hoops for the entertainment of Middle America is in operation here. It stinks.

Briefly, gnarled Richard Harris as captain of a fishing vessel, sets out to catch a whale to make some money. In the attempt he kills a female leaving her mate alive and thirsting for revenge.

Charlotte Rampling, totally miscast as the concerned marine biologist, preens and poses but displays no understanding of the part. Even Will Sampson, the tall Indian actor of *Cuckoo's Nest,* allow himself to be given the bum's rush as the token savage on the set.

Michael Anderson's direction is workmanlike but disappointing, as it was on his last movie, *Logan's Run.*

Only two scenes have real power; one where the female is captured, which in sheer horror terms drives the point firmly home, and the opening shot. The camera pans back from a huge orange sun hovering above the sea's horizon. Suddenly the calm surface is broken by two giant killer whales leaping high in the air like balletic battleships.

It's the only dignity they're allowed in this waste of celluloid.

Dick Tracy

The Devil's Playground (AA)

Directed by Fred Schepisi. Starring Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate (Columbia-Warner)

LONG GONE is the time when all Australia meant to

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST

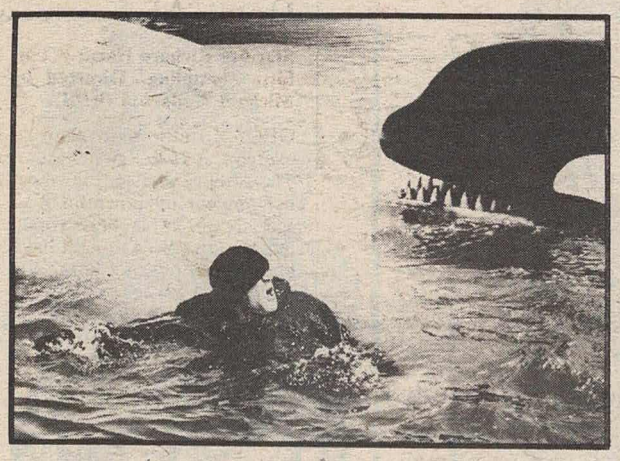
Hymn

A. HYMN
(Taken from their forthcoming Album 'GONE TO EARTH')

B. OUR KID'S KID
(Is an exclusive track that will only ever be available on this single)

Their New Single
(In A Special Colour Bag)

polydor polydor



Moment of horror as Richard Harris attacks a whale in Orca.

film-makers were sunsets, Aborigines and the outback. Currently undergoing a cinematic renaissance, Australia has recently thrown up (couldn't resist that) several remarkable movies, providing a much-needed counter-balance to the previously all-pervasive Ocker image engendered by the *Alvin Purple* and *Bazza McKenzie* comedies.

Films like Ken Hannam's spartan *Sunday Too Far Away*, Philippe Mora's spectacular *Mad Dog* and Peter Weir's extraordinarily elegiac *Picnic At Hanging Rock*. The latest in this enormously successful sequence of films to reach these shores is writer-director Fred Schepisi's astonishingly mature *The Devil's Playground*.

Astonishing, because for a directorial debut Schepisi exercises commendable restraint behind the camera and his script displays an insight obviously gained from personal experience of just such a religious training college as depicted in the film. For Schepisi, his movie "reveals how human qualities survive even in artificial or oppressive environments, not necessarily confined to those of religious institutions."

At this college, in the early '50s, the pubescent boys preparing to take religious vows are ever-increasingly aware of their psycho- and physiological changes, causing much stressful confusion further intensified by a discipline which demands their suppression or sublimation. Thus, natural needs become "unnatural acts", an innocent Perma-lift bra ad in a magazine provokes gasps of astonishment and the dictionary is a dirty book.

As young Tom Allen (a remarkably unaffected performance from 13-year old Simon Burke), curious about the need for pubic hair, remarks to a friend, "It's embarrassing, isn't it?"

An undisciplined mind, according to Brother Francine (a frighteningly convincing portrayal of a tortured zealot by Arthur Dignam), is the Devil's playground and he exhorts the boys "to learn that your body is your own worst enemy."

Their starkly ascetic existence contrasts sharply with the gaudy trappings of Catholicism (though Schepisi eschews easy judgements) and the stifling ritualism involves both boys and adults in hypocritical games.

"It gets us all in various ways," says the questioning Brother Victor (Nick Tate, forlornly finding release in alcohol and sport), "It's not natural." A finely wrought, profoundly compassionate, deeply moving film and one can but wait with impatient anticipation for Schepisi's next, his adaptation of Thomas Keneally's *The Chant Of Jimmy Blacksmith*.

Monty Smith

The Devil's Playground — a new triumph from Australia.

Fun With Dick and Jane

Starring Jane Fonda and George Segal.
Directed by Ted Kotcheff (Columbia)

AN AMIABLE little confection for the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, *Fun With Dick And Jane* has the dated feel of a Neil Simon sit. com. but gets by on the brio of George Segal.

The story is of a middle-bracket family, husband and wife, saucepan-lid, dog, who are abruptly faced with poverty when the executive job folds, try Relief and finally turn to crime which puts them back on the garden barbecue circuit again.

The script isn't much, and the funniest scene — Segal's debut cock-up of a stick-up, roscoe trapped in his underwear — is a sight-gag. Jane Fonda, whose beauty has stood between me and my sleep for many a year, is unfunny in the clumsy mannequin scene, but good with the lines. What she's doing in this after *Klute*, Vietnam and Feminism raises some interesting speculations, and the on-camera squat on the crapper, Jane straining the greens, hardly rates among the other sit-ins.

Here and there, echoes of superior comedy are avoked. The potted plant bailiffs dunning down a bull-horn conjured up the classic Woody Allen routine: "This is the City Librarian — come out with ya hands up kicking ya overdue books ahead".

Sone of the social implications are sheerly shitty. Fun with the trans-sexual comes from some smug generation, and Seal's ill-advised hold-up of an all-black bar hinges its humour on the helpful notion that he's pre-empting their vocation.

George Segal has always moved like a matador through this sort of landscape of spotted undershorts and sock suspender comedy. He doesn't go BOINNNG! and engorge his chin, or do double-takes: he's a master of the heightened average, a schmuck's schmuck. Pity he's not better supported by the script department who's ear for dialogue — to cop a phrase from Pauline Kael — is in full cauliflower.

Brian Case

The Spy Who Loved Me (A)

Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Starring Roger Moore and Barbara Bach (United Artists).

EVEN IF they were saddled with similarly infantile sexual symbolism and cloddish scenarios full of silly suggestiveness, the early Bond films were undeniably entertaining on a comic-book level. But ever since oh-so-smooth Roger Moore replaced the recalcitrant Sean Connery, Ian Fleming's rather unpleasant character has been engulfed by ever more bewildering technology (nothing succeeds like excess).

Unpleasant? Well, James Bond (007 licensed to kill for laffs) is nothing but a smarmy, racist, sexist thug, surely? Oh, he's not meant to be taken seriously, I see. Sorry, but when as heartless and cynical an enterprise as this is blessed with an A certificate (come on in kids, the violence is painless, the sex perfuntory) then my hackles are not only raised, they take off.

Alongside Dennis Wheatley, Fleming must surely have been one of the world's most reactionary best-selling authors and to see his apotheosis of the secret service personified in such a leaden manner by Mr Moore prompts a painful wheeze rather than a heart guffaw.

Sure, Ken Adam has designed some spectacular sets, sure, Richard Kiel will become one of *the* classic film villains (as the 7' 2" Jaws with stainless steel teeth, he's certainly more lovable than Bond). And double damn sure, *The Spy Who Loved Me* will rake it in at the box-office.

Pure excapism? Bunk. For that, look to the low-budget charms of *The People That Time Forgot*. I prefer my comics to leave out the pernicious propaganda.

Monty Smith

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

BATTLE OF MIDWAY (A)
Charlton Heston and Glenn Ford win the Pacific war against the Japs in sensurround. (Selected ABC's)

SPY WHO LOVES ME (A)
Bond goes well over the top. Reviews this iss. (Selected Odeon/Gaumonts)

SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER (U)
Good special effects movie with weak plot. (To be reviewed - selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT (U)
More stone-age family fare from the pen of Tarzan's creator. Reviewed this iss. (Selected ABC's)

PROVINCES

THE CAR / THE DAY OF THE ANIMALS (A); TENTACLES (A) / MR BILLION (A); CARQUAKE (A); THE GIANT SPIDER INVASION (A).
It's holiday time, folks. Cinemas are being invaded by mediocre double bills. One bad, one good. To be viewed strictly for laughs.

EASY RIDER (X); THE LAST DETAIL (X).
The kind of double header we would like to see more often. Billed as the films that made Jack Nicholson famous, they're both a turn on. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

BOUND FOR GLORY (A)
Sentimental portrait of the great Guthrie. Just worth a viewing. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT (A)
Are Burt Reynolds and Jerry Reed the Cheech and Chong of the Hollywood swamp? The third installment. To be reviewed.

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I went for his glass jaw . . .

THE BIG ONE. The Title Fight. My crack at the championship.
A showdown with The Biggest Mouth In Rock.

A chance — *one chance* — to escape ending up like the rest of the punchy bums in this neighbourhood.

I could hear the whine: "Ya don' *unnerstand,* ah coulda bin a *contender.*"

The winos. The drug casualties. The School Of Journalism Graduates. The thought of my life destined for the same bitter wasteland sent a chill of fear down my spine.

I couldn't afford to lose. I wanted out and only one man stood in my way . . . Mohammed Harley. The man who for nearly half a decade had boasted of his status as The Greatest without being silenced. The man whose colossal ego-mania had oft reduced proud spirits to gibbering lumps of lard. They had all had their chance to take him and every one had failed. Now it was my turn . . .

AS I RODE to the Royal Westminster Hotel venue with my faithful second Beaudini Meathead by my side in the speeding cab, the taunting words of Angelo Brainsby — Harley's spiritual adviser — echoed in my mind.

"We want a Foreman for Steve's Ali," he had gloated. *A confrontation."*

And that's what I was intending to give them.

I blinked back the tears as I recalled the child-like trust on the simple faces of my people in The Tower when it had been time for me to leave and thought deeply on the manifold reasons for my psyched-up hostility towards Harley . . .

His attitude to the New Wave had always come across like he was some BBC/F.Street reactionary since the start of the Troubles when Malcolm McLaren was quoted in dodo rock-paper *National Rock Star* as saying "Some of the artists on EMI have sent letters saying that they won't renew their contracts while the Sex Pistols are still signed. Steve Harley is one of them . . ."

Although a denial from Harley's management was printed in the same rag the following week, bar gossip down the Roxy sneered knowingly at the image of the arrogant egomaniac with poetical/polemic pretentions/aspiriations who, in the changing climate, was very much a fully paid up member of the Rock Establishment Bank Generation.

Whether the letter allegation was true or false, the fact remains that the Tsars feel threatened by revolting proles and Mohammed's notorious paranoia blooze are totally understandable.

After all, a paranoid is only a person who has a pretty good idea of what's happening, and we know what we *feel.*

Another reason why I was feeling violent as I entered the ring — a plush hotel suite in the Buckingham Palace Road — was that Mohammed Harley has always struck me as a Rock Star who hates journalists almost as vehemently as he hates Communists.

HARLEY'S RECLINING on a white leather sofa and talking on the telephone when the bell goes. His face resembles a blanded-out Verlaine with growing forehead and insect shades. Clothes recall that first version of Cockney Rebel which showed up four years ago, and the gold chain around his neck gives the aura of a priest or an acid casualty — maybe both.

He's amiable — though detached — during minimal introductions and the soundtrack should have been his "Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)", which was inspired, he later reveals, by the *eNeMeEy.*

I telegraph with my first blow; you've got the reputation as the mouthiest geezer in rock. Do you think you've backed up the verbal with your work?

"No, I don't think I've really done it yet," he parries with easy charm. "There's a lot left to do . . ."

A friendly smile from the famous Mohammed was not something I had expected, so I tuck my chin in and ask him whatever happened to his conquest of America.

This taunt puts his effort to keep pleasant in direct conflict with the tremendous self-belief of someone who caught polio as a small child and was confined to years of hospital loneliness and fated to a permanent limp but who nevertheless had the undeniable bottle and cunning to claw his way up the ladder to the status of Rock Star.

Solipsism, unlike True Love, conquers all. The Lip susses that the contender ain't gonna be the raw, easy meat he'd expected as I work on Harley's glass jaw — *America, America!*

"I'll do it," he states firmly with a confident flurry of right jabs backing it up. "When the time is right I'll do it. I'm a fatalist. My success is predetermined . . ."

Ah, Beaudini Meathead had told me to watch my guard when he started with the megalomania. It's steadily building; you can actually see it in his face the same way he frequently looks in physical pain, and when he tries to articulate those emotions in an interview he seems like some *Cuckoo's Nest* nutter who *knows* he's Napoleon.

"My success in America will be MONSTROUS."

This is the Mohammed Harley tactics I'd wanted and expected. None of that "After yew Claude/no, after yew Nigel" Marquis of Queensbury crap.

Why did you send a letter to EMI slagging off your stable-mates the Sex Pistols?

"No I DIDN'T!" he shrills. "Don't start that!"

Strained laughter in the face of grim disbelief.

"Of course I didn't! My management had a denial printed in a rock paper — that dead one. I don't care about anybody where record

contracts are concerned. EMI and the Sex Pistols can do what they want! I do what *I* want and don't expect anyone to interfere with *me.*"

His major talent has always been self-preservation, I muse philosophically as I attempt to sap his strength by letting him lay into me for a while.

"Absolute trash!" he howls. "Show me the letter! Show me my signature!"

God on my side as I battle with what I regard as New Wave Repression incarnate . . . I ask him if he saw the quote attributed to him in *NME* recently concerning the musical ability of The Clash. He replies in the negative and I ask him, with a parenthesis shuffle, if that's because he has the utmost comtempt for all writers . . . huh. Huh, Steve?

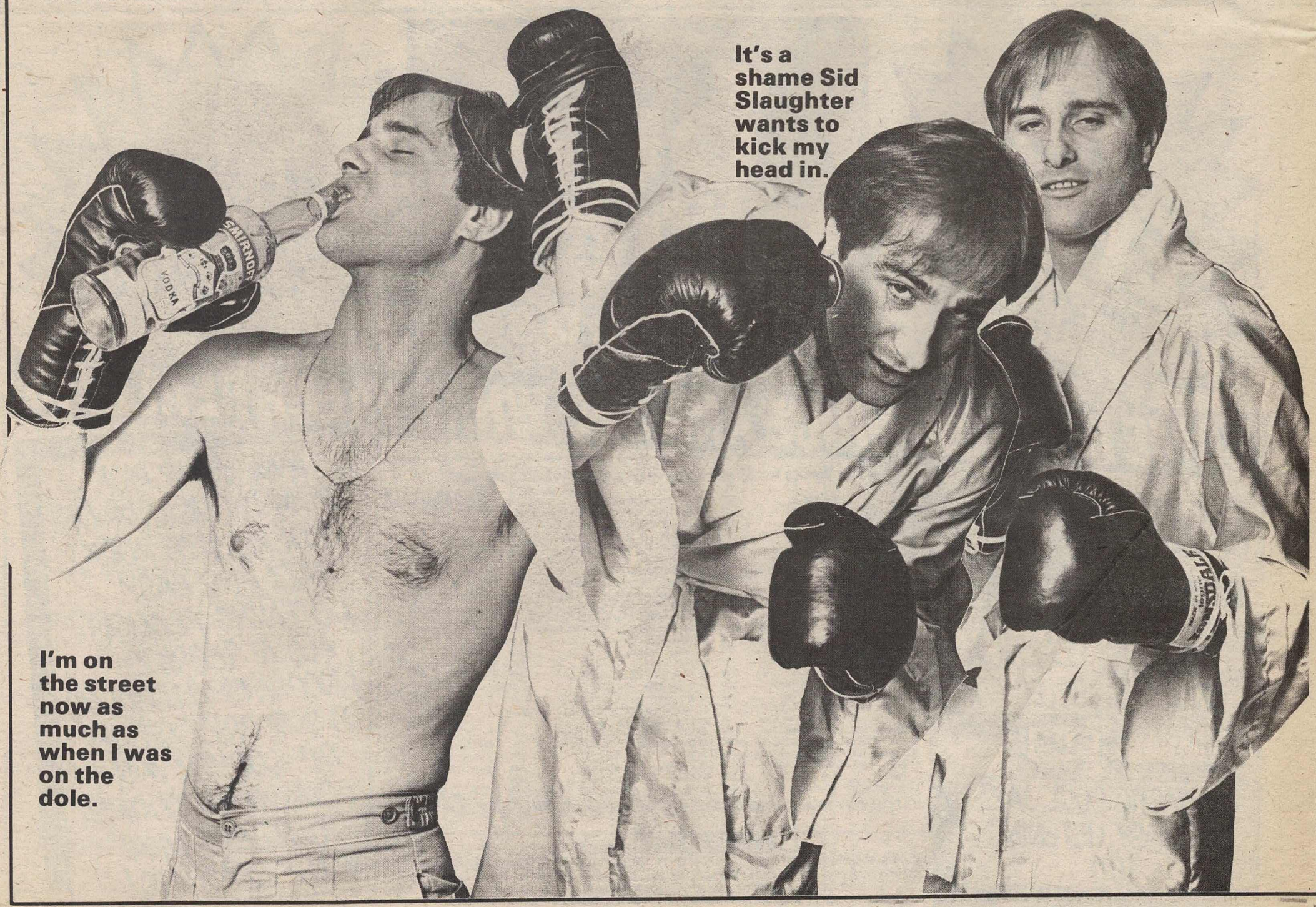
"I don't have a lot of respect for most musical journalists," he dances. "That is true, I don't like inaccuracy. I don't like shoddy work. If I'd written stuff like that when *I* was a journalist I'd have been out on my earhole."

Back on the ropes I retaliate with the Harley / Clash quote that was asserted to have been put to Caroline Coon in order to gain "Reassurance".

"It's true, isn't it?" the quote had Harley pleading to Coon. "None of The Clash can play?"

"That's absolute trash!" he explodes with true venom. "I haven't spoken to Caroline for about a year! Until a *month* ago I'd never *heard* about The Clash! Bullshit!"

He regards me with the look of a man who has been unfairly nutted and the anger boils over when I suggest he's jealous of the relevance of the New Wave bands to UK youth. He launches



Mouthy geezers slug it out. Smokin' Tony (⬅) Parsons meets Steve Mohammed Harley. Chalkie Davies held the towel and the camera.

'America' I taunted 'America!'

into me with the primal passion of violent retribution.

Nemesis!

"I am the world's *greatest* sole survivor!" he yells and I know he's telling the truth.

"I'M A LOT MORE TOLERANT THAN PEOPLE WANT ME TO BE!

"They say I'm *old*. They say I can't *understand!* Don't believe what you read in the newspapers," he advises. Genuine hurt at people's preconceived notions tempers his anger.

Then he looks at my face as I start getting up from the canvas and realises he was almost about to let me off the hook . . .

"You don't believe me! Are you calling me a LIAR???"

The integrity of his statements being called into question provokes still more punishing blows of vicious rhetoric to my Boots Audio Cassette Recorder. The other people in the room are hypnotised with the vicarious, morbid fascination of *Rollerball* fans.

"DON'T ACCUSE ME! I *understand* why I should be used as a whipping boy where the New Wave is concerned but the prejudice is on *their* side."

The doubt in my mind, the occurence of the thought in my head that the derogatory comments were mudslinging, causes stirrings of vague guilt in my mind that my psyched-up hostility is perhaps misplaced. I'm punished severely.

"Don't call *me* a liar! You talk about prejudice and repression but do you think that it's the establishment which incites and encourages the violence?" Yes.

"Don't you think that *I* suffer from EXACTLY the same?" with the right. "I mean, the minute you walk into the room you *confront* me!" with the left, and I'm about to start wishing the ref would stop the fight.

"You *immediately* attached me!"

Harley as doomed martyr with full crucifixion angst on his face cuts deep, on or off the stage. He screws his eyes in anguish and accuses with the conviction and numbing self-righteousness of Moses in the court of the Egyptians.

"Don't you think that *you've* walked in expecting me to be a sort of, kind of, y'know . . ." The turmoil of emotions inside makes his tirade trail into silence. I'm badly bruised by the knowledge that what he says about my *own* prejudice is totally true. Mohammed, with vintage Harley verbal acid, moves in for the KILL.

"And you'll get it from me! You'll get me worked up," he sneers knowingly. "You'll wind me up like your *Kents* and whassisname? *Carr!* They've done it to me in the past and you'll do it to me." His face becomes the reasoning, all-seeing Old Master. Keeping me on my feet to prolong the agony. God, the pain . . .

"What I'm saying is you expect something from me and if you try hard enough you'll get it," he promises with threat and regret. "The establishment media that you despise is doing *that* to the New Wave groups, particularly the Sex Pistols. It's a common disease . . . it's called *prejudice*. And you're as prejudiced against me as the establishment is against the Pistols." He shakes his head and, even though I'm anything but repentant for my stance, the truth of his next statement strikes home.

"In other words you're guilty of the same crime."

GREAT LIPWORK from the champ. Then I realise once more that the only crime I'm in the dock for is the same one that Mohammed Harley was vilified for in Cockney Rebel's hungry daze; using belligerent provocation as social etiquette. He drops his guard and I'm back in it as he tells me with anguished sincerity how strong an affinity he feels with what's happening in the New Wave today.

"I'm in there with them!" he professes earnestly, one sentence ignoring with casual dismissal his years, wealth, distance and suchlike. "I'm as on the street now as when I was on the dole . . . not physically as much but in my soul."

It's the same old financially-secure-starockracy who wants his *vol-au-vent* buttered on both sides so that he can still be "one of the boize". But Harley, more than even Stewart, Hunter, Daltrey and Townshend resents doubt that he can't — uh — *relate* to the kid in the street today because he's always been totally addicted to proletariat romanticism.

I mean, look what he called his band.

"Look, it's very sad for me that, for some reason, these New Wave kids don't like me," he trembles. "I'm fucked off coz I don't know why . . . I dig that a lot of kids out there have left school and are on the dole coz there's no work and that it is degrading, demoralising and disgusting. I know what it's like, I did it for two years, I know what it's like to stand in a dole queue for hours; it's not a pleasure, right;"

Right.

"It's not fair, it's not human, right?"

Right.

Call me Sebastian, Steve. Two of Cockney Rebel had HYPHENATED names!

I have a vision of a limo transporting some rock-Tsar to the dole queue as Harley lapses in a troubled, thoughtful silence. Then my sneer fades when I realise that I *believe* he cares, even if I still believe that *caring* is never enough. However, the empathy exists because of the refusal on his behalf to accept defeat from anything or anybody. He had polio for four years as an infant and he fought back and he carries scars but he *won*.

For all his faults, the geezer's got more bottle than probably anyone I've ever met and is certainly the only rock establishment star worthy of respect. Because Mohammed don't want to apologise.

He grates his teeth and points his finger at me, malevolently unrepentant. "I'm proud of it 'coz that's what I set out to *be*, boy," he snarls. Is this the essence of What Makes Harley Run.

"Because I set out to be a *winner*. I don't want to lose. I spent four years in a hospital but I never expected favours from *anyone*. I don't give sympathy because I don't expect it. NICE GUYS DON'T MAKE IT!"

WHEREAS EARLIER he's denied that lies told about him could hurt him inside, he now opens up. "That malicious bullshit . . . when I want to say something I'm not afraid to say it to someone's face. Hypocrisy and self-pity are the two worse crimes in the world to me."

His megalomaniac solipsism (belief in SELF as centre of the universe) has resulted in both his frequent outbursts of self-exaltation and the split up of the second and most recent version of Cockney rebel.

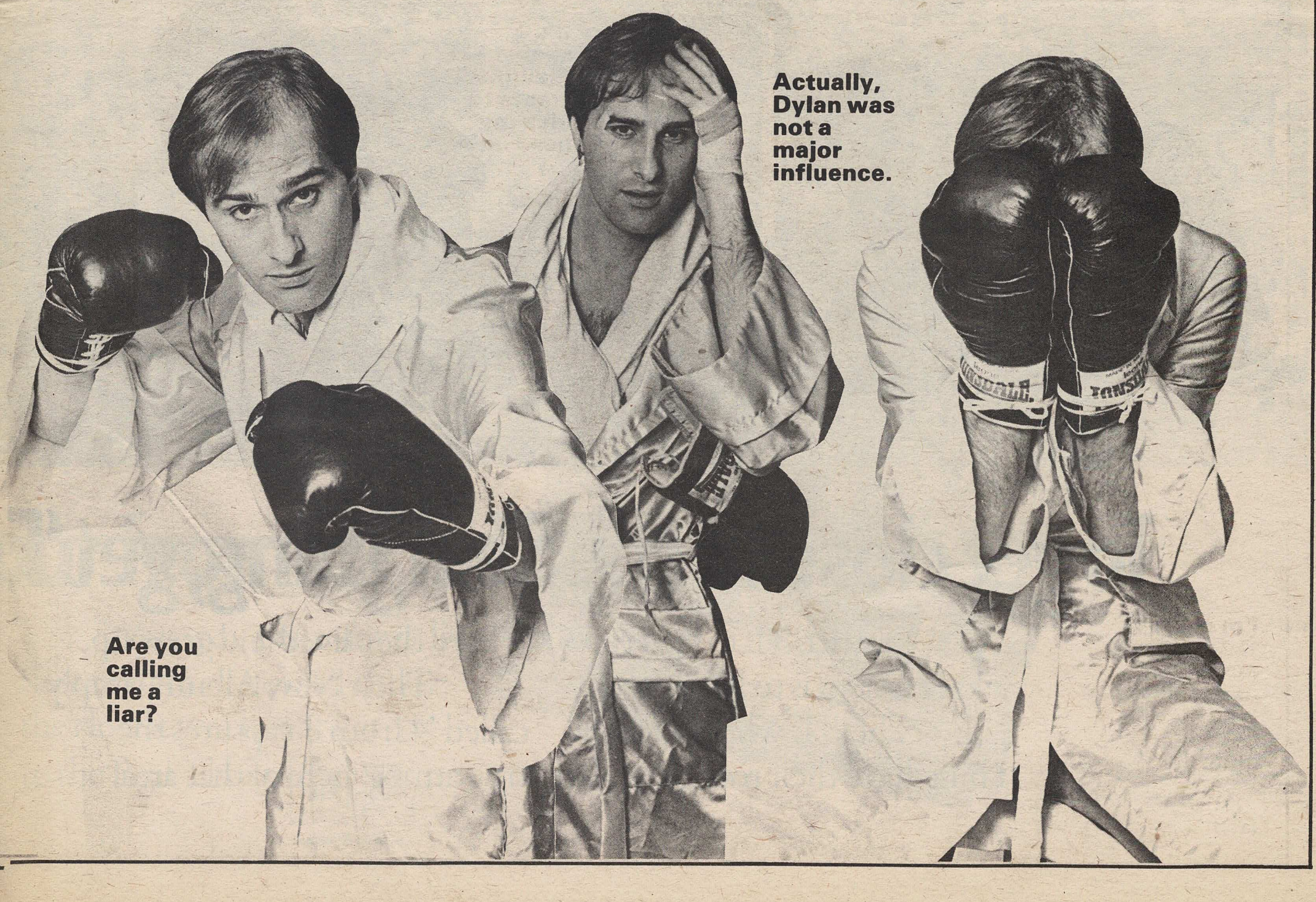
He says he broke up the band not because things were getting stale but because he thought that there was a chance that soon they *might*.

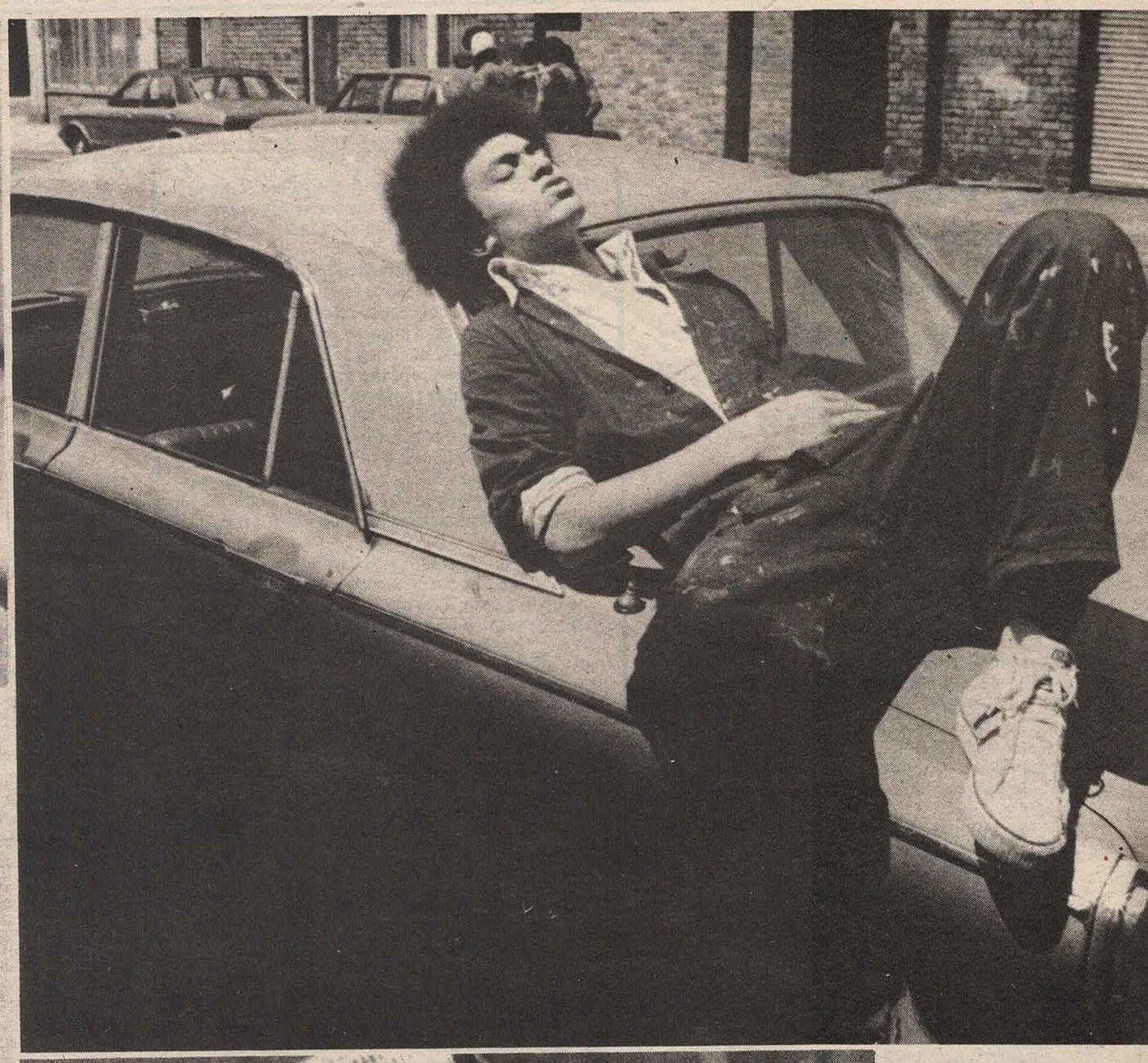
"That tour was the best one ever," he smiles happily, referring to the one recorded for posterity on the new double sided live album, "Face To Face". It looks like it will be the last Cockney Rebel album ever, as Harley says he'll probably just use his adopted name (real name being Steven Nice) on all his future work.

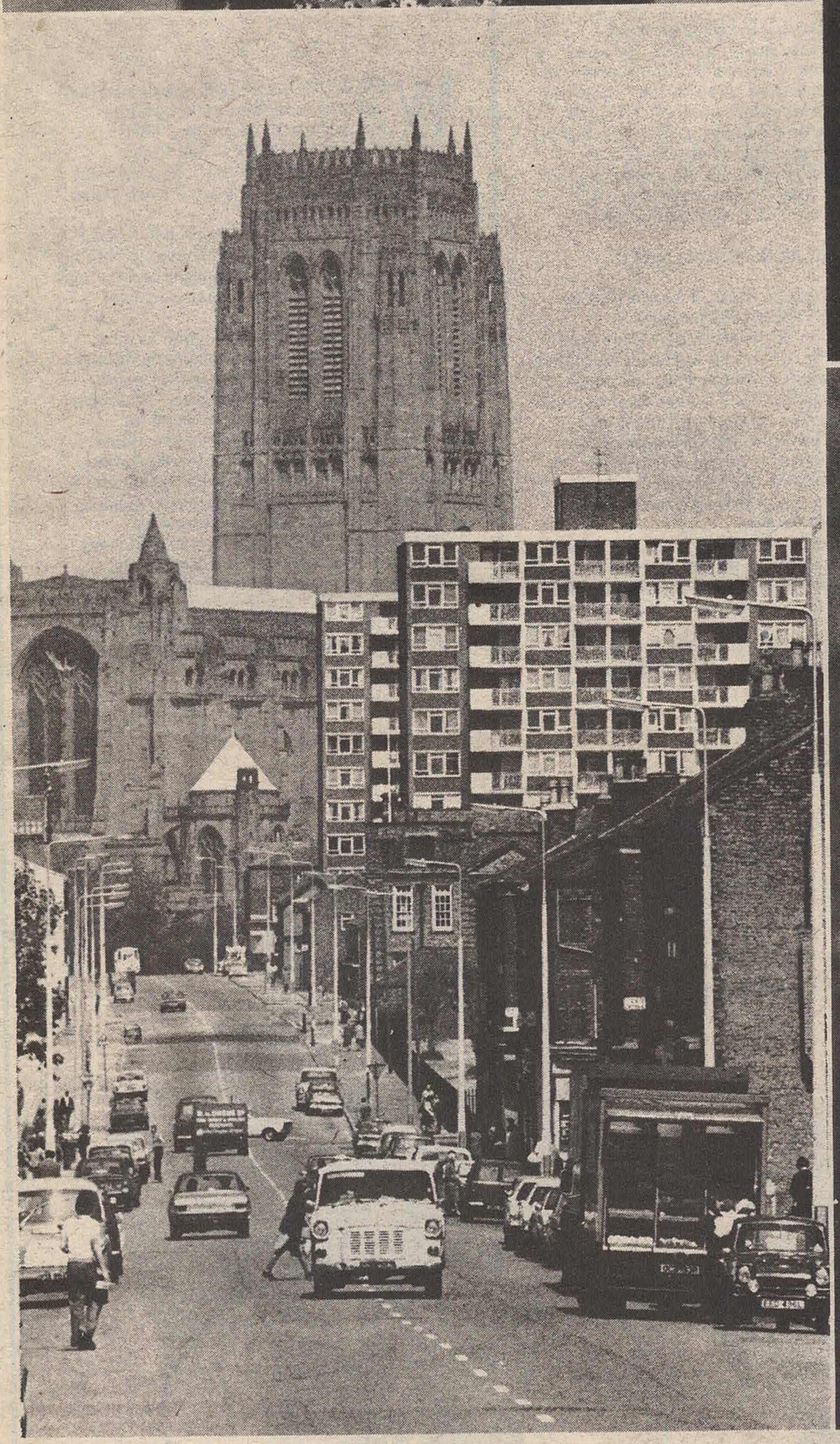
"It's a shame Sid Slaughter wants to kick my head in just because I write introspectively, because you can still strike a chord in other people that way. It's just that my style ain't CHUNGER-CHUNGER- CHUNGER."

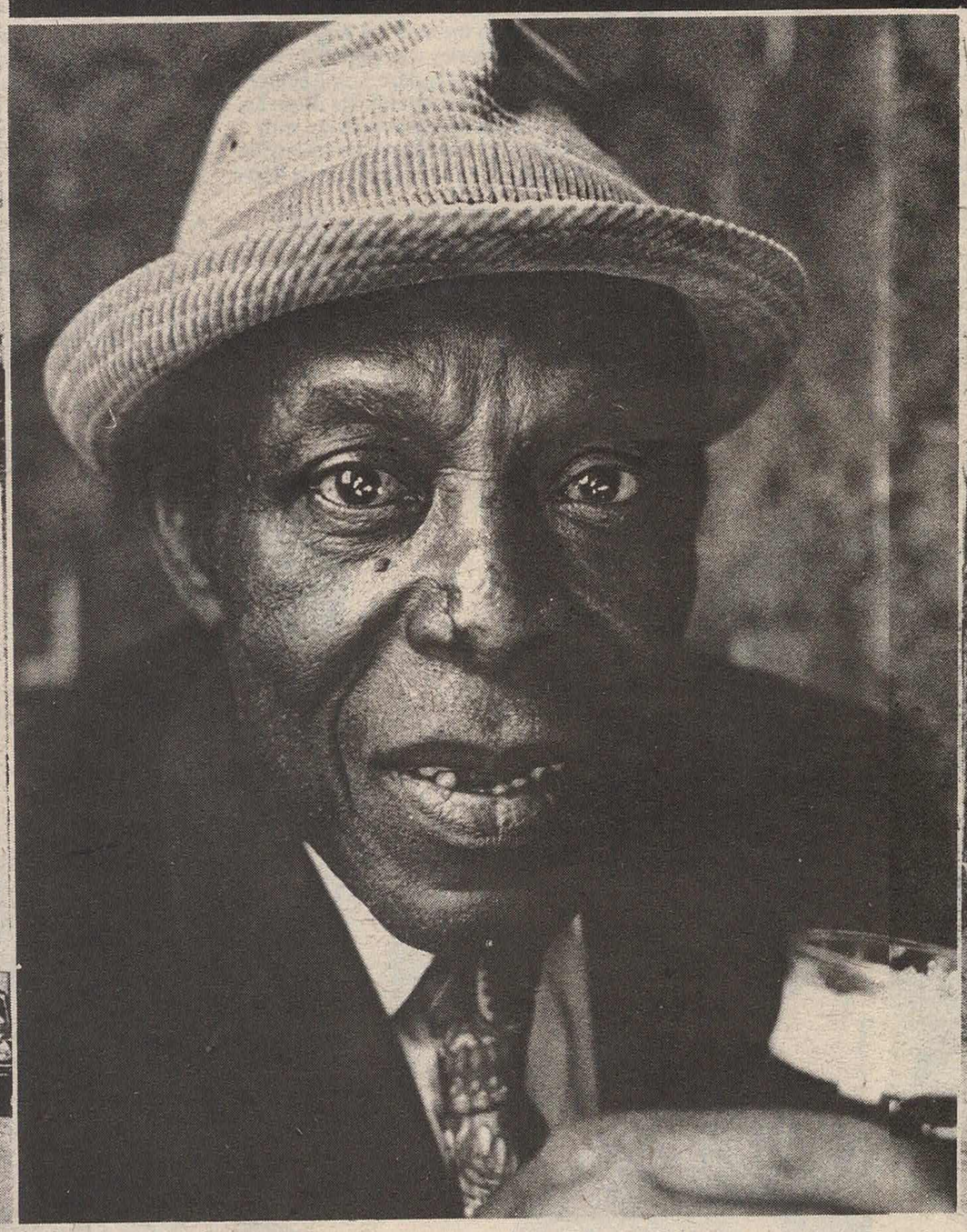
In true Mohammed fashion, his shouted

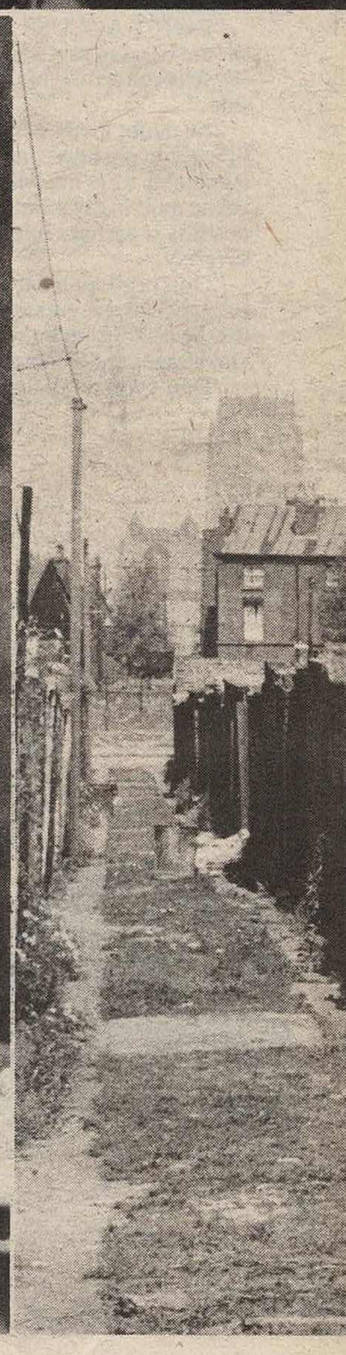
■ *Continues page 46.*











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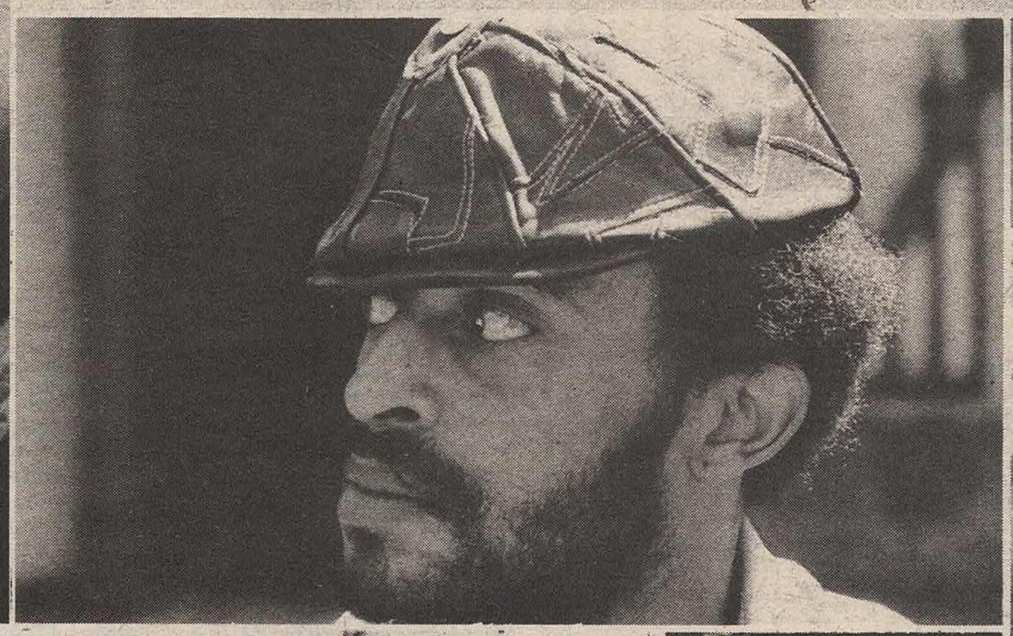

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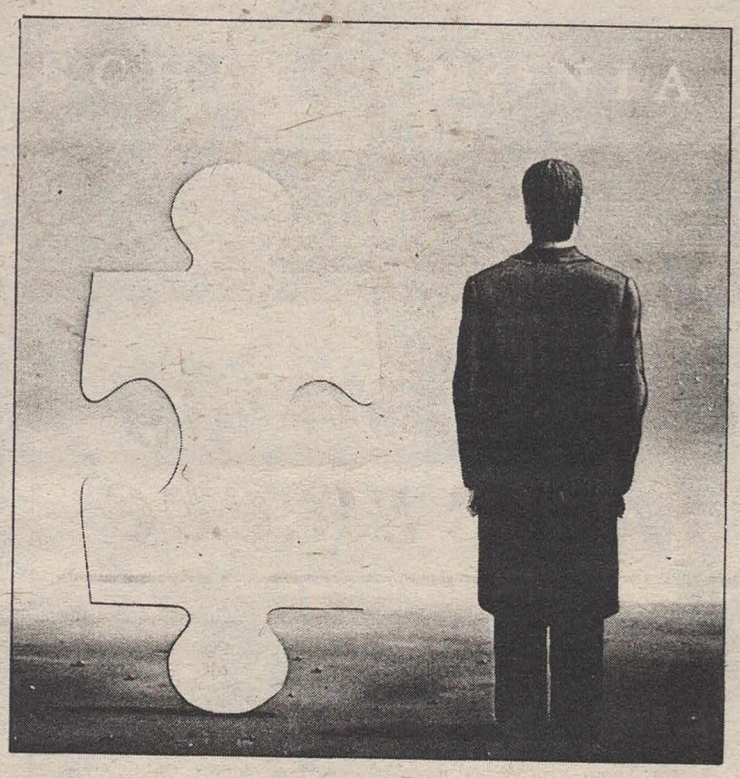

If you think you know anything about Mike Batt, forget it
And when you've heard this album
you still won't know much

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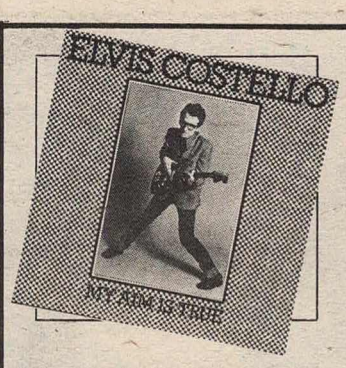


ELVIS COSTELLO
My Aim Is True
(Stiff)

IT'S BETTER to have loved and lost and written a whole album on the agonising experience, than never to have loved at all and kept schtum about it.

Anyway, that's how Elvis Costello prefers to lay in on all your bleedin' hearts out there.

Honey! this definitely ain't no romance; more like sexual psychoanalysis set to a dozen superb juke joint anthems.

"My Aim Is True" isn't just the title track of Mr. Costello's auspicious album debut, but is indicative of a quirky line of vision which painfully — often to the point of total humiliation — examines the recurring traumas of love and other related adolescent dilemmas. Keeping a low emotional profile is one thing you can't accuse Costello of feigning.

Try this for size. On "Pay It Back", EC delves into the problem of a first-hand personality crisis *"Auntie Annie told me I could be somebody if I didn't let too much get in my way / And I tried so hard just to be myself but I kept fading away"*.

Though Costello engineers his lyrics through a '70s interpretation of '60s rhythm 'n' rock, he doesn't expound the familiar brand of 60 Minute Man Macho, but instead resigns himself to the unflattering role of cuckold. Costello's *affaires-du-coeur* don't dissolve into stereotyped soft focus misty Martini sunsets, but blooded recrimination.

Instead of verbally cuffing his lovers like The Stranglers, Costello persistently indulges his masochistic tendencies. These range from a rousing rockabilly tale of flunking his first deflowering on "Mystery Dance", to plundering the Stones and getting D-minus as a stud in "Miracle Man" with such couplets as: *"Why do you have to say that there's always someone else who can do it better than I can / But don't you think that I know that walking on the water won't make me a Miracle Man"*.

Much has been said about the influence Van Morrison has exercised over Bruce Springsteen; of both parties' sway over Phil Lynott; that Bob Seger, Nick Lowe, Graham Parker and Southside Johnny have copped some of their best licks from all three and how Elvis Costello fits in somewhere. Sure, there are tinges of all these artists prevalent in his approach, but whereas these performers celebrate either street fantasies or the joy of rock 'n' roll, Costello's songs spill over with emotional torture and melodrama.

His most impassioned showdown comes right as the very beginning of "Alison" — one of the most heart-rending tear-jerkers currently on releases: *"Oh, it's so funny to be seeing you after so long girl, and with the way you look I can understand you were not impressed / I heard that you let that little friend of mine take off your party dress."* I mean, you can't get more candid than that, and if that doesn't hit the spot then you're terminally insensitive.

I may have placed a great deal of emphasis on the lyrical content of this album, but only because it snuck-up on me from the midst of the hard-nosed brand of rock that Costello peddles.

Nick Lowe receives credit for production, but not so the musicians, who have enabled Elvis Costello to raise his album shoulder-high above most of this year's debut albums.

It takes only one glance at Costello and a couple of replays to realise that even if he may not be the predictable raw material from which teen dreams are made, he possesses more understanding of the stark reality of modern love than many vacuous songsmiths who assume thay have their finger on the pulse of what goes on behind closed doors.

Costello must have taken a lot of emotional knocks to come up with such a powerful album, to the extent that one is reticent to guess what lengths he may have to go to enact a second instalment.

Anyone who's ever had their fragile heart well and truly broken will have little difficulty in relating to this man. Indeed, if anyone lays claim to the title, "Beautiful Loser", then surely it's Elvis Costello.

An album often of intense brilliance, which also confirms that should he ever give up songwriting, Elvis Costello can always answer readers letters for *Forum*.

Roy Carr

PLATTERS

"Hey Bill, remember when you were support act to us?" *"Shaddup!"*

Steve & Bill: Wearing their art on their sleeve

STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
Face To Face (EMI)

BEBOP DELUXE
Live! In The Air Age (Harvest)

TAKE TWO and recapitulate.

The signing of Cockney Rebel and Bebop Deluxe (along with Queen) to EMI labels signalled the company's belated and at first distinctly cumbersome lurch into the 70's.

Rebel and Bebop flaunted a novel sensibility as they explored different peripheries of the 'new decadence' instigated by Bowie and Ferry.

Both bands had their hollow-cheeked leaders. Both Rebel's Steve Harley and Bebop's Bill Nelson exchanged their early bands for more professional support.

Harley has unwound the bruised and confused reels of his inmost self through some five albums; Nelson has spread his sometimes endearing, sometimes arch poetics over six — two of his own and four with Bebop.

Both individuals are rock-pop pranksters, tricksters of whom Castaneda's Dons Juan and Genaro would be proud. Both are at once guileful and guileless, ingenious and ingenuous, as they struggle to conceal the inevitably contrived nature of their lyricism. Their art and artifice are inseparable.

Harley spends much of his time as a petulant rogue outcast looking for a love and firmly boxed in the confessional. It's never been easy to take his darkly shared secrets too seriously.

Fr'instance, in "The Best Years Of Our Lives" he'll conclude that *"if I should die I should die by the knife/to die as a man or a martyr, the two would be nice, sooo nice".*

Likely as not Harley will expire in his bed at a grand old age but even such obviously fraudulent soul-searching has it appeal. Like some victim of nameless perversions in Pasolini's *Salo,* the Harley devotee must dutifully swallow the bitter pills and feel strengthened (nay, sanctified) for having done so. I believe they call it sharing the load.

There again, earlier in the same song Harley concedes that *"if there's no room for laughter, then there's no room for me".* And maybe he's right, After all, as any drama critic worth his ivory tower will tell you, the line between the tragic and the comic has always been exceeding fine.

Nelson ploughs another furrow, waxing and waning lyrical *in extremis,* cramming his songs with imagery, mixing and happily muddling science fiction and symbolist metaphor. His song persona is highly theatrical as well, and continues to frequent nocturnal haunts, plying through mask (masque?) after mask. Dawn, of course, rarely arrives.

"You give me your money, I give you my pain, it's a fair exchange," he claims. You know the rest. It's catch as catch can, with acknowledgements to Jeans Cocteau and Genet.

And yet Nelson's standing there all the while with electric guitar in hand. The traditional distinct images of poet person and guitar hero — the sensitive and the aggressive — have become deceptively blurred.

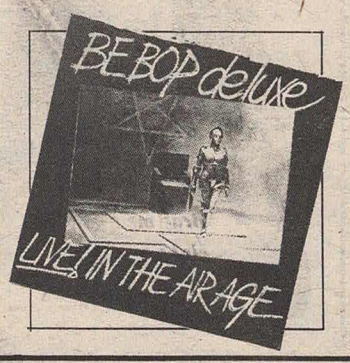
But to the records themselves. "Face To Face" is a double live set of fifteen songs, all by Harley save for heretical but winning (never liked the Beatles myself) version of George Harrison's "Here Comes The Sun".

Although in the flesh an undeniably attractive performer (in every sense of the word) with his limp-wristed buffoonery and studied laconic gesturing, Harley doesn't in fact benefit greatly from being *recorded* live.

He may well prompt the crowd into participation for "Best Years,,' "Tumbling Down" and "Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me)", but neither these nor any of the other songs succeed in upstaging their studio counterparts.

The new, improved, now defunct Cockney Rebel are merely rock staple. Guitarist Jo Partridge isn't a patch on Jim Cregan, Duncan Mackay trills flashily about keyboards various, bassist George Ford is slick and smooth, the brothers Elliott unremarkable on drums and percussion, the three backup singers unenthusiastic as they negotiate the minutiae of Harley's arrangements.

"Sebastian" simply doesn't match the crystalline eeriness of its blueprint on the first album, nor even its power on stage when delivered by the first Rebel lineup. Harley's vocal is hideously overwrought, the chorus deadweight without strings, the climax killed by Mackay's gratuitous moog.



"Mad, Mad Moonlight" and "Psychomodo" are reduced to toytown funk, thereby exposing the weaknesses of Harley's lyrics. His sketches of *"a female Tarzan . . . she weighed 203/that was all right by me"* who's *"young enough/well slung enough"* and of one Desdemona *"so hung up and wasted/so physically devastated"* indicate that we're not exactly dealing with a wordsmith of Miltonian merit — nor indeed, as Harley once claimed, an artist on a par with blind saxophonist Roland Kirk.

Much of the other material is to say the least somewhat slight. "Mr. Soft" was never anything more than a jumpy rewrite of Dylan's "Ballad Of A Thin Man".

"(If This Is Love) Give Me More" purports to be a 60's rock 'n' roll pastiche but the joke's firmly hung on Harley's absurd histrionics. Gimme more? Gimme Mud or Showaddlydiddle.

"(I Believe) Love's A Prima Donna" preens for far too long. "Sweet Dreams" and the kindergarten rhyming "Finally A Card Game" are awkward and cramped. The 'serious' "Red Is A Mean, Mean Colour" remains a most curious piece of work; Harley's attempted ironic tirade against the hypocrisy and dogmatism of a left wing theorist backfires comically.

The more I hear of Harley, the more I'm convinced that his major talent lies in having bluffed away the inadequacies of his work for so long.

Some of his earlier songs — "Sebastian", "Ritz", etc — had a certain jaded finesse about them, but since then it's been one spasm of tired, tortuous rigmarole after another.

At least it's well recorded. But ho hum, I pass.

"Live! In The Air Age" is an altogether more worthwhile release. To my mind its ten tracks improve uniformly on studio Bebop — mainly because they're stripped of all the top heavy, multi-level tinkering with which producers Roy Thomas Baker and more recently Nelson himself have seen fit to embellish much of the band's work.

On stage, Bebop are formidably versatile, positively muscular. You can also isolate and appreciate each musician's contribution.

Thus, Charlie Tumahai becomes a fluent, imaginative bassist, Simon Fox a flexible, exact drummer and Simon Clark a sensible, sensitive keyboards player. In a live setting none of them are simply subordinate to Nelson's virtuosity.

"Air Age" is a single album and a 33⅓ EP. "Life In The Air Age", "Ships In The Night", "Fair Exchange" and "Blazing Apostles" all underline the organisational flair of Nelson's writing.

The songs are fast and tightly arranged, packed with swerving changes and unexpected shifts in mood and tempo. A porous rocker, Nelson seems able to absorb a multitude of influences — anything from Chuck Berry to offbeat calypso — without lessening the charm of his prolific muse. As he would say, *"it's just a question of style".*

Nelson's meek, often expressionless vocals are more personable than when studio-boosted; they're almost enough *"to make a robot cry".* His words remain secondary to his guitar wielding, itself, predictably omnipresent and unfailingly excellent.

"Apostles" fades prematurely after Clark's promising organ solo; "Air Age" should really have been a double set. As it is, only "Sunburst Finish" is covered in any depth. The only two tracks from "Futurama", "Sister Seagull' and "Maid In Heaven", are kept cropped, close to the bone.

There are a couple of previously unrecorded songs. The brash, chunky "Piece Of Mine" holds up well until its over-extended instrumental workout whilst "Mill Street Junction", a slide of Wakefield night life, rushes in thunderously before Nelson takes two gracefully highflying solos.

"Shine" simmers nicely, a long instrumental stretch that verges on latin funk. Nelson and Clark — himself something of a revelation as a soloist — build well-considered breaks over the rhythm section's sly backing.

Nelson's best work may be found on the completely overhauled "Adventures In A Yorkshire Landscape".

Clark introduces the song with cool blue electric piano. Nelson despatches the lyric to launch a sensuously intense solo. Enter Clark again before he and Nelson exchange a gripping series of jazzish flurries. A thoughtfully radical interpretation.

The album's sleeve has its own impact, decorated with three spectral stills from Fritz Lang's epochal SF movie *Metropolis.*

The point being that Bebop's offering carries its own weight so well because it's a band set, primarily co-operative and musicianly. Nelson's soul sensitive hat is doffed for the duration; he just plays guitar (and still insists that the billing is just plain Bebop, not Bill Nelson And).

Whereas "Face To Face" fails because it's haphazardly gimcracked around Harley — and naught else.

Angus MacKinnon

THE RUMOUR
Max (Vertigo).

THE MAIN QUESTION that fans of Graham Parker's sidemen will be pondering as they rifle the sleeves in the local vinyl emporium is — do the boys cut it without Parker fronting the show?

Well ... although "Max" (great name that) probably won't go plutonium, you could say the answer is yes.

Surprisingly, or sensibly, The Rumour here chosen to set their sights slightly lower than expected. Producer Robert John Lange concentrates on soft peddling The Rumour style towards polished white soul which emphasises that their forte is pleasantly rhythmic songs in old tradition. The lack of risks also means that Belmont, Goulding, Bodnar, Schwarz and Andrews haven't created any kind of masterpiece, and "Max" gains its cohesion softly, with familiarity. It won't knock you over the head and demand reaction like G.P.'s own "Heat Treatment" did. On the other hand it realises some of the potential that these ex-Brinsleys, Ducks, and good time rollers rarely managed to make plain in their old days except in a live atmosphere.

Nick Lowe's "Mess With Love" is one of three non-originals to receive Rumour customising; it's an easy ride into the main grits, Andy Bodnar's infectious piece of New York street jive, "Hard Enough To Show". Catchy melody lines abound with Andrews' buoyant Hammond swelling under the dual picking of Belmont and Schwarz.

Ellington and Russell's "Do Nothing 'Till You Hear From Me" was a strange choice for 45 release. The four part horn stuffing gives The Rumour a beef-cake swing and roll but they lose the humour, irony, whatever the point is, on the lyric.

Belmont turns in a more heart rending performance on his Tyla collaboration, "Jet Plane". Replete with Andrews simulated Al Kooper organ line and an overlaid piano, this one burns the late fuse.

The side ends on an attempted R&B showstopper "Looking After No.1," that is actually pretty tame. Too much distinction and not enough oomph even if it is a certain stage wrecker.

The Motown chestnut factory's "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me" comes hot as ever, Belmont running the lead break with sufficient taste to maintain the essential danceability of the sentiment. The black vocal group feel is maintained on Andrews "I'm So Glad"; tight harmonies, restrained playing and a cool Stax horn wave of motivation.

The enduring quality of the rest is less certain. "Face To Face" fails to deliver the sinister mood it promises; the group kind of give up just when things are getting interesting.

Certainly, the vibrancy of the material is assured by the steady class in the music and arrangements. Trouble is after a while The Rumour come across rather polite. Belmont's finale "Somethin's Going On" uses the laid-back-and-then-let-them-have-it trick, but the vocals are weaker than the intention they convey. The guitar phrasing and the solo, which are both excellent, demand far more power from the rest of the band who seem reticent.

Any further criticism would be nit-picking. On the whole they don't fall flat on their backs. More guts next time, otherwise this Rumour is nearly hard fact. **Max Bell**

VARIOUS ARTISTS
New Wave (Vertigo)

THIS SLIMLINE budget sampler from Phonogram seems destined to be to '77 what CBS's "Rock Machine" and Island's "You Can All Join In" collections were to '68 or whenever.

It's an album that even the most vinyl-skint of friends and aquaintances might add to their collection by way of being with the new mode and, after the inevitable thousand hearings in a hundred different rooms, it irks something terrible on account of the way it jumbles up all the duff stuff with the good.

You know — you keep hearing one of your fave cuts wrenched out of context and slammed down next to some loathsome commercial outing.

Because it's value for money (16 tracks for £2.45) and offers a convenient way to check out a whole stable of acts and acquire one or two gems in the process, "New Wave" will doubtless sell by the van load — and doubtless in a year's time it will be the most plentiful of beasts in the second hand racks. Such is the nature of the budget sampler.

The record company (Phonogram handle New York's Sire Records over here, as well as American Mercury and British Vertigo) gets to hawk its wares to potential ears and pockets, and in this case have been generous enough to add a couple of free bonus items (Damned's "New Rose" and Patti Smith's "Piss Factory") which are simply there to help sell this record rather than act as trailers for others.

"New Wave" flaunts a hefty sounding roster of twelve of the right type of names to drop, and though the effect of this hotchpotch is less impressive on vinyl than in print, the album does include some of the more memorable NW material.

Figures In A Skyscape: The Dead Boys. *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

DEADED!

We're New Wave, Buy Us . . .

There's a track from each Ramones album in "Suzy Is A Headbanger" and "Judy Is A Punk", The Talking Heads "Love Goes To Building On Fire" The Damned's "New Rose" (which turns up rather unaccountably here, but then you expect this sort of thing from Stiff), all of which are well known from allusion if not from air play.

Then there's a pair of tracks ("Personality Crisis" and "Who Are The Mystery Girls") from the much vaunted New York Dolls, two of whose albums have recently been reissued by Phonogram in keeping with the current reassessments of history.

Can't say that their flailing energy and distraut posturing have ever done much for me, but these sons of Iggy's more - thrills - than - frills rock counter-revolution have clearly been a major tap root for the present spiky crop.

More interesting are the contributions of Cleveland Ohio's Dead Boys, invariably described as Yankee Pistols imitators, and in all the pix looking like they just broke their straps and tore the door off the maximum confinement ward.

Without the padded walls and ECT they seem destined for speedy self-immolation. Their "Sonic Reducer" sounds as much early Hawkwind as New Wave (phasing, guitar solos — what blasphemy!), a ditty about a punk's ray gun revenge on the straights)' while "All This And More" is more conventional creep-crawly sex.

The Flaming Groovies are more Anglo-American imitators, not New Wave at all but a group trying to remain true to the spirit of early and mid-sixties British Beat when *that* was the new thing. "Shake Some Action" is all jangling Rickenbackers and Liverpool harmonies, a wistful anthem to a fading era. Truly touching, boys.

More in keeping with the album's title is The Boom Town Rats "Looking After Number One", an intriguing taster of their upcoming album. The Rats' non-conformity to London punk orthodoxy cost them dear at the Music Machine recently, but their eclectic and inventive approach and strong personality means they have a lot to offer a wider portion of the rock audience than most punk outfits.

After that it's odd and sods; two clumsy tracks ("Hollywood" and "Cherry Bob", their best number) from The Runaways, whose problem is/was precisely that they never really *did* run away from Mom and Dad and their crappy commercial values, No wonder they've apparently disappeared in a welter of giggles and nervous breakdowns.

Then there's "Love Comes In Spurts," a thoroughly disagreeable and gawky rant from Richard Hell and The Voidoids which confirms all the worst reports about them from Stateside; a stray track from Little Bob Story — an apparently old cut of the Small Faces "All Or Nothing" which is not a patch on their live version of the same; and a number from Skyhooks, an Australian heavy rock outfit dragged into this carnival presumably because they're about to be launched here.

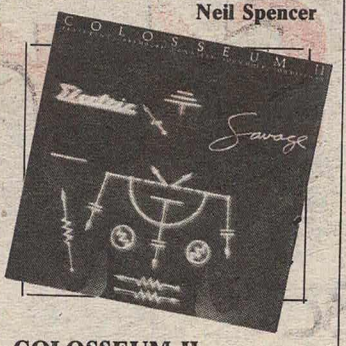
The five or six albums they've released down under testify how 'New Wave' Skyhooks are, and their "Horror Movie" sounds like Woomera's answer to Alice Cooper and as irrelevant as that suggests. Plus it loses ten points for having the word 'Brain' in the lyrics.

That leaves Patti Smith's "Piss Factory", up till now a super-schmexclusive collector's item available on Patti and Lenny's own Mer label and leased specially for inclusion here. It's Patti reciting one of her poems over a plunging wandering jazzy piano, a typically gushing Ms Smith attempt to wrap her legs around the entire city of New York, or more specifically the factory where she did time as a shop floor moron when she was a teenager.

It's effective enough, reminds me of jazz and poetry readings in draughtly Arts Lab cellars way back when, and will probably be enough reason for lots of people to pick up the album.

But it's not like having the singles is it?

Neil Spencer



COLOSSEUM II
Electric Savage (MCA)

THE GAMEPLAN'S all form and precious little content as Jon Hiseman's Colosseum II vamp through eight variations on standard jazzrock themes.

Erstwhile Skid Row and Thin Lizzy guitarist Gary Moore dominates, scrawls high tension riffs and wire. Moore epitomises the "contemporary" all-purpose axeman, his playing as effortless as it's arid. Hard to believe he once added such scrupulously thoughtful solos to the weirdsome Dr. Strangely Strange's "Heavy Petting".

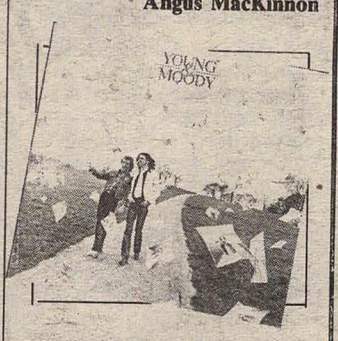
"Put It This Way", "Desperado" and "Intergalactic Strut" are the obligatory fazeouts in hyperfunk mode, "Lament" and "Rivers" (the only song, Moore's vocal oddly reminiscent of Wigwam's Jukka Gustavson) the slower ballad balance.

Don Airy whines synthesiser through the neo-classically mannered "Scorch"; elsewhere he adds perfunctory piano and strings. Hiseman's drumming is reliably precise, robust and intense, notably on the percussive "All Skin And Bone". Bassist John Mole's presence remains mostly subliminal.

Fusion music has become just another by pass system. Its apparently complex niceties are ultimately meaningless. Heard once, they're mildly attractive, heard twice, they're simply ennervating.

At least Colosseum II inject more muscle into the medium than most. It's unfortunate the medium in question carries no message.

Angus MacKinnon



YOUNG & MOODY
Young & Moody (Magnet)

MUSICIAL influence is the one area of rock that's always difficult to arbitrate. Depending on which side of the courtroom you're standing artists either *plagiarize* their peers or they've been blindly *inspired* by them.

Getting down to business, if we can consider Graham Parker's eclecticism unimportant, then Young and Moody can escape a scathing numbering.

But it must go on record that their song "Someone Else's Door" comes 12 years after the original Stones prototype, "Spider And The Fly". And generally their source of *inspiration* (we'll be kind, ok?) comes from J. J. Cale's country-blues and David Blue's West Coast folk music.

Most important of all, though, is that Young & Moody are good, sometimes excellent musicians; the album is generally entertaining and interesting; and they've written at least three songs which J.J. or Blue should have come up with years ago.

All this is pretty remarkable when you consider Bob Young has for the last ten years hacked around the world as Status Quo's tour manager/occasional harp player, and Mick Moody's skill as a guitarist never really saw the light with Snafu.

The atmosphere of the set is relaxed, with Young using American vocalese and blowing a slithering harp, while Moody drifts between acoustic, electric and what sounds like a National steel, guitars, and occasional mandolin.

Unfortunately the same flexibility doesn't exist in the musical backing, and the only person to show any real sympathetic flair is violinist Graham Preskett.

Although there is some superb material on the album, particularly "You Make It Roll", the excellent "Chicago Blue", "Just Close Your Eyes" and "I'm Going Away", shortcomings do exist.

Usually economic in his use of electric guitar, Moody tosses in a few cliches — as on "Too Young To Feel This Way" — and when Young's voice is projected away from the instrumental support on "I'm Going Away" and "From Four Until Late", he sounds croaky.

A couple of duff tracks and their recording inexpertise is hardly enough to condemn what is basically a fine record.

Tony Stewart

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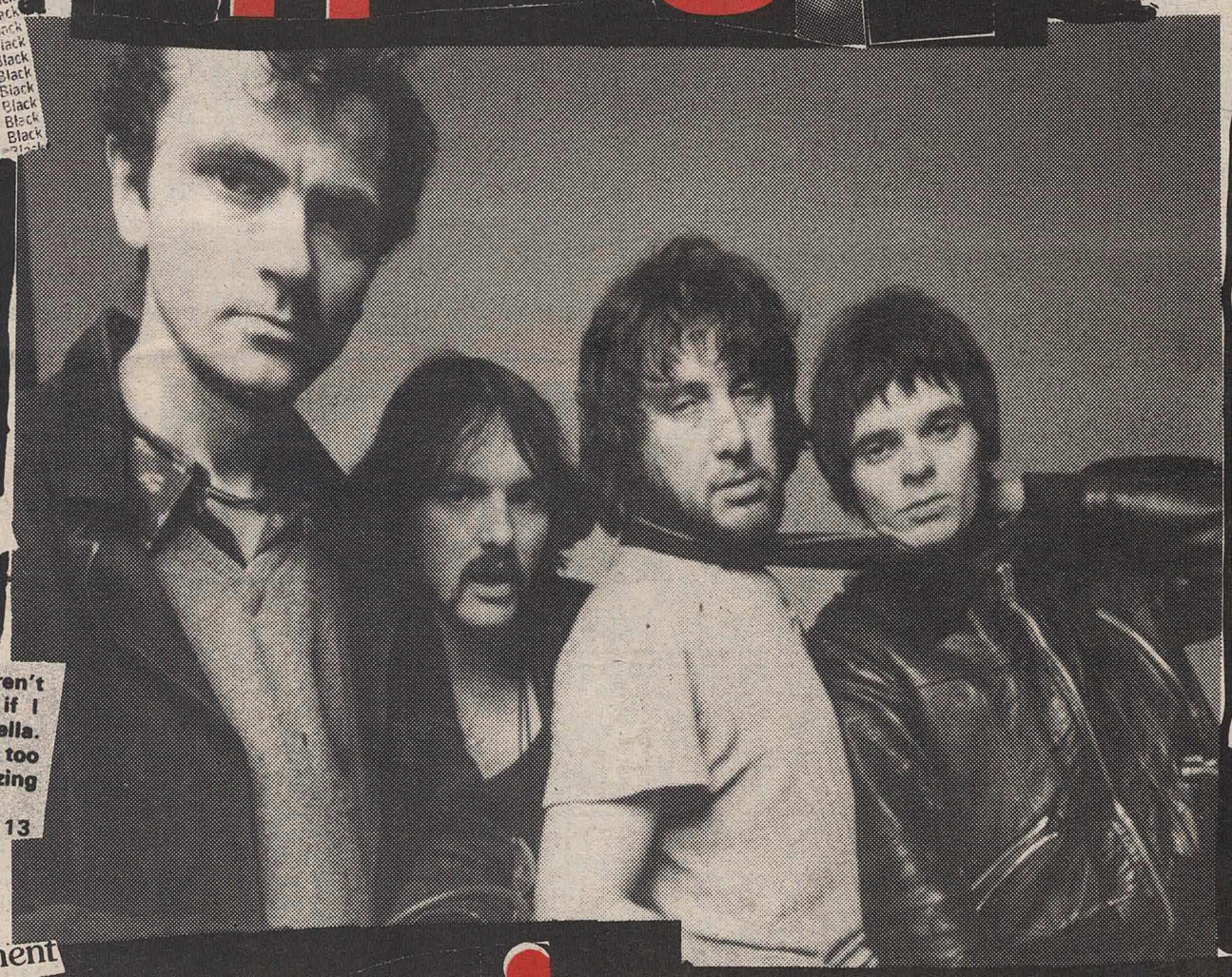

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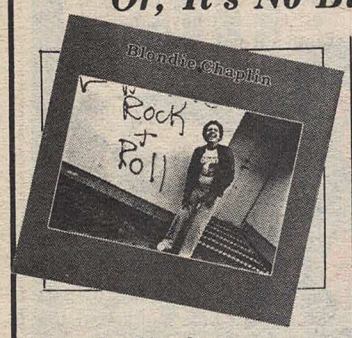


Blondie Chaplin
BLONDIE CHAPLIN
(Asylum)
BRUCE JOHNSTON
Going Public (CBS)

NOTHING EXCEPT peripheral loyalty would make me hang on to these albums.

Chaplin, the South African kid who, with Ricky Fataar, replaced Bruce Johnston in the Beach Boys, never got the chance to cement his talent. The introduction of the ex-Flames resulted in the far from perfect "Carl And The Passions — So Tough" and the patchily brilliant "Holland".

Chaplin proves he is a high bracket easy listening performer. His finest hours with the Beach Boys were polished by Carl Wilson, he was always a young man amongst older, wiser hands. This impression jarred more on record than live.

If you saw the Beach Boys play the Festival Hall, Saturday May 27, 1972, you'll remember witnessing the re-birth of Southern Californian skull karma. However, Chaplin and Fataar left because of genuine musical differences and not much was heard from them after the live record.

This first solo is pleasant and no more. A prestigious sidemen call-up, Ken Gradney, Garth Hudson, Richard Tee, ensure that Blondie's enthusiasm is properly showcased. Chaplin himself plays nice guitar, keyboards and bass but there's little sign of the boy-prodigy.

His most distinctive attribute is a fine voice, obviously, though the material is so middling and safe in pacing that he gets little chance to stretch his voice beyond the ordinary.

"Be My Love" moves apace in the manner of tightly arranged rock-funk; Garth Hudson adds the lament of quayside accordion to "Riverboat Queen" and Chaplin indicates all is not lost by bubbling neat phrases through "Lonely Traveller" and "Loose Lady" while still suggesting he's capable of more.

Following a perhaps premature career with the Beach Boys must be hard. Even if you enjoyed "Hear She Comes" or "Leaving This Town" I'd advise you to sit this one out.

Bruce Johnston's "Going Public" is merely the fall of the House of Gary Usher. Away from the Wilsons Johnston has lurched into some dodgy commercial ventures with Equinox (a company set up with Terry Melcher that folded ignominiously), David Cassidy, Art Garfunkel and Barry Mann. Ideal record company fodder but hardly essential listening.

These days Bruce is happy to be very MOR. No way is the progressive market going to absorb this pap, most of which is rougher than the bottom of a parrot's cage.

Even members of undoubted merit, "Deirdre" or "Disney Girls", make you realise how much he, like Chaplin, needed the Beach Boys for ideas to attain fruition. Although Johnston's distinctive voice and his backing arrangements are momentarily evocative, the record suffers from disastrous compromise, total non-contributions from the likes of Curt Boecher, Caleb Quaye and Gary Mallaber siphened over an unremitting sweetness that would make carrion crawl in gagged horror.

More asinine lapses of taste result in lyrics of unpardonable pomposity whose sole motive is Johnston's fixation with telling the hapless listener how he, Bruce, is all right, in fine fettle, fit as a fiddle and back on the straight and narrow.

Try "I Write The Songs" or "Rock and Roll Survivor" if you're in a masochistic mood and go with the flow until it all hangs out. Johnston won a Grammy for "I Write The Songs" which is enough to shatter anyone's confidence.

The cover-pic dates from the "Sunflower" days when Johnston might have had the odd bottle of Jim Beam stashed in the buggy but the innocence of his music seemed designed to produce something other than the eternal Malibu beach colony cop-out. This is a waste of valuable resources.

Max Bell

JAN GARBAREK
Dis (ECM)

MAX EASTERLY'S contribution to Eno's now-dormant Obscure label consisted of a series of demonstrations of his own musical instruments such as the 'Hydrophone' and Z'Elastic Aerophone' — instruments powered, in several cases, by elements, and with consequent claim to being possibly the only *truly* random music.

Scandinavian saxist Jan Garbarek here takes things a step further, by combining the unintentional music of the windharp (an instrument based on the Aeolian Harp, built by Norwegian Sverre Larssen) with his own intentional sax-playing and Ralph Towner's similarly intentional guitar-playing.

In other words, although both sax and windharp are wind-powered, only one is controllable in any meaningful sense.

The object of the windharp, according to the brief sleeve-note, is to create a "sound image of the wind", one which Garbarek and Towner use as colouration/foundation on which to build some quite breathtaking constructions, at times reaching the heights scaled by Towner's indispensable "Solstice" album of last year.

In some respects, "Dis" bears a closer relationship to Garbarek's work with Keith Jarrett on "Luminessence" and "Arbour Zena" than to his own most recent release, "Dansere," a fairly run-of-the-mill jazz-combo offering.

The windharp, featured on three of the album's six tracks, sounds like nothing so much as eerily-reverberating massed celli, quite unnerving on first listening. In combination with Garbarek's fluid but angular soprano sax lines, however, it lends the album a timelessness more usually associated with Eastern musics — an impression heightened by the similarity of Garbarek's nasal tone to that of the shenai.

Towner, as usual, is superb throughout; and the inclusion of a brass sextet on "Skygger" is a masterstroke; their cracked dignity is the perfect complement to the saxist's controlled lucidity. An album full of such combinations could never be too long.

The most successful matching on the album, however, comes in the final track, "dis", where the windharp is used in conjunction not with the sax, but with Garbarek's plaintive wood-flute, to evoke a moving atmosphere thankfully free of maudlin pathos.

Acoustic, yet electrifying . . .

Andy Gill

RED CLAY RAMBLERS
Twisted Laurel (Sonet)
DOUG DILLARD, JOHN HARTFORD, ROD DILLARD
Dillard, Hartford, Dillard (Sonet)

CERTAIN LABELS have always had a certain tinge of magic about them. Elektra, before Jac Holzman pushed the abort button, could usually be relied upon to produce albums containing a real touch of the Merlins.

Currently I get a touch of the great expectations whenever I see something that has emanated from the American Flying Fish label — and certainly these two releases, one as old-timey as an Edison cylinder, the other sometimes as far-out as country music's likely to get during the '70s, do nothing to make me change my mind about the quality of the merchandise now heading our way (via Sonet) from the Chicago-based company.

The Ramblers, who recently played one far from prestigious London gig, are a five-piece unit who obviously spent their schooldays cocking their ears to the sounds of such old-time country greats as Jimmie Rodgers, Charlie Poole and J. E. Mainer.

Their vocal harmonies, while thankfully lacking the chromium slickness of such as The Eagles, are as warm and comfortable as grandpa's favourite easy chair, Mike Craver's thin but far from anaemic leads being well supported by Bill hicks' illegal still of a voice and Jim Watson's slightly less rye-dipped outpourings.

Instrumentally, they're an equal joy, Jack Herrick sometimes laying down his bass in order to toot the kind of trumpet one only hears on junked jazz 78s of 1920's vintage, Tommy Thompson and Jack Watson adding to the good-time feel with various Appalchian excursions on banjo, guitar and mandolin, Hicks providing a goodly sample of street corner fiddle and Craver filling in with some high-class saloon pianistics.

All in all I reckon that the Ramblers are about 50 years behind the times. But they sound so good that they make you wanna grab the nearest time-machine and head on back to where it all happened.

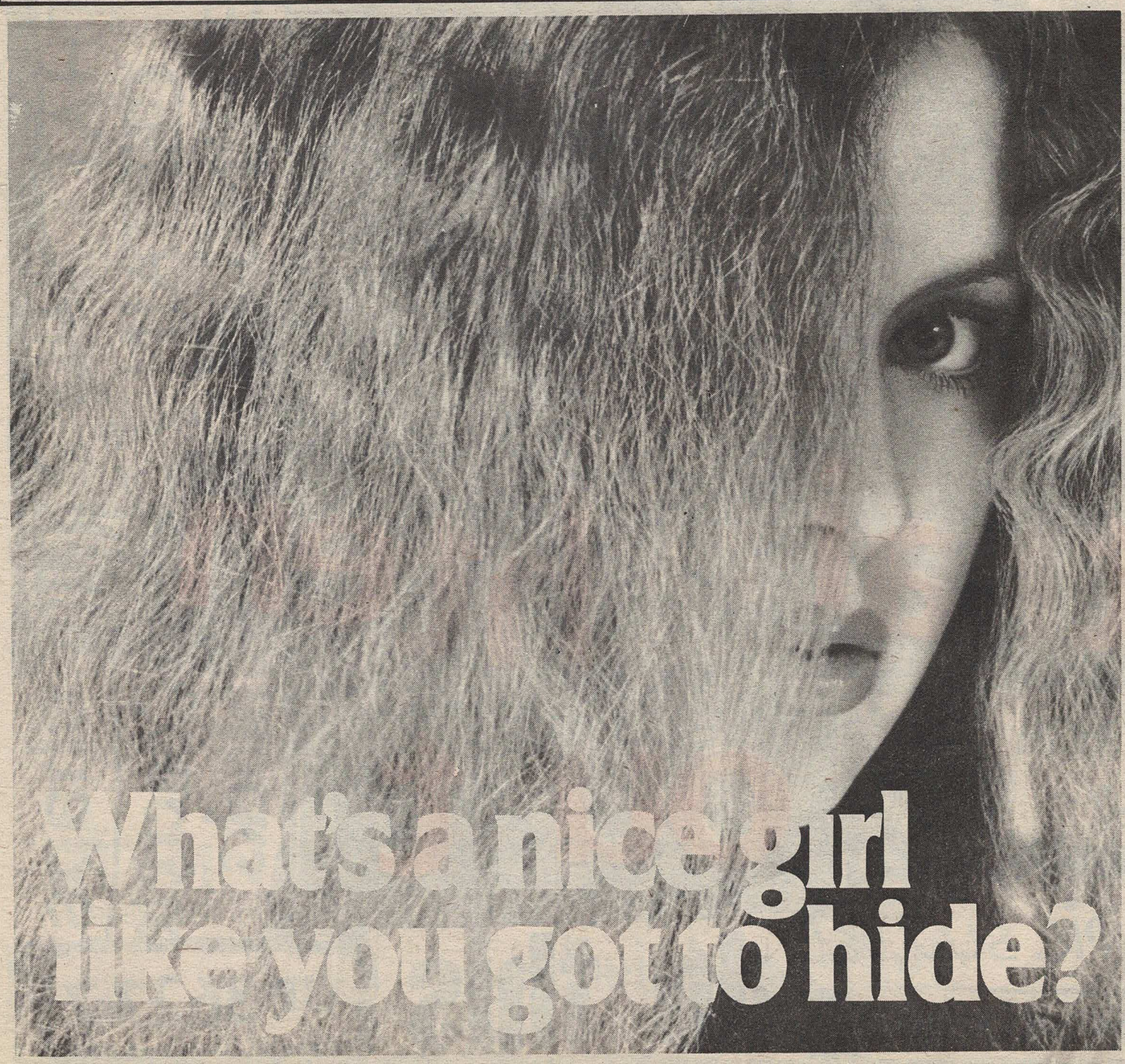
"Dillard, Hartford, Dillard" (subtitled "Glitter Grass From The Nashwood Hollyville Strings") on which Doug and Rod help keep John Hartford's inherent zaniness in reasonable check, is a similarly enjoyable affair.

Assisted by such Nashville stalwarts as Buddy Emmons, Kenny Malone, Benny Martin, Jim Colvard and Pig Robbins the trio tackle material that ranges from "Bear Creek Hop", a traditional slice of happy hoedown through to "Biggest Whatever", a choogling chunk of rock, taking in such palatable love songs as "Lost In A World" and "No End Of Love" along the way.

Though it's mainly the Dillards' date, the family name being affixed to six of the dozen numbers that comprise the album, Hartford — for once sans foot-board — is allowed to take the helm on a re-run of his blow-grass (as opposed to blue-grass) anthem, "Two Hits And The Joint Turned Brown", a kind of rasta meets hillbilly fun anthem.

I guess I'd have to admit that there are one or two moments on this disc where things edge mildly towards the soporific. But you'd have to break my arm before I retracted anything further.

Fred Dellar



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ORLEANS
Before The Dance (ABC)

DUE TO John Hall's deliberate reticence his staple diet has never got him fat. Orleans in the past have preferred to concentrate on totting up the session fees and producing the occasional album of their own, the quality and mood of which are often compared by fans to the work of their more illustrious friends, Little Feat.

Whether by design or accident "Before The Dance" is filling enough on all counts to yield more than the customary single. Orleans are now in shape to back it up with the brand of instrumental craftmanship and strength in depth that betokens a pleasantly steady improvement.

Although Hall may not be a familiar name he won his spurs picking with Taj Mahal, Bonnie Raitt, El Feat and Al Kooper.

Orleans' continuing ascent is attributable to their solid line-up and the fact that Hall, Wells Kelly, Lance and Larry Hoppen are all wildly gifted studio masters while Johanna Hall can be relied upon to write lyrics which suit their affinity with most styles from blue-eyed soul to country rock plus a customised rhythm pulse that makes them a compulsive experience.

The Halls have that advantage for any successful team, their songs generally sound familiar. "Let's Have A Good Time" and "Dance With Me" are solid FM; if we had a half-way decent radio network then you'd realise that Orleans pass the ultimate listening test; they make ideal driving music.

It's on "Wake Up" that the needle jumps into overdrive, a Beaches En Regalia lyric taken at Impressions pace straight through "Let There Be Music" marked by some light hearted John Hall slide fuzz. The mood here is fixed on a hot summer up like the Doobies at their best.

Nothing on side two alters Orleans' claim to greater recognition by virtue of their unpretentious geniality. At times a certain lack of raunch leads them towards the pleasant but meandering . . .

"The Last Song" has a frailty which prevents this being a completely satisfying set. Marital bliss is more in evidence with a witty, poor boy in the city refrain of "Sweet Johanna" and Mr. Hall's lucid steel.

Wells Kelly's "Sunset" shows you why Lowell Geroge thinks so highly of this band; the debt seems mutual.

What Orleans do best though is steer the changes on a song usually considered functional soul property; "The Breakdown" is executed with genuine understanding for the vibration without lapsing into disco-sodium glutomate. Hall and Hoppen construct delicious solos around the motif in a way that used to be the trademark of Credence, circa "Cosmo's Factory".

All together Orleans are expanding on thematic roots, an American music band going higher. If John Hall has this show on the road you'll hear more.

Max Bell

FLAME
Queen Of The Neighbourhood (RCA)

ON THE front of a sleeve which gives thanks to Bruce Springsteen, Miami Steve Van Zandt and Patti Smith, Flame — incorporating cute chanteuse Marge Raymond — pose on the steps of a run-down tenement with much heavy-handed sultry boredom.

The first track is so brassy you can positively taste the peroxide. "Beg Me" is "Heatwave" *sans* fire, Marge's reedy voice piping impotently away at a hymn concerning tortuous yearning.

"Do you want me?" she exhorts. "Do you need him?" she smirks. *"Come on beg me! Beg me! Beg me!"* I wouldn't ask you for the time sweetchips.

"Long Time Gone" gets to grips with (sigh) Waiting Game, Marge employing an almost Lorraine Ellison class of cool soul voice and helping a substandard song to ascend into something quite surprising as Marge's broken heart slowly but surely mends.

Unfortunately, the track is vetoed by the obligatory HM guitar riffs which American bands seem honour-bound to drag into everything; it all disintegrates into hollow instrumental mishmash.

"Angry Times" is one of those uptempo optimistic thinking piano spoils that New York liberals love. After a wheezy zig-zag intro. "Everybody Loves A Winner" finds Marge attempting to shoot up her Cher fixation with a hefty dose of Streisand, coming over like something from the Blood, Sweat and Tears Reject Rail.

"You Sit In Darkness" finds Marge uncertain whether to seduce or save a soul to a soundtrack of sticky strings and mellifluous piano which add up to an altogether ponderous orchestration. *"You sit in darkness waiting for a light,"* drones Marge again and again. This is apparently a reference to a person sitting with an un-lit cigarette.

Marge sounds like a *Roots*— person once more for "All My Love To You", which is barely saved by the tasty horn arrangement of Miami Steve, and bites the hand that feeds her on the turncoat finale "Grown Up Man".

I like the idea of this album. I love the idea of a gang fronted by a cute girl posing on the steps of a rundown tenement and making an album called "Queen Of The Neighbourhood." More North London delicacy instead of this gross Manhattan stridency was what was needed to stretch the concept to its full use, but it's too late now.

Julie Burchill

TANGERINE DREAM
Sorcerer (MCA)

THE DREAM'S recordings have often seemed in need of vicious editing, so it's hardly surprising that the necessarily clipped, episodic format of a soundtrack should work to their advantage.

At the same time The Dream are on the move, in flight from the disparate vagaries of their earlier opera and on beyond the more direct beam of "Stratosfear". They're on the verge of formulating a really coherent vocabulary of electronic sound, in which each and every element carries defined meaning.

"Search, "Grind" and "Betrayal" exemplify the Yang of the new Dream: mesmeric, visceral sequences throbbing under swathes of curling synthesiser. "Journey" and "Mountain Road" are the Ying: gentle, pretty lyricism, mellotrons as woodwind.

Edgar Froese continues to experiement with guitar. "Impressions" has him playing effective lead and rhythm parts in a style somewhere between those of Robert Fripp and Can's Michael Karoli.

More archetypal Dream moods like "The Call" with its stentorian bass pulse and the queasy "Main Title" freefall also benefit from Froese, Franke and Baumann's newfound sense of textural finesse. Even "Creation", a brooding future blues, is downright unsettling for all its apparent simplicity.

"Abyss" is the longest piece, also the most interesting. Malevolent sheets of phase mutate into more coherent (red) shift, accelerate out of mind's eye.

At their best (as here) Tangerine Dream evince a captivating, cheerless beauty. And play it loud.

Angus MacKinnon

IMPORTS

WHILE MOST acts have been plumping for lusher and more space-age recording venues, replete with 32 track decks, computerised mixers, etc., sex-man and flautist **Paul Horn** has twice set back the year-scale on his personal time machine in order to cut new albums.

Previously he's zonked back a mere three centuries to record sides in the Taj Mahal, but more recently, he's really upped his back-tracking efficiency, the result being "Paul Horn Inside The Great Pyramid Of Gizeh" (Mushroom) an album featuring tapes made within the various chambers of the circa 2580 B.C. tomb.

Understandably, having undertaken such a trip, Horn's seen to it that his exploits have been fully documented. So apart from the music, disc buyers get an eight page booklet replete with maps, photographs and enough amazing fax from now till Tutankhamun's next gig at the Rainbow.

I mean, did you realise that if all the stones from the Great Pyramid were laid in a straight line that would build a wall three feet high and one foot thick that stretched across the States and back again?

And while on the subject of **Stones,** did you also know that you can now lash out all of £22 on a boxed-set devoted to the Decca doings of Jagger, Richard and Co.? Well, that's a fact and HMV have the glitter bedecked French albums to prove it.

For those who like their rock Southern-fried, "The South's Greatest Hits" (Capricorn) could prove as rewarding as a mint-julep in July. For the good ol' boys in Macon haven't merely produced a sampler of their own label wares but have really gone out of the way to provide an all-ambracing "Best Of" culled from the catalogues of several companies.

So along with the expected tracks by **Elvin Bishop, Wet Willie** and others, you'll find **Dr. John's** "Right Place, Wrong Time", **Atlanta Rhythm Section's** "Doraville", **Amazing Rhythm Aces'** "Third Rate Romance" and tracks by the **Outlaws, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Charlie Daniels,** etc.

War's final album for UA, recently mentioned in this column, has finally materialised on Bue Note, But though this double supposedly contains all new material, some of the titles will be familiar to those who have previous experience of War games.

Yardbirds freaks are said to be in a highly excited state due to the arrival of "Yardbirds Favourites" (Epic), a French release which contains "Putty In Your Hands", hitherto an extremely rare track. Other tracks include "Got To Hurry", one-time flip of "For Your Love" and "Mister You're a Better Man Than I", a ditty penned by Mike and Brian Hugg.

Smokey Robinson appears with his Quiet Storm Orchestra on "Big Time" (Tamla) the soundtrack album to a movie masterminded by the one-time Miracle maker.

Fred Dellar

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FOSSILS EXHUMED

Back Into The Lost World Of Prehistoric California

Ms&Ps: Who said anything about pterodactyls?

MAMAS AND PAPAS
Best Of The Mamas And Papas (Arcade)

REMEMBER THOSE fabulous Sixties? The protest marches? The draft card burnings? All those wandering boot heels? You had to swat the little bastards before they tromped on your blue suede shoes.

Yeah, the "Best Of The Mamas And Papas" (as seen on TV) is about as close as the mass multiple TV time record marketing campaigns have come to the classic *National Lampoon* joke album.

I suppose it was only natural. After all, The Mamas And Papas are so broadly acceptable. They have none of the dirty individualistic traits of, say, Dylan, Keef, Hendrix or The Mothers Of Invention that would preclude them from Sixties nostalgia promotion in Woolworth's and W H Smith's.

I mean, they were keen and clean, right? So Mama Cass (being conveniently dead) started to get linked with the top people, Hollywood Hills, S&M snuff party circuit. So John Phillips started to get a name for LA rock and roll czarism. So what? Mama Michelle's in "Valentino" with Nureyev and who the hell knows what happened to Denny? They sure sounded inoffensive, didn't they?

Who could help sounding inoffensive if you worked within a set of vectors established by Dylan, the Beatles, Phil Spector, Brian Wilson, Brian Jones and Booker T and the MGs. You had to tread a particularly prescribed path, especially if you were personally bracketed by McGuinn (Roger,nee Jim) and McGuire (Barry, "Eve Of Destruction").

There was hardly any way out, dig? The only option was folk-baroque. What Jan and Dean did for surf music with "Dead Man's Curve", The Mamas And Papas did for commercial folk with "California Dreamin'". If Dylan was first in line in the gang bang of ethnicity, then the Ms&Ps took elaborate and convoluted seconds.

And it was magnificent.

I expect, from the preamble, you thought I was going to knock this album, Hell, no! Nothing was further from my mind. In fact, I'm singing along with the whole damn album as I'm writing this.

Coming to the heat and the pools and the super superficiality of LA from the New York of "Positively Fourth Street" and skinny girls being just like a woman, Phillips, Elliot, Phillips and the other one expanded and bloomed in the California sun.

Their vocals, rooted in post-Seeger hootenanny took on a lush, subtropical splendour. They soared in a usually rising cadence, as harmony was laid on harmony laid on harmony. It was like Wagner with white walls and a candy paint job.

They also put down the groundwork for much of the LA paisley philosophy that ruled sunset Strip until Jim Morrison and the L.A.P.D. juvenile, narco and tac squads conspired to fill the place with lizards and leather.

The Mamas And Papas spoke for a generation who hid their blue eyes behind triangular violet shades, decorated their rooms with Peter Max posters, got cheques from daddy back in Orange County and saw the salvation of the world in a fuzzily ruthless brand of laissez-faire capitalism.

The Ms&Ps were a lot like the cat in the modern adage. The one who looks at the world through mouse coloured glasses. They defined what was groovy, and what was not. Sun was groovy, rain wasn't. California was groovy, New York wasn't. The rest of the week was groovy but Monday wasn't. And so it went.

The Mamas And Papas' work was far from even, however. There were the four masterworks, "California Dreamin'", "Monday Monday", "Dedicated To The One I Love" and "Creeque Alley". (They are all on this album.)

These were the cream, the tip of the milk, lavish, no expense spared, California custom, De Mille products. They took their choral ideas from what Brian Wilson was planning to do next week and beefed it up with an aggression that came the Crystals and the Shangri-Las.

The aggression was tempered to the time. It was softened from the stiletto heeled strut of the earlier girl groups to the tread of Keds and cowboy boots more suited to proto-hippies.

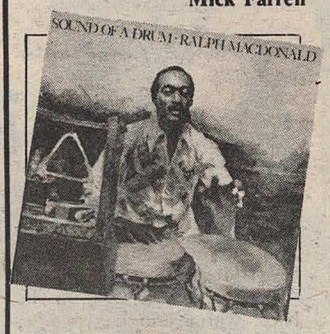
Sadly, there was another side to the coin. There were a hell of a lot of painfully thin pop potboilers. It seemed as though John Phillips (if it was he who was responsible) seemed to think he could get away with anything as long as he *did something different.*

"Twist And Shout" is an obvious example of how, all too often, *doing something different* was used to whitewash the lack of a real idea.

Neat idea to do the Isley Brothers' classic "Twist And Shout" as a relaxed breathy love song, except that it doesn't go any further than that. Content with the initial idea John Phillips frequently didn't bother to go any further, creating a wide gap between the great hits and the bulk of the rest of the work. Only "Dream A Little Dream Of Me", "You Baby" and "Spanish Harlem" come anywhere close to the big four.

Despite the unevenness of the Mamas And Papas' efforts, I guess it's some kind of dubious milestone that they've become the first semi-psychedelic group to be resurrected by the telly marketing men. The question is, what will come next? Probably Sonny and Cher. I figure it'll be a long time before they get round to the Doors.

Mick Farren



RALPH MACDONALD
Sound Of A Drum (TK)

RALPH MACDONALD'S new solo album falls into the category of too easy listening, a current syndrome which many of Macdonald's contemporaries have fallen foul of at CTI.

The fact that Eric Gale, Grover Washington et al play here only makes me question the validity of this patently lightweight exercise in late night dance routine. Strictly musical soya beans.

The mass-produced licks, lame jazz rock honking and annoyingly accessible rhythms thrown up by Macdonald, no slouch behind any percussive kit, just bring home the absence of any interesting first hand ideas from this particular bunch.

Trouble is they bombard the market with so much interchangeable vinyl that they devalue the reality of the sound they are capable of pushing. The whole gaggle now come over in identikit patterns and I'm so fed up with reading the boggling artificiality of the line-ups that I can no longer listen to their better work.

Macdonald's effort is predictable in every way. The obligatory shake yer bum "Jam On The Groove", so called sophistication for the oldies, "Mister Magic" and the single on this side, "Where Is The Love", a hideous sweetback sellout of remaining credibility.

Chuck Rainey, Richard Tee, Eric Gale — who cares? You can hear the dollars ticking over every time they play a note. And who cares that they play superbly if the conviction is negligible.

Once upon a time, Macdonald, Gale, Bill Salter and Warren Smith made out with a black guy called Jerry Moore. To my knowledge that outfit at ESP put all this crap in the shade. Whatever happened to them?

Max Bell

SMOKIE
Greatest Hits (RAK)

EVER SEEN a meths drinker crook his little finger as he takes a slug? Well, that's what you can expect from this album: trash, but tastefully executed.

No razzle, dazzle or wet dreams. Smokie are Sincere, with denims, long hair and acoustic harmonies. By their weathered visages, they also look like they're pushing it a little, but then Sweet were no spring chickens back when they talked trash in a manner that wouldn't have shamed David JoHansen.

The last single, "Lay Back In The Arms Of Someone" is far too mellow for my taste; *"You think that's too high for you / Oh baby I would die for you"* I want someone who'll *kill* for me, honey!

"Something's Been Making Me Blue" is wistful, pessimistic trivia that cuts deep. "If You Think You Know How To Love Me" is sublime comic-strip Wild One — Brando and Mary Martin trading vain vows across a soda counter.

"Pass It Around" is a gross one for people who wish they were students, while the plastic Champs Elysee "I'll Meet You At Midnight" is a bedroom drama concerning the desultory tryst of Louise-Marie and her paramour, mutating into a fevered street cafe tango of broken hearts and chainsmoking by candle light. Call me a sentimental fool!

"Living Next Door To Alice" was never worthy of Smokie, being first recorded by the abysmal Aussie trio New World who faded into obscurity after a strange scene with a meter maid.

"Changing All The Time" is performed plus mandolins and finds our boys coming on like Prelude; in losing their distinct sound, they also lose their appeal. I could swear there are girls' voices on this track, but maybe it's just that the Chinese laundry used a soupcon too much starch that day.

"Don't Play Your Rock-'n'Roll To Me" is more like it, a wry and catchy hit with Smokie coming over their disenchanted best.

The sad but true fact is that Chinn / Chapman bands seem duty-bound to always bite the hand that feeds them, an action which Sweet, Mud et al have learned is definitely not a wise one.

Look around at the Modern World. Progression is not alway provident, and I prefer a cute formula to a tedious experiment.

Julie Burchill

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Flip side of "Nazz III"

TODD RUNDGREN takes a quick glance at the sleeves of the three long-deleted Nazz albums and the memories of his apprenticeship come flooding back.

However, it quickly becomes evident that few recollections are of an idyllic misspent youth, and Rundgren has to be *persuaded* to discuss the traumas of those days at any length.

Fr'instance, on the back sleeve of the second Nazz album, "Nazz Nazz", there are four large solo portraits of the group. Apart from demonstrating that Rundgren has changed little over the years, Bruce Laurance's shot freezes him in peach brocade fringed jacket, hands placed restlessly on narrow hips, a throughly pissed-off expression on his gaunt features. To the left, a photograph of bassist Carson Van Osten tells precisely the same story.

The reason for the disdain was that both members had long since left the group, but had been cajoled by their manager to pose for the cover.

EVER SINCE Beatlemania exploded in a sticky shower of half-eaten jelly-babies all over North America, almost every garage band had attempted to *Go British*. But of them all, only The Nazz managed to grasp the sartorial stance and musical attitude with anything approaching inspired conviction.

Formed in Philadelphia by Rundgren exactly ten years ago, they released three albums and ceased to exist by 1969. But short-lived as they were, The Nazz were the precursors of a whole slew of American Anglophile rock bands including Big Star and The Raspberries right on through to Stories and Sparks.

Though with certain reservations Rundgren is proud of much of The Nazz's legacy, he now claims that he's grateful they never made it beyond cult status — "We were not the right people to take on the responsibilities of being successful. Had the Nazz made it, I probably wouldn't have developed the way I have done. I'd have been locked into what was expected of The Nazz and unable to enjoy the musical freedom I've had over the last few years".

Rundgren and Carson Van Osten first met as members of Woody's Truck Stop, a local bar band modelled on the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. However, the arrival of psychedelics into the mainstream of hard rock caused them to lose their direction.

"The band started getting into the thing of going to the country", Rundgren mimicks in an exaggerated stoned tone, "Getting our little heads toogeth-errr ... droppin' lotsa acid ... get-ting into *the* trip".

Rundgren chose not to embrace the emergent drug culture, and soon found himself in conflict with the rest of the trippin' Truck-Stoppers. Although not officially ousted, strange guitarists were showing up at rehearsals and auditioning for his gig. He got the hint.

It was'67, and though he lived in Philly Soul Town it wasn't until he left High School that Rundgren began to relate to what was going on around him — by which time *Underground* was the most popular game in town.

With another disillusioned ex-Truck-Stopper, Van Osten, plus Stewkey — "Our John Lennon immitator" as Rundgren cares to remember him (on vocals and keyboards) — and Thom Mooney, a temperamental drummer he'd rescued from a folk-rock band called The Munchkins, they set out to Conquer The World as The Nazz.

Rundgren recalls: 'We wanted to emulate The Beatles." But apart from Stewkey's nasal affectations and a couple of licks lifted from John and Paul it didn't work out that way.

If anything The Who, The Yardbirds, Hendrix, Traffic, Cream and occasionally The Small Faces exerted a greater influence: a solid meat 'n' potatoes foundation over which they invariably slung tight West Coast vocal harmonies.

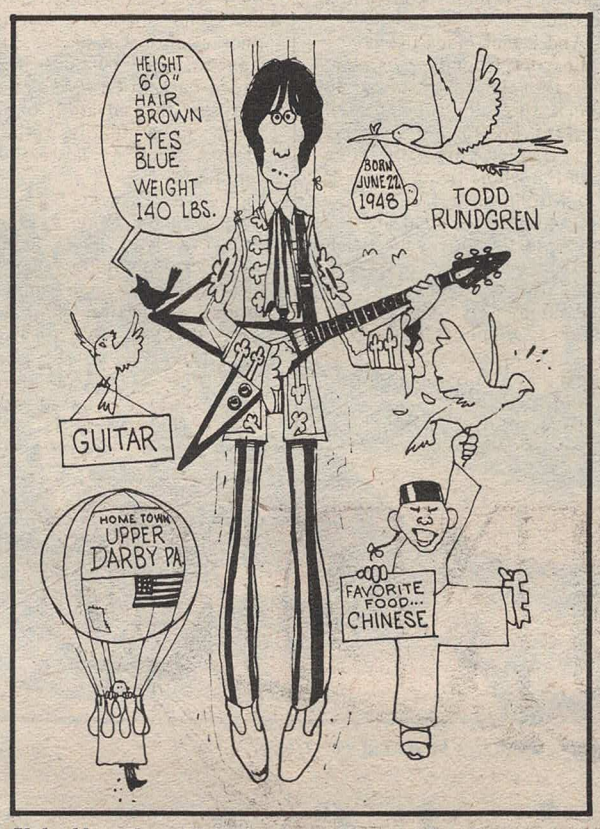
However if The Nazz had planned to *Do A Beatles*, then their manager John Kurland was equally determined to be America's answer to Brian Epstein — which was when things started to go wrong.

The Nazz made their concert debut supporting The Doors at the local Town Hall, played a few selected club dates and then went into hibernation.

Kurland, who was much concerned with image manipulation, sought advice from *16 Magazine's* pulp scribe Gloria Stavers on how to go about making the band Overnight Sensations.

His theory was to make The Nazz scarce and unavailable. Then, having held out for a large record company advance, he refused to allow the group to perform because he didn't want to establish a low money precedent.

The Nazz had no such illusions of grandeur themselves and were quite willing to open for major acts, but Kurland wouldn't hear of it. Unless The Nazz topped they wouldn't play.


HEIGHT 6'0" HAIR BROWN EYES BLUE WEIGHT 140 LBS.
BORN JUNE 22 1948
TODD RUNDGREN
GUITAR
HOME TOWN UPPER DARBY PA
FAVORITE FOOD... CHINESE

Valuable early publicity hand-out cartoon of Rundgren (Courtesy of Victoria and Albert Museum)

Remember The Nazz? Well, remember Todd Rundgren then? OK? You can join ROY CARR for a guided tour.

They didn't play.

Nevertheless, Kurland did manage to score a $100,000 advance from Screen Gems-Columbia Music, who were shopping for a potential Hot Property now that the public had cooled on The Monkees. The idea was that The Nazz might be picked up by a generation who, having grown-up with Dolenz, Jones, Nesmith & Tork, were now looking around for something *a little bit heavier.*

Aware that The Nazz disliked the idea of being promoted as surrogate Monkees, Screen Gems-Columbia decided to not release Nazz *product* on their RCA-distributed Colgem label but instead have them inaugurate SGC Records and get Atlantic to do the selling.

As SGC was just one of many independent labels Atlatic handled, The Nazz weren't afforded top priority.

Right from the derivative "With The Beatles" album cover concept, "Nazz" (SGC.SD5001) depicts the band overtly flag-waving their many basic influences. But don't misconstrue that as a put-down. For here were a bunch of inspired musicians, fired with enthusiasm and utilising to the fullest many rich motherlodes which far too many Brit Bands had discarded as being worked out and ones which — as it transpired — wouldn't wouldn't be again re-introduced to rock until the mid-70s.

As the neo-nugget lead-in track "Open My Eyes" illustrates, The Nazz had captured the ethos of primal Mod rock by modifying the barbed intro to The Who's "I Can't Explain", infusing it with vague snippets of Buffalo Springfield's "Mr. Soul" and Byrds' overtones. The effect was stunning.

Things didn't stop there. Aside from his writing, Rundgren's main strength was as a guitar-slinger — most evident of the Creamesque "Back Of Your Mind", the wailin' boogie shuffle "Wildwood Blues", his mastery of Beckisms throughout "Lemming Song" and a respectful fip of the hat to Hendrix on "She's Goin' Down".

As Jon Landau's sleevenote ecstatically implied, it looked like success was imminent.

It was not be.

Ostensibly The Nazz lived high on the hog, befitting their (alleged) stature. They jetted into London for shopping sprees at Harrods and Lord John, cruised in chaffeur-driven limos and did everything successful rock bands were expected to do.

"What most people didn't know", reveals Rundgren, "is that we were only receiving 25-dollars a week salary".

Apparently their advance was being used to bolster an image which in reality existed only in press handouts.

Such was The Nazz's mismanagement that when they flew into London in January, 1969, to record their second album at Trident, they discovered that they hadn't the necessary clearance from the Musicians Union.

So after refurbishing their wardrobe and posing for photographers, they returned to L.A. and commenced recording tracks for what was initially intended as a double album but became "Nazz Nazz" (SGC.SD5002) and the posthumous "Nazz III" (SGC.SD5004).

"NAZZ NAZZ", pressed on bright red plastic, was a vast improvement on their auspicious debut album. "Following the first album", Rundgren muses, casting an eye at the song titles on the label, "we had managed to personalise our major influences and not, as so many bands did, subjugate our individual personalities with someone else's music.

"Perhaps our only problem was that maybe we were just slightly out-of-sync with what was going down in rock at that particular juncture. We were very Anglo-influenced in the way we dressed, and unlike many other American bands weren't playing psychedelic rock even though it was at its height of popularity. That's because we didn't like most of it and also because we didn't drop acid."

Though "Nazz III" isn't by any means a collection of barrel-scrapings, the best tracks are on "Nazz Nazz".

In retrospect it can be seen that "Nazz Nazz" wasn't used to its best advantage in establishing the band as a major attraction.

The descending, distorted guitar riffs and rattling drumnastics that make "Under The Ice" one of the more powerful cuts, weren't the kind of thing to release to capitalise on the chart success of such an instantly accessible single as "Hello It's Me"/"Open My Eyes". The excellent Beatlesque "Hang On Paul" (not, as many assumed, dedicated to Macca but a Bearsville exec) seemed a more obvious selection. Had it been mooted as a single and had it charted it may have stigmatised The Nazz as nothing more than Minor League Beatle plagarists (remember what happened to Badfinger?)

The remainder of "Nazz Nazz" had the group exerting control over those influences that ran rampant on "Nazz". "Meridian Leeward" is just under three-and-a-half minutes of total surrealism, owing more to Traffic than The Who and being a tale of an aviating pig who reverses the roles and ends up devouring a human. And this from guys who claimed they didn't swallow acid wholesale.

Once again Rundgren taps his blues roots aided and abetted by horns on "Kiddie Boy", while "Featherbedding Lover" wouldn't have been out of context on a Cream or Hendrix album. It's hard to believe that at the time so few were unaware of TR's dexterity as an emergent heavy-weight guitarist.

Just over 11 minutes of The Nazz working through every trick in their repertoire on "A Beautiful Song" closes the album and acts as a basis for "Birthday Carol" (later to surface on Rundgren's first solo outing, "Runt").

Even before "Nazz Nazz" was shipped, The Nazz were in advanced stages of disintegration.

Van Osten was the first to quit; Rundgren next.

"*We* could see the split coming", says Rundgren, "even before we'd finished that album. The Nazz had developed into an intolerable situation. We were all living in one house and couldn't stand the sight of each other.

"Somehow, Kurland had suckered all of us on the big myth portrayed in *Help!* that

■ *Continues page 41*

From the left: Todd Rundgren, Thom Mooney, Stewkey, Carson Van Osten.

This Bland is your Bland . . .

David Carradine as Woody Guthrie (Kung Fu-style) in Bound For Glory

Growin' fat on the Grapes of Wrath

LAST YEAR they tried it with Leadbelly, the year before it was Lenny Bruce, this year they're doing it with Woody Guthrie. It seems like, one by one, all the heroes go down. They fall to Hollywood and the merchandisers to become sanitised, sanctified, maybe canonised and, most important, packaged for the public.

I suppose it was inevitable that Woody Guthrie should get the big screen treatment. In a medium that's been suffering from Depression nostalgia for more years than are quite seemly, he's a natural. His legend as the hard drinking, hard gambling, freewheelin' guitar picker from Oklahoma, with a social conscience bigger than Texas, was forged in the mother lode of freight train jumping, hobo jungles and destitute Okies scrabbling for a day's work.

Woody had the kind of ideal under-privileged chic that can't but motivate the movie industry to try and fatten itself on the grapes of wrath. To Hollywood, the image of a hobo squatting on top of a moving box car has become as much of an all-American knee-jerk as the last lone Indian silhouetted against the sunset.

The Woody Guthrie biopic *Bound For Glory* has been among us for a week or so. It's glossy beautifully photographed and stars ex-grasshopper David Carradine, but more of that later. The film could make a lot of money, but I have a feeling that it's more likely to sink without trace.

All that, however, is hardly material. What really counts is that after enough years of neglect to get the majority of his records deleted, Guthrie is back in the spotlight of attention. As far as I'm concerned, it's not a moment before time.

If you can talk about Robert Johnson as one of the spiritual fathers of rock and roll, then there's no way you can help figuring Woody Guthrie as one of the others. Certainly it seems that if there hadn't been a Woody Guthrie, the odds are that there wouldn't have been a Bob Dylan, and if there hadn't been a Bob Dylan . . . well, you can work it out for yourselves.

Any adequate folk music text book will tell you that Woody was born Woodrow Wilson Guthrie in Okemah, Oklahoma, on July 14, 1912. After a series of family disasters he left home at the age of 16 and started to wander. This was just one year before the Wall Street crash and the start of the world's worst depression.

It was a time when, if a small Midwest bank didn't collapse, it sure as hell foreclosed on the farmers who relied on it for crop to crop, season to season finance. Thousands of families were forced off their land, on to the road and into the desperate life of migrant agricultural workers, looking for a job from anyone who'd take them.

WOODY DRIFTED in and out of this human tide, working, occasionally starving but, all the time immersing himself in the diverse musical styles that the migrants carried with them. His ramblings also brought him face to face with out-of-control captitalism at its most ugly. He ran from the railroad cops who were hired to keep hobos off the trains with gun and club. He confronted the vigilantes posted on the main routes into California who used the same threat of violence to keep the penniless out of the golden state.

In 1935 Woody married for the first time and attempted to settle. Married life, however, didn't last for long. Once again he was on the move, this time in the direction of the West Coast. All along his travels he continued almost compulsively to make up and memorise songs. During his lifetime, Woody Guthrie is estimated to have written somewhere over 1000 songs.

He found a singing job on radio station KFVD in Los Angeles and, at the same time, became involved in the problems of the migrant, southern California fruit pickers. This was the start of the politicisation of both Woody Guthrie and his music.

Getting political has its problems, though. Woody discovered that it was hard to reconcile his work with the hee-haw hillbilly image that the secure job at KFVD expected. One thing seems sure, Woody Guthrie wasn't capable of compromise. Just before the outbreak of World War II, he took off for New York rather than screw around with this kind of double life.

This New York period brought an involvement with the US Communist party, a regular column in *The Daily Worker,* a great deal of travelling and performing, a lot of the time with Cisco Houston, Pete Seeger and The Almanac Singers. He was commissioned by folk collector Alan Lomax to make a series of recordings that would provide a living document in story and song of the entire dustbowl disaster. He also married for the second time.

In 1943 Gurthrie and Houston enlisted in the Merchant Marine, and took their music onto the grim and dangerous Atlantic convoys in the same way as they'd taken it to the wheat fields and fruit orchards.

After the war was over Guthrie was signed to record by Moe Asch, who'd just established the Folkways label. In those postwar years, he recorded around 100 songs that were the bulk of the legacy that Woody left behind for future generations.

Huntington's chorea is a congenital disease that crops up, almost at random, in afflicted families. It is a slow, wasting sickness. Over a very long period, the victim's nervous system gradually decays until death comes. So far, no cure has been found. Woody was stricken by Huntington's chorea in 1952. For the next 15 years he fought a long terrible losing battle that ended on October 3, 1967.

During the long span of his illness, his hospital bedside became a virtual Mecca for young, aspiring folk singers. One of these was Bob Dylan.

It almost sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? The wandering socialist minstrel who'd never compromise on his belief in the rights and dignities of the working man. Even his death seems noble: the saintly invalid gathering the youngsters to his bedside in order to pass on the torch that would eventually light the way to freedom and equality.

Yeah, it's hard to believe. Not only that, but it's downright dangerous. Whenever an individual gets caught up in this kind of spiral of media canonisation, it's as if he ceases to be human. He rises beyond the reach of ordinary mortals and becomes a thing set apart.

That's exactly what the film *Bound For Glory* appears to set out to do. It beautifies and cosmeticises until the pain and tragedy of the Depression start to look like an overblown, super expensive version of *The Waltons* or one of those Huck Finn style, soft focus Coca-Cola commercials.

As one New York critic remarked: "There have never been better fed and healthier looking dustbowl refugees."

The elegantly folksy colour photography of the picturesque Okies in their faded dungarees and battered hats add up to something closer to the background of a *Vogue* picture spread on denim than *The Grapes of Wrath.* You could hardly find anything more diametrically opposed to the emaciated figures and dead hopeless eyes that stare out of contemporary Depression photos.

David Carradine doesn't do much to help the film regain its grip on any kind of historical reality. He drifts through the movie with an unnatural calm and otherworldly lack of focus that turn his Guthrie into a rather limp 20th century saint. Carradine's unworldly attitude starts to look like an unfortunate hangover from his *Kung Fu* days.

The thing the film totally missed, and this is probably its most unforgivable fault, is the energy that surrounds everything that remains of Guthrie. You only have to listen to his songs or read his writing, particularly his book *Bound For Glory,* a robust, bustling account of his dustbowl and hobo days, to realise that the man was anything but a saint. He was a restless, rambling hobo who was constantly observing everything around him with the precise, penetrating eye of the true poet.

He not only observed, but translated his observations, almost obsessively, into songs, prose and poems which give a picture of a horny-handed migrant worker blessed by an

The man himself (left) with Cisco Houston in New York, 1944.

Another hero to be sanitised for the box office? At least this pic is the genuine article.

overflowing raw talent rather than a somewhat wishy washy poet of the people.

It was ironical that the critical putdowns that followed the release of the movie actually produced a clearer picture of the real Woody Guthrie than the film itself.

Pauline Kael started the ball rolling in her prestigious cinema column in the *New Yorker*. After she had made similar complaints about the film to the ones I've already mentioned, she put forward a picture of Guthrie totally at odds to the screen portrait.

The Woody Guthrie she remembered emerges as a short, unkempt, calculating left winger whose Okie mannerisms became increas-

part of his character that was needed to maintain a relationship seemed somehow to be missing."

Even Marjorie Guthrie, Woody's second wife and Arlo's mother, admitted that life with Woody wasn't a bed of roses. Marjorie Guthrie, who stood by him during the long and often horrific years of his illness, and whose loyalty to him has become inflexibly rigid, told *Rolling Stone* that, "Woody was never the easiest guy to live with. He was a tough little guy with a very definite sense of his own potential as a legend. He was always on the move."

The film and rekindled controversy do, however, seem to have at least one positive

A film has been made of Woody Guthrie's life. It's not all it should be. MICK FARREN reports.

ingly contrived and conscious when he fell in with the Greenwich Village parlour reds after returning from World War II.

She went on to point out that Guthrie's romantic rambling was fine as a legend, but in reality it also showed a total unconcern for the people and, more particularly, the women around him. According to Ms Kael, Guthrie suffered from the malady of so many politicos, an all-embracing love of suffering humanity but an almost callous disregard for the individuals who were closest to him.

This wasn't so much an attack on the memory of Guthrie himself as a protest against a genre of film that insists on smoothing out the warts on its characters.

Harold Leventhal, the producer of *Bound For Glory*, Woody's literary executor and his agent while he was still alive, sprang to the defence of both Guthrie and the film.

When I was talking to him in his London hotel suite while he was in town for the film's charity premiere, he painted a picture of a Guthrie who was ultimately undisciplined, too erratic to become the full-time puppet of the US Communist party, and certainly too uncontrolled to act it up as the singing son of the soil.

The one point on which Leventhal and Kael do agree is Guthrie's attitude to the women in his life.

"I'm afraid Woody has to be called a complete male chauvanist.

"He had a charismatic attraction for women, but the

outcome. Although it has yet to reach Britain, the wake of the movie has produced considerable interest in putting Guthrie's original work within reach of the public. His book *Bound For Glory* has been repackaged in paperback. Another book, *Seeds Of Man*, is set for publication. Warner Brothers have already issued one collection of Woody's songs, and Transatlantic are apparently considering similar moves over here.

WOODY GUTHRIE'S music is hardly easy listening. Pete Seeger once said that listening to Guthrie singing was "like biting into a lemon, bitter, uncomfortable, but exhilarating."

The main interest in his music is that he solved the problem of how to make a political point in a popular song. Woody was well aware that there was little point in pushing out slogans if you expected anyone but the hard core converted to listen to them. The only way the popular song could be effectively politicised was if it talked directly to and about people. It was a lesson that Bob Dylan learned, but lately it seems to have been forgotten.

Even the new wave could probably glean a few positive pointers from a quick listen to Guthrie. The sad thing is that films like *Bound For Glory* with their mawkish, old wave attitudes are more likely to alienate than encourage this sort of investigation.

We agree with everything you say

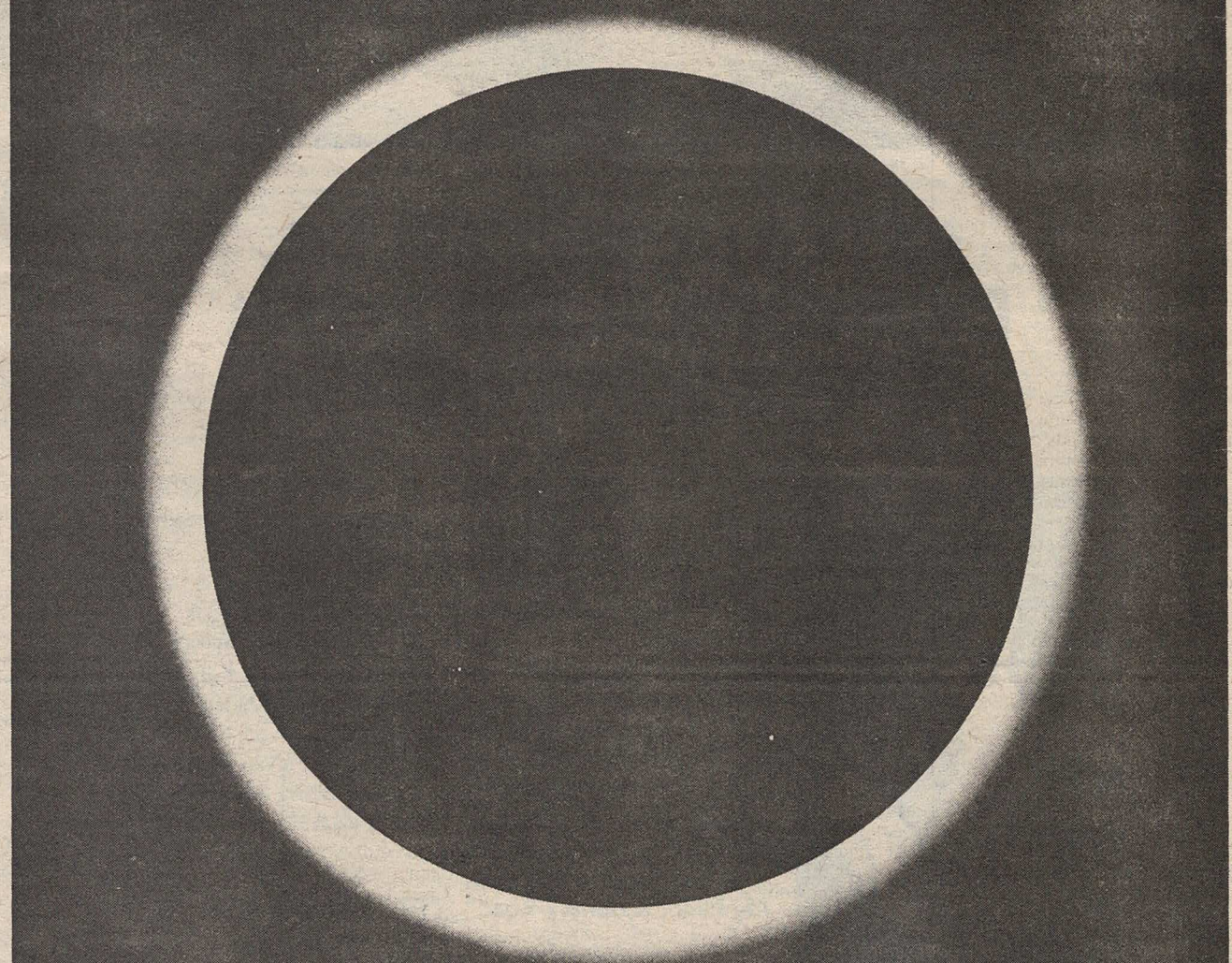
"Barry Blue . . . has done a superb job . . . proved sensitive to the vocal skills of lead singer Noel McCalla . . . also highlighted the band's hitherto neglected rhythm section and skilfully emphasised the horns to a point where Moon easily hold their own with the best of the American funk/soul bands . . . For me the standout track on an album of immense quality is the beautiful and amazingly cool 'I'm Leaving You'. This represents Moon and particularly Noel McCalla at peak performance." *B.H. Melody Maker*

"Make no mistake, Moon . . . have the potential to be world-wide giants . . . Rarely has any relatively new band recorded with such complete confidence. Moon come on like giants from the beginning. A myriad of writing and arranging ideas and the nucleus of greatness. I only wish I was their manager . . . The band is so inherently sophisticated that it is a joy to listen to and the songs are marvellously constructed tone poems. Saxes wail or purr, flutes weave intricate rhythms, the bass is crisply concise and the arrangements are magnificent . . . A fine album by a good band on the brink of greatness."

Martyn Sutton

"Oustanding musicianship. Consummate ensemble playing. The two musicians who play an assortment of saxes and flutes deserve praise; even more so does the band's singer. Noel McCalla has the vocal skills of Jon Hendricks and his performances on the sensual 'All Night' and the gently evocative 'I'm Leaving You' are outstanding."

Sunday Times



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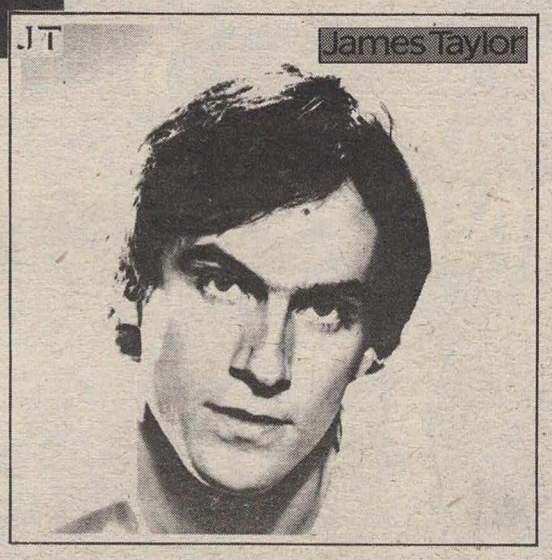
Not since 'Sweet Baby James' has James Taylor sounded as good, nor come up with an album as full of songs destined to become classics. There are twelve on "J.T." to place alongside 'Fire and Rain', 'Carolina In My Mind', 'Country Road' or 'You've Got a Friend' not forgetting the hit single 'Handy Man.'
"J.T." also marks the reunion of James Taylor with producer Peter Asher. He, along with Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Danny Kortchmar, Clarence McDonald and others, has helped bring an old friend back into the limelight.

Ain't that good to know.



JAMES TAYLOR'S NEW ALBUM "JT" FEATURING THE SINGLE 'HANDY MAN'

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PRODUCED BY PETER ASHER

GOTHAM CITY MAYHEM

Floyd blow up cars as fans lob fireworks

Pink Floyd

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY

THE FLOYD sure picked a fine week to appear in New York. Not only was it the eve of July 4th, but also it was the week that marijuana had been decriminalised in New York State ($100 fine for possession is all you get now). The surprisingly young audience was thus inevitably remarkably out of it. Blitzed young men from the Bronx would periodically rise to their feet, extend their clenched fist and bellow "Floiiiid!" before sinking exhausted back to their seats.

July 4th is, of course, the US equivalent to November 5th — it's when all the fireworks go off. They are illegal in New York except for large licensed displays, but they arrive in the city by the truckload none the less and the kids all have them. Quite a few had brought them to the Garden, and even before the concert began firecrackers were spluttering in the upper tiers.

They didn't stay up there long though, because they soon realised what fun it was to throw them down to the part I was sitting in.

It is very hard to concentrate on music when one is in fear of a banger down the neck. One rolled under my seat but didn't ignite — another set fire to the T-shirt of a guy five seats away while onstage Roger Waters was playing "Pigs On The Wing (Part One)".

The fireworks were making the audience a bit edgy — those of them that could still feel anything — and it was a while before the Floyd were able to pull together the 20,000 sell-out crowd and get them involved.

Gilmour seemed able to use the tension to put an edge on his guitar licks, but Waters was obviously not happy.

The audience really got into it at the point where the huge inflatable balloons rise from the side of the stage. The kids know all about inflatables because of the annual Macy's Fifth Avenue Parade where huge Mickey Mouses and Plutos go floating down the avenue, and they loved the ones the Floyd were putting up.

The balloons were of a fat American family, complete with TV and a soft American car, but if the audience read any significance into these Floydian comments on their inflated American lifestyle they didn't show it. They just roared in approval.

At this moment a firework landed onstage near Dave Gilmour, spluttered and showered a few stars. Roger's lyrics came through clearer and louder than any others of the evening: "You stupid motherfucker!" he bellowed. "And anyone else in here with fireworks — just fuck off and let us get on with it!!"

That told them!

Then the Floyd filled the place with smoke and brought out a huge inflatable pig — like the Goodyear blimp — which cruised about the vast space of the auditorium, the pencil beams of light from its eyes casting a malevolent gaze over the stalls. It came to rest and hovered, as if about to take a dump on the mixing console.

For a while, several thousand people couldn't see the group because there was a huge pig in the way.

Many of the audience sat open mouthed through the 20-minute intermission while others went and got some beer and hot dogs — a fine tradition of the Garden. The light dimmed and the Floyd began to play their way through "Wish You Were Here".

On "Have A Cigar" a lulling, repetitive riff was suddenly terminated by a quadrophonic sound sweep of the hall like being nose dived by Concorde, which must have stopped the hearts of dozens of space-cadets who were cruising in their own contemplative mind-space. Little girls screamed in shock and micro-thugs roared their approval.

The show was very similar to the British one — the movie sequences and hydraulic lighting platforms with their revolving lights. Given the size of venue — itself determined by the group's popularity — they were able to create a high degree of presence in their act.

Personally I found it hard to concentrate because of the fireworks danger, and the only number that really came alive for me was "Money", which they do as an encore. The movie which accompanies it is full of ironic shots of gold discs, displays of "Dark Side Of The Moon", tumbling coins and one or two quick flashes that one of the Rent-A-Cops picked up on:

As we were leaving he was giving his impressions of the concert to a fellow cop: "They had a film with this chick's tits an' ass . . ."

What you get out of a Pink Floyd concert pretty much depends upon what you bring to it.

Miles

NME's NEW YORK Thought-For-The-Week

"Last one out turn the power off!"

ON THE TOWN

MINK de VILLE *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

Willie the Mink: street elite, just cruisin' on the neat beat

Mink DeVille

BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK CITY

SINCE THE release of their first album, Mink DeVille have become NY's latest rave group.

It is very much Willie DeVille's group, and Willie, like many of the NY new wavers, has been around a while.

William Borsay moved to London in 1970 to look for a group, but finished up playing solo at the Troubadour, Bunjies, and even the Crypt of St. Martin's in the Fields, Trafalgar Square. This was his delta blues Son House period.

He moved to the States again and played the gay S&M circuit of the Mission District of San Francisco for a while as Billy deSade and the Marquis.

It was here that he found drummer Manfred Allen and bassist Ruben Siquenza. His hair was gettin' good in the back.

Whether it's Times Square, Broadway at Columbus, Hollywood at Las Palmas or even Piccadilly Circus, Willie's is the music of the streets — the 24-hour neon glow, the life pulse of the city. "I love The Shirelles. I grew up with that stuff, man."

It's the music of hanging out on the corner, of fragments of melody from a passing car, of hip young Blacks carrying a 40lb stereo transistor set with Wild Cherry blaring from it, of Ray Charles coming from a fire-escape radio as the people try to catch a breeze in the 76° humidity and 90° heat.

Up on stage, Willie is in front wearing very sharp threads: he changes from a black leather jacket of the first set to matching high-heeled snakeskin boots and snakeskin jacket for the second, greased black hair moulded into a pompadour with a jelly roll, heavy gold earring flashing and snapping his fingers like a switchblade might appear in his hand at any moment.

To his right stand The Immortals — three very laid back guys from Jamaica. So laid back in fact that they didn't even show up for one of the sets. On the phone: "Why aren't you here, man? We're just walking on stage now!" "Oh, we'll be over, man." The Immortals are a classic doo-wop vocal trio, heavy on slow-motion bell-ringing and gas pumping gestures.

"Venus Of Avenue 'D'" must be about his wife, Susan. She's a fast talking hip New York lady with a black '50s wig and a ring through her nose. Everyone calls her 'Toots'. The song has traces of Lou Reed ("Walk On The Wild Side" and early Velvets) with simple chords and stark arrangements for the large line-up he employs.

"Mixed Up Shook Up Girl" may be another song for Toots — whatever, it's a classic. Immediately recognisable but impossible to pin down. It's tender — the punk as the big softie.

Everyone's cooking. The Immortals are finger poppin' like Joe Turner, Willie is wearing down his Cuban heels, the sax player is blowing like the '50s never ended, and Louie X Erlanger in a little French beret is twisting and playing rhythm like he had a squirrel up his trouser-leg.

"Little Girl" is a revamp of the Spector-Chrystals "Little Boy", and a perfect vehicle for them. Willie sings it with shades of Neil Sedaka even.

DeVille has some fine pipes on him — he can sustain long lines with power, even when he's singing like Ben E. King, as I guess he has to on "Stand By Me".

He doesn't really *sound* like these people — they are all there by association and he doesn't try to change that. It's a mix, a big city blend of R&B, soul and R&R. Listening to Willie and the band play is like a walk down Avenue "A": graffitied trucks pass by and there's Hank Ballard and the Midnighters coming from the cab on WCBS-FM. A battered yellow cab tuned into Van Morrison merges with the shop you walk by which is playing Ray Charles through speakers mounted over the door.

Puerto Ricans sitting on the stoops holding chickens in their laps, radios tuned into WDIJ latin sounds. Mink DeVille have latin pinned down with bass player Ruben Sequenza, who is from Central America and interjects in rapido Spanish whenever he feels the need such as on "Spanish Stroll", their single, about a Puerto Rican hi-jacker.

So if you think of Springsteen or Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes and cross them with The Crystals, you're beginning to get there. Willie comes not from the British invasion (white, middleclass) but the Black R&B tradition of Ray Charles, The Drifters, The Clovers . . . in fact Mink DeVille would have been on Atlantic were it not for Capitol making them an offer they couldn't refuse.

I'm impressed. They do "Gunslinger" — real down-in-the-alley greasy rock'n'roll with slashing guitar and Ruben driving the bass into some quite indecent places. "Aren't they good tonight?" fans asked each other, not entirely for my benefit. They were.

Willie bellows, rocks and sobs. He goes from lust-whisper to frustrated howl in one long breath.

He'll rock yer socks off.

Miles

Little Bob Story

MARQUEE

RIEN DE MERDE (No Bullshit) is the motto of the continent's premier rock combo — so you can bet your last centime that when a hail of plastic glasses get chucked at the stage from the moronic element of the kids in the crowd, *le Hobbit Chanteuse* Little Bob Piazza will halt the set and deal with the crap.

An' ah mean *toute de suite, homme.*

"Whaaat za fok do yew sink yew are doing?" he bellows in that voice that sounds like Steve Marriot just after having his tonsils out. "Ah'm up here to sing an' *enjoy* maself! If yew want to do zat sheet zen go to a ponk-rock geeeg!"

Like Strummer reckons, Passion is a Fashion. And the Bobs don't need it, same as all you streaky lumps of phlegm who spoilt the Roundhouse gigs for the Brothers Ramone by feeling the need to soak them in streams of gob.

These foreign chappies just don't appreciate our barbaric Anglo customs of physically assaulting the ones we love. I reckon they got a point there.

Until that incident Lil Bob Story had been ripping out a set of EEC rivvum'n'blooze revealing standards previously lacking in their geeegs. The undoubted reason for this is the fleshing out of the songs on the first album with hot self-penned *nouveau* songs that they gave birth to during their recent enforced lay-off from continual touring after their van got write-off trashed in a road accident.

Stuff like the great autobiographical "Riot In Toulouse", "Mister Tap" and "Little Big Boss", have replaced the old non-originals they were doing on their last tour when the band seemed tired and drained by their never ending rock'n'roll roadrunning. Happily, the inclusion of only one song they didn't write in the set, plus their refreshed attitude to gigging, have given them an even stronger personal identity — no mean feat when you check out the collective visual of the band.

Bruce Lee's son Guy George slashes at his Les Paul while remaining motionless except for the shaking of that Dee Dee barnet, looking like the Dolls' "Vietnamese Baby" incarnate, while the lead axe of Lou Reed's twin Dominique scatter-guns chords at the audience and moves like he got a white-hot poker up his anal passage.

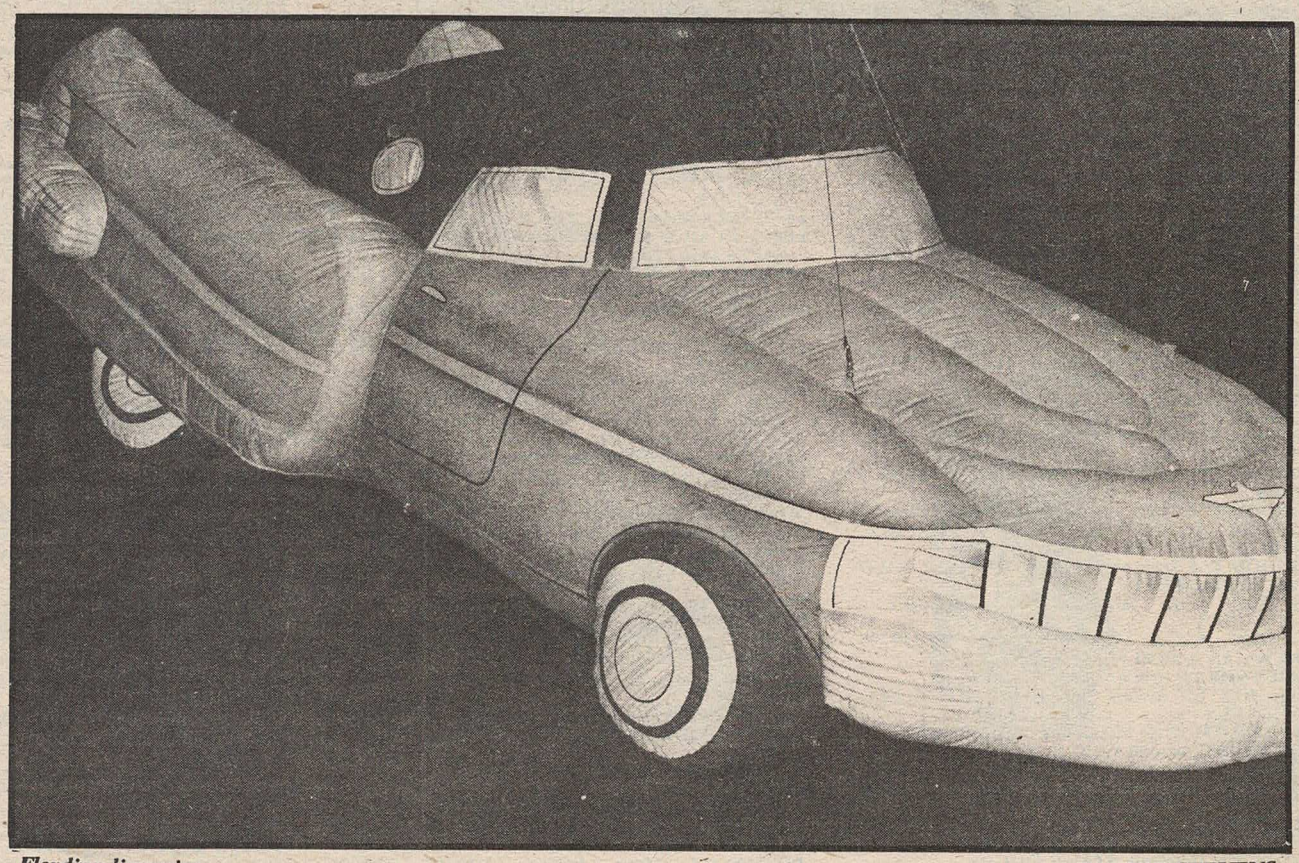
Rivvum section of Mino on drums pounding a sadistic beat for Barbe-Noire and his bass line complete the impressive backdrop for the highpoint (lowpoint?) of the Audio-Visual experience, Le Havre's very own bespectacled snowball, Bob Piazza himself.

You gotta stand on your sweat-soaked toenails to see him as the dancers at the front of the sauna-bath crowd, together with Bob's own low altitude, nearly obscure the man from view if you've retreated to the bar in order to frisk down some much needed oxygen and screwdrivers.

But with the new single just released on the superb Mercury label (the band's definitive version of The Small Faces' Mod anthem "All Or Nothing") all set for chart entry, plus the new levels of songwriting to assure the new album of original *rivvum and bleu* superior to that of either the Feelgoods or the Hot Rods, you feel a warm glow inside as the speed of life oozes from your every pore . . .

Because, *parce-que,* any day now . . . the year of the Little Bobs. *Ca va, mon frere?*

Tony Parsons



Floydian limousine *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

Main events
(and non-events)

AFTER spending several hours last week preparing a special picture spread, to mark the eargerly-awaited Beach Boys concerts, we learned that their visit had been called off. So we had hastily to scrap our original plans and start all over again, this time giving prominence to the Average White Band and Little Feat — which, of course, they thoroughly deserve. It would have been a pity for their gigs to have been overshodowed by the Beach Boys.

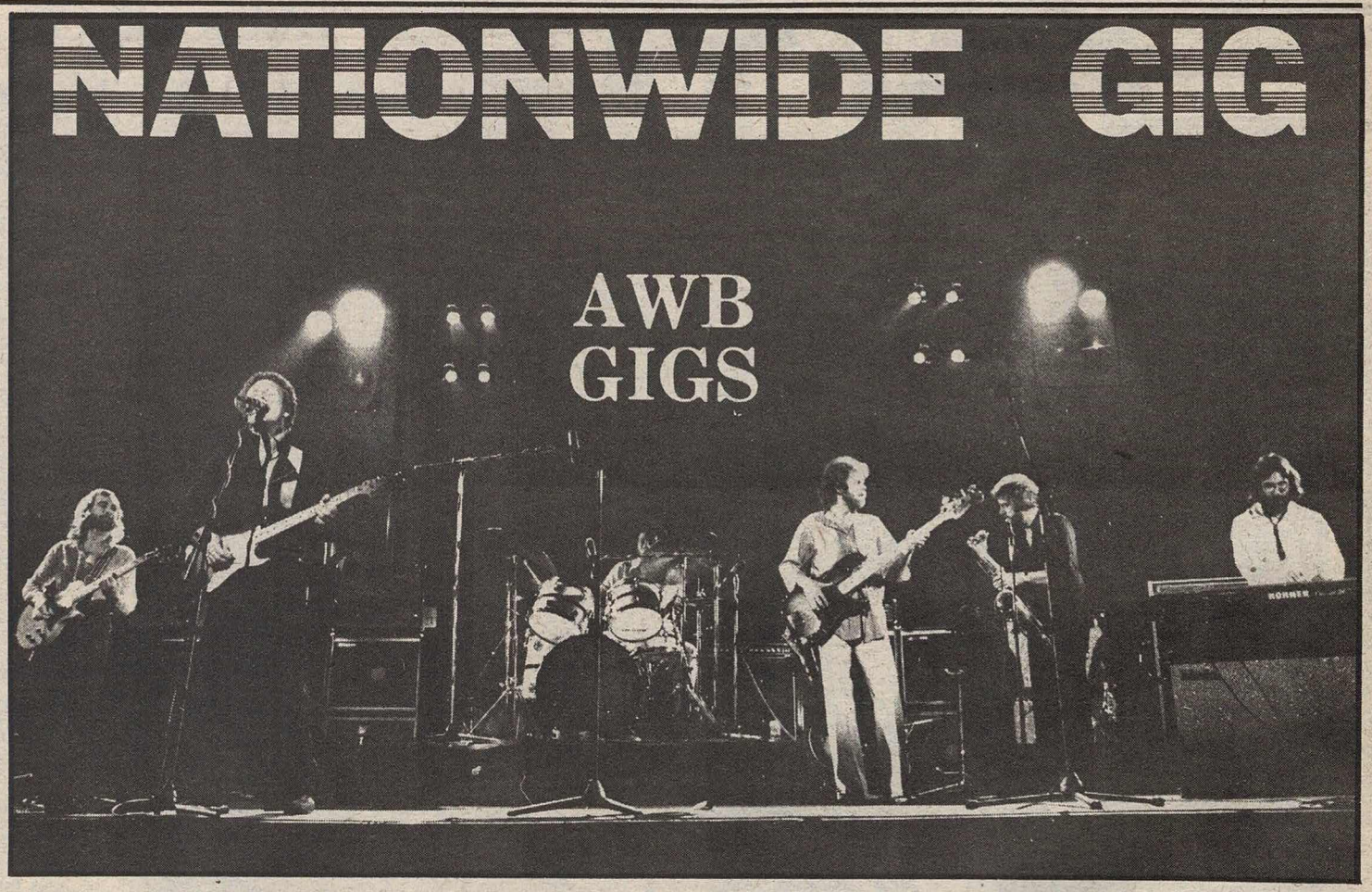
LITTLE FEAT are playing two concerts in Newcastle on Tuesday and Wednesday, to be followed by a show in Manchester and four in London. It's their first visit since they guested in The Who's football stadium dates just over a year ago. In the meantime, there have been constant rumours about Feat breaking up and Lowell George going solo, but they proved to be totally unfounded. It's great to have them back.

The *Average Whites* have *Ben E. King* as their special guest. They'll both be performing separate acts, and then Ben joins the AWB for the final set. It all ties in with the release this month of their joint album "Benny And Us", and they plan to continue performing together periodically in the future. They're appearing at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and Saturday, with a gig in Edingburgh to come next week.

The Jam are also lined up for a Hammersmith show — that's on Sunday. And it's good to see that a top promoter (in this case, Mel Bush) is not afraid to book a leading new-wave outfit into a major London venue. Also full marks to the Rank Organisation for accepting the booking. Let's hope it goes off smoothly and sets a precedent for more similar gigs. Support acts are *The Boys* and Australia's *Saints*.

The annual South Bank Music Fair continues at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall, and this week's concerts are by *Five Hand Reel* and *June Tabor* (Sunday), *Jake Thackray* (Monday), the *Acker Bilk Band* (Tuesday) and the *Albion Dance Band* (Wednesday).

There's plenty happening this week, with more gigs than usual for this time of the year. And that's some recompense fot the Beach Boys' cancellation, which must be the biggest let-down the British public have suffered this year — and there have certainly been plenty of 'em!



THURSDAY

BEDFORD Nite Spot: SLACK ALLICE
BILSTON The Borough Arms: FORCE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: THE VIBRATORS / MARSEILLES
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: SOUL DIRECTION
BLACKBURN Lodestar: ZHAIN / BOOM TOWN RATS
BRIGHTON Regent: THE DARTS
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
CHATHAM Pembroke Club: BETHNAL
COSFORD R.A.F. Station: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS / STRETCH
COVENTRY City Centre Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
CROYDON Red Deer: PUNK NIGHT
FALKIRK Maniqui Club: REZILLOS
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: HEAD ON
HEATON MOOR Rudyard Hotel: BILL CADDICK
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE BOYS
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: NICK HOWARTH
HULL Westfield Country Club: SWEET SENSATION
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: AMAZORBLADES
LEICESTER De Montford Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
LEICESTER Tiffany's: RADIATOR
LINCOLN North Hykeham Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE MUTANTS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WARM JETS
LONDON CHARING X RD. Sundown: ZAINE GRIFF & SCREEMER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: S.A.L.T.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: JOHNNY SILVO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BABY GRAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE 'O' BAND / ELEVATORS
LONDON Marquee Club: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: THIS HEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Hotel: SNEAKY SAM
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: CHELSEA / CORTINAS
LONDON W.C.2 Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MAIDENHEAD Prince Albert: BILL PRICE
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: ELVIS COSTELLO / LURKERS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Cromwells Club: JIGSAW
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
POYNTON Folk Centre; JO-AN KELLY & PETE EMERY
PRESTON Piper Club: OSCAR
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SMOKIE / WILDER
REDDITCH Brockhill: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: G. T. MOORE
THORNE White Hart Hotel: RHAPSODY
TRURO Green Parrot: TONY ROSE
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
WENDOVER R.A.F. Halton TOPPER
WOLVERHAMTON Giffard Arms: VIN GARBUTT
WORCESTER Sacha's Club: OZO
YORK Cat's Whiskers: WHITE PLAINS

FRIDAY

BASILDON Double Six: ZETH
BATH Viaduct Hotel: G. T. MOORE
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: COSMOTHEKA
BEDFORD Nite Spot: STRETCH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE 'O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: SOUL DIRECTION
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: STRIDER
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: S.A.L.T.
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MICK RYAN & JON BURGE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DARKEARTH
BRIGHTON Buccaneer; STAN SMITH BAND
BURTON 76 Club: ILLUSION
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE JAM/THE BOYS
CUMNOCK Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
DERBY Bailey's: MUD
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: AMAZORBLADES
ESTON Kings Head: BILL CADDICK
HEREFORD Letton Yewtree Farm: JIGSAW
HILLINGDON Folk Festival: THREADBARE CONSORT / BULLY WEE / JOHNNY COLLINS / MIRIAM BACKHOUSE / DEREK BRIMSTONE / GEORGE DEACON & MARION ROSS etc.
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: ZHAIN
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: STAGE FRIGHT
KINGSWINFORD The Woodman: VIN GARBUTT
LEEDS Garforth School: ACKER BILK BAND
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: PRISM / SCRATCH
LONDON BERKELEY SQ. Free open-air lunchtime concert: JON BETMEAD BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JENNY HAAN'S LION / VAPOUR TRAILS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE MOVIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON E.1 York Hall: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: AVERAGE WHITE BAND / BEN E. KING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: METROPOLIS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE
LONDON KILBURN Langtry Youth Centre: PROPAGANDA
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ENID
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Brooke's: THE DOG'S BREAKFAST
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: J. JAYS BOOGIE BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHEER ELEGANCE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SPITERI
LUTON The Cock: J. J. JAMESON
MAIDENHEAD Arts Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SLACK ALICE
MANCHESTER Hulme Labour Club: BUZZCOCKS / THE FALL
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DEAD FINGERS TALK
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SMOKIE / WILDER
NORWICH Unthank Arms: BILL PRICE
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: ROCKIN' BERRIES
NOTTINGHAM Shireoaks Cades Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
PETERSFIELD Town Hall: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS / JERRY THE FERRET / PTARMIGAN
PRESTON Duck Inn Hotel: GAGS
PRESTON Piper Club: OSCAR
RAMSGATE Van Gogh: AMERICAN TRAIN
RETFORD Porterhouse: BOOM TOWN RATS
ROMFORD White Hart: SUCKER
ROTHBURY Music Festival: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS
SKEGNESS Sands Showbar: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
SLEAFORD Nags Head: ROWAN
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: JUDGE DREAD
ST. ALBANS Roman Theatre: YETTIES
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE VIBRATORS
UCKFIELD New Centre: OZO
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: SETTLERS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: JOHNNY SILVO
WILLENHALL The Cavalcade: FORCE

SATURDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: GAFFA
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/ILLUSION
BANBURY Cropredy The Manor: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BASINGSTOKE Football Club: SWEET SENSATION
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SASSAFRAS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE 'O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BLOXWICH Nags Head: FORCE
BRADFORD Princeville Club: ZHAIN
BRISTOL Granary: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
CHELTENHAM The Robbins F.C.: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
CLACTON 101 Disco: BETHNAL
COVENTRY Mr. George's: EATER
CROMER Links Pavilion: NO DICE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JUDGE DREAD
DERBY Bailey's: MUD
DONCASTER Farn Kimberley Jim's: KEITH MANIFOLD
DORCHESTER T.A. Hall: YETTIES
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY
FIFE Rosyth Naval Base: JOE'S DINER
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: OZO
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: 999
HIGH WYCOME Town Hall: THE JAM/NEW HEARTS/COCK SPARRER
HILLINGDON Folk Festival: See Friday for details
LEEDS Woodhouse Moor: THE SNEAKERS
LEWES Folk Festival: WATERSONS / MARTIN CARTHY/PETE & CHRIS COE/MUCKRAM WAKES/MEL DEAN/NEW VICTORY BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE VIBRATORS
LIVERPOOL Huyton Farmers Arms: CHASE
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HUNTER/MAGNUM
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: LONDON
LONDON DALSTON Rio Cinema: "DREAD AFFAIR 77" with DENNIS BROWN/ERROL DUNKLEY/ROY SHIRLEY/CIMARONS/BLACK STONES/SCORCHER DANCE GROUP/BLACK SLATE/EQUATORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: AVERAGE WHITE BAND/BEN E. KING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE
LONDON KING ST. Africa Centre: JABULA
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE-HAND CLAPPING
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Brooke's: THE DOG'S BREAKFAST
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BABYLON/SIGN WAVE
LUTON The Royal: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
MAIDSTONE Mitre Hotel: ELEVATOR
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE MODELS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE ENID
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE DARTS
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: ROCKIN' BERRIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
OAKHAM Exton Home Farm: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
PENZANCE The Meadhouse: TONY ROSE
PITSEA Railway Hotel: HYMIE BLOWS IT
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Raleigh: ROD MASON BAND
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
REDDITCH Tracey's: IKE & TURNER KORNER
ROTHBURY Music Festival: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: RADIATOR
SWANSEA Rainbow Variety Room: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: G. T. MOORE
WATFORD Red Lion: STRIKE A LIGHT
YORK Barge Inn: ROBIN DRANSFIELD

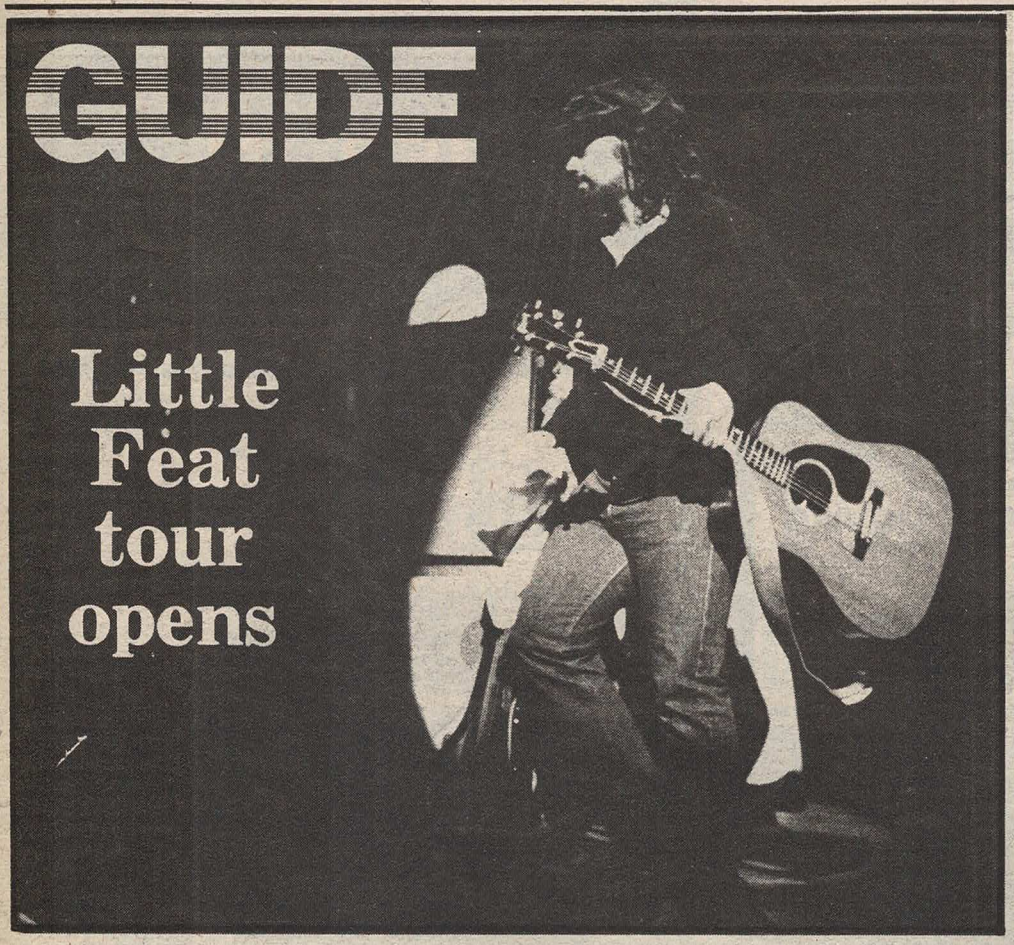
SUNDAY

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre: BERNI FLINT / JIM DAVIDSON
AYLESBURY Kings Head: HOGWEED
BANFF Fife Lodge: MIDNIGHT RIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JUDGE DREAD
BLACKPOOL ABC Thratre: BILL FREDERICKS
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: AMAZORBLADES
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with CHRIS BARBER / ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: SMOKIE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
FILEY American Bar: BERNARD WRIGLEY
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: BILL CADDICK
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: BETHNAL
KING'S LYNN Gaywood Community Centre: KEITH MANIFOLD
LEEDS Staging Post: STRANGEWAYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: U-BOAT (charity gig)
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REZILLOS
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstaris at the Roundhouse: "JACQUES BREL" (musical)
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON EUSTON Open Space Theatre: WINDOW
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BLACK SLATE
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: FRED WEDLOCK / SWAN ARCADE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE JAM / THE BOYS / THE SAINTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TYLA GANG
LONDON Mermaid Theatre: AN EVENING WITH BRIAN PROTHEROE
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: FIVE HAND REEL / JUNE TABOR
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON / RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's-in-the-field Crypt: VIN GARBUTT
LONDON W.C.2 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
MAYBOLE Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
MORECAMBE Winter Gardens: THE DOOLEYS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: G. T. MOORE
NUNEATON Arts Centre: BILL PRICE
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOHNNY HANDLE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight) Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: THE REAL THING
STEVENAGE Fairlands Valley: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
YORK Minster Club: ZHAIN

MONDAY

BEVERLEY White Horse: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Youth House: LAZY WOLF
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THRILLS
BRISTOL Granary: TRAPEZE
BRISTOL Nova Scotia: BILL PRICE
CHESTER Quaintways: BETHNAL
CHESTER Rascals Club: ZHAIN

GUIDE



Little Feat tour opens

CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: HICKORY LAKE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: DEAD END KIDS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FARNHAM Redgrave Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: OSCAR
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIO STARS
LONDON EDGWARE RD. The Crown: VIN GARBUTT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999 / LONDON
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: JOHN GOODLUCK
LONDON W.1 (Wardour Street) Vortex at Crackers: ADVERTS / JOHNNY MOPED / REZILLOS / NEO
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: THE ENID
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: TOPPER
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE VIBRATORS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: ALVIN STARDUST

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Stamford Arms: JOHN RENBOURN
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE VIBRATORS
EXETER Quay Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
HARLOW Tiffany's: THE RAGE/THE DENTISTS/LOBOTOMY/HEADROOM
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: CLUMSY
LEIGH-ON-SEA Crooked Billet: BILL PRICE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: G.T. MOORE
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Pegasus: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: REZILLOS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SQUEEZE
LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: VIN GARBUTT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: HEAD OVER HEELS/PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KILBURN The National: PAUL BRADY & ANDY IRVINE/TOMMY PEOPLES/BRENDA WOOTTON & ALASTAIR FENN
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE DARTS/ THE STUKAS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: NEW HEARTS
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SLOWBONE/LOOSE CHANGE
MILFORD HAVEN Youth Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LITTLE FEAT
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: RACING CARS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE 'O' BAND
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: QUAD

WEDNESDAY

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THE REAL THING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE ONLY ONES
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CASTLEFORD Civic Centre: MUSCLES
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: KEITH MANIFOLD
EXETER Catharsis: TRIBE
FAVERSHAM Three Mariners: VIN GARBUTT
ILFORD Kings Club: BETHNAL
LINCOLN New Penny: AMERICAN TRAIN
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: QUAD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: METROPOLIS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: REZILLOS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RINGS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: BOOM TOWN RATS/REZILLOS
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: ALBION DANCE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON WANDSWORTH King George's Park: JEREMY TAYLOR/GABRIEL McKEON/SAM STEPHENS
LONDON W14 The Kensington: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LITTLE FEAT
NEWPORT Roundabout Club: ZHAIN
NOTTINGHAM R.A.F. Newton: TOPPER
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE VIBRATORS
READING Target Club: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINDON The Affair: 999
TELHAM Black Horse: JOHN RENBOURN
TORQUAY 400 Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
TORQUAY Town Hall: CHELSEA/THE CORTINAS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: BILL PRICE
WAKEFIELD Homefield House: DAVE BURLAND
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: HEATWAVE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ZETH

RESIDENCIES

BEDFORD Nite Spot: BILLY J. KRAMER Thursday for three days
BLACKBURN Cavendish: LINDA LEYTON & THE STATESMEN Thursday for three days
BRIGHTON Jenkinson's Showbar: MARTY WILDE Thursday for three days
BURY (Lancs) Deeply Vale Free Festival: TRACTOR / CRY TOUGH / MUDANZAS / PHYSICAL WRECKS / BODY / ALCHEMIST / FROGBOX / STARFINDER / PEGASUS / WHITE FIRE etc. Friday for three days
DAGENHAM Circus Tavern: SANDPIPERS Week from Sunday
DUBLIN Chariot Inn: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND Week from Sunday
GLASGOW Kings Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS Week from Monday
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: JET HARRIS Week from Sunday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STINKY TOYS (Thursday for three days) / RADIATOR (Week from Monday)
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: DIZZY GILLESPIE QUINTET Monday for two weeks
MANCHESTER Fagin's: BILLY OCEAN Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: SWEET CHARIOT Thursday for three days
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: THE DRUIDS Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: FANTASTICS Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Doce Vita): DAVE BERRY Week from Monday
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: PINOCCHIO Tuesday (26) for five days
STOKE Jollees: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: MAGIC Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington County Club: FANTASTICS Week from Sunday

Compiled by Derek Johnson

Entry in the Gig Guide is free of charge. But details must be received by post not later than Friday morning, for insertion in the following week's issue. Send particulars to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

TV AND RADIO

PICK OF THE TV bunch this week is confined to viewers in the London area. It's another of the occasional and independently-produced "Star Rider" series, screened by Thames on Tuesday night, and this one showcases the **Streetwalkers.** For the rest, it's mainly MOTR stuff, seasoned by a touch of jazz and folk.

Looking first at BBC-2, the **Shirley Bassey** show repeated on Thursday is the edition with **Morris Albert** and the **Stan Getz Quartet** as guests. **Barbara Dickson** continues her residency in "The Two Ronnies" on Monday. And the last of the current "Rhythm On 2" shows on Tuesday is devoted to modern jazz, with the **Stan Tracey Quartet** and the **Don Lusher Quartet.**

Saturday is the main music night on BBC-1, with two new shows starting. There's a new series with the **Spinners,** plus "Pop At The Mill" from Birmingham which this week features **The Real Thing** and **Helen Shapiro.** Sandwiched between them is "Seaside Special", and you can tell Mum that **Peters & Lee** and **Bobby Crush** are in it.

Networked shows on ITV include the **Drifters** and **Tony Christie** in "Be My Guest" (Saturday), **Pearly Gates** and **Carl Wayne** in "Hi Summer" (Sunday) and **Twiggy** and **Berni Flint** in "Night Out At The London Casino" (Wednesday). Also on Wednesday there are repeats of the **Bay City Rollers'** "Shang-A-Lang" and **Flintlock's** "You Must Be Joking!"

A couple more local shows worth a mention . . . Granada's "What's On" this Thursday has as its guests **Elvis Costello** and the two groups made up of model girls, **Page 3** and **Blonde On Blonde** . . . and Sunday lunchtime's "London Weekend Show", confined to viewers in or near the capital, includes a couple of numbers by the **Tom Robinson Band.**

BBC-2's late-night double horror bill on Saturday has **Boris Karloff** in "Son Of Frankenstein" and the more recent "Kiss Of The Vampire" with **Clifford Evans.** Another film worth catching is "To Sir, With Love" (BBC-1 Wednesday), the title song of which gave **Lulu** a No. 1 hit in the States.

Radio 1's new "Summer Of '67" series (5.15 Sunday) this week looks specifically at the **Beatles** and the **Rolling Stones.** And Saturday's "In Concert" features the **Movies** and **Easy Street.**

Generation X have recorded their second spot for **John Peel's** Radio 1 show, and it's aired tonight (Thursday).

Tonight (Thursday) on Radio 2 there's **Kenny Johnson & Northwind** and **Tony Goodacre** in "Country Club", followed by "Folkweave" with the **Yetties** in concert from Exmouth Pavilion. Same channel on Saturday has the **Ian Campbell Group** and **Bonnie Dobson** in "Both Sides Now".

Stuart Henry's "Sound System" chart, to be broadcast by Radio Luxembourg on Friday night and based entirely upon listeners' preferences, will be:
1. **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegious"; 2. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 3. **GEORGE BENSON** "In Flight"; 4. **NEIL YOUNG** "American Star 'n' Bars"; 5. **CROSBY STILLS & NASH** "CSN"; 6. **10 c.c.** "Deceptive Bends"; 7. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 8. **TOM PETTY** and the Heartbreakers"; 9. **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 10. **ELO** "A New World Record"; 11. **PETER FRAMPTON** "I'm In You"; 12. **MOON** "Turning The Tides"; 13. **SUPERTRAMP** "Even In The Quietest Moments"; 14. **STEVE MILLER** "Book Of Dreams"; 15. **"STEVE WINWOOD";** 16. **EAGLES** "Hotel California"; 17. **BROTHERS JOHNSON** "Right On Time"; 18. **DAVE MASON** "Let It Flow"; 19 **DAN FOGELBERG** "Netherlands"; 20 **ELKIE BROOKS** "Two Days Away".

The Nazz

■ *From page 35*

all rock bands lived a totally carefree existence. And the way The Beatles co-existed in that film was the way it was supposed to be."

He laughs. "We quickly found out that in reality it doesn't work out. In fact, that's the way to break-up a rock band and sure as hell it broke up The Nazz."

Somehow, Kurland coaxed both Van Osten and Rundgren to return to the fold to fulfill a few gigs — strictly for the readies — and pose for the sleeve of "Nazz Nazz". But the reunion was less than joyous and prompted Rundgren to abide by his original decision to quit. This time for good.

He casts the sleeve to one side. "There was just too much internal politics ... I was doing most of the work — writing, arranging, producing — and yet everyone demanded equal credit. The only way I can describe it is as *forced democracy.*

The atmosphere was unbearable. We had constant fights with Mooney and almost every night it ended up with him storming out of the studio in a rage.

"That is, if we could get everyone in the same studio at the same time!"

Until recently Todd Rundgren used to regard The Nazz as just "a bunch of old records". He's since changed that opinion.

"They're really not all that bad", he fondly recollects. "Actually, the demos that I cut for the first album were far superior to the final tracks. If we didn't think too hard we always played much better. But the pressures were always on.

"The Nazz", he concludes, "was one of the more studio conscious American bands of that era and I suppose that's why the three albums we left behind still possess some merit".

BY THE time "Nazz III" surfaced, "Runt" had already established Todd Rundgren's reputation as a whiz-kid to the extent that the success of The Nazz's version of "Hello It's Me" proved more beneficial to the composer than the group. Still, it left him with a feeling of unfulfilled enthusiasm.

"I'd quit The Nazz by the time that song was a hit and I kept thinking to myself, it's all so stupid . . . why now? . . . why now?"

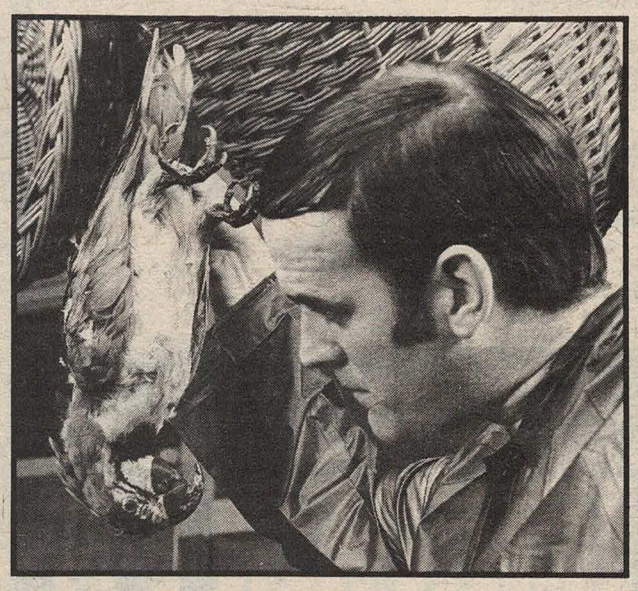
As expected, "Nazz III" was an extension of "Nazz Nazz", the only exception being that Van Osten had contributed two originals and that The Nazz had covered a Screen Gems-Columbia copyright, the Mann/Weil anti-dope anthem "Kicks" which had previously been a gigantic hit for Paul Revere & The Raiders.

For the rest of the album, the ratio of overt romanticism may have been more prevalent on "Resolution", "It's Not That Easy" and Rundgren's only lead vocal with The Nazz "You Are My Window", but "Magic Me" does more to honour Hendrix's memory than any number of Robin Trower of Mahogany Rush albums.

Conscious of the fact that all three Nazz albums have long been deleted Rundgren is hopeful of acquiring the original mastertapes, re-mixing them and re-releasing the best as a double album.

"It's ridiculous that if anyone wants to hear any of those albums they have to pay something like 50 dollars a piece in some auction. When they were first released, you couldn't give 'em away!"

JAZZ DIARY



"Speak to me, Eeko!"

COMPANY, the international pool of free musicians, is featured in the Jazz Centre Society's "Jazz Now" series at the ICA. Dutch pianist **Misha Mengelberg** who recently recorded a side with his parrot, **Eeko,** will be playing with guitarist **Derek Bailey** on July 24. Ex-Phil Woods keyboard wiz **Gordon Beck** has a solo evening on 31st in the same series.

The legendary trumpeter **Jon Eardley** will be blowing with **Pete King** and the **Bill LeSage Trio** at the 7 Dials on August 4. Ex-Mulligan sideman Eardley was a force in the 50's with his strong tone and constructive imagination.

The Star & Garter, Putney, features the **Michael Garrick Trio** on July 30, and The Phoenix has the **Don Rendell Five** on August 3. Battersea Arts Centre, a pile with great acoustics, has **Axel,** the **Tony Coe-Gordon Beck** quintet on July 29. Oxford Street's 100 Club has **George Melly** on July 22, **Max Collie** on 23rd and **Joe Gallivan's Intercontinental Express** on 25th.

The Oxford Playhouse are staging an International Festival Week between July 17-23 with **Stan Tracey's Quartet** on the bill on the 22nd.

July's releases from Pablo include **Ray Pizzi's** "Conception"; **Oscar, Ray Brown** and **Joe Pass** on "The Giants"; "Prime Time" by **Count Basie** and his Orchestra; pianist **Ray Bryant's** "Solo Flight"; shouter **Joe Turner's** "Things I Used To Do" with **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Gildo Mahones** and **Rashid Ali;** drummer **Jo Jones'** jam session with **Eldridge, Sweets** and **Vic Dickenson,** "Main Man".

A new album from Incus, "Company 2" features **Evan Parker, Anthony Braxton** and **Derek Bailey,** and should be leapt at with the action of a panther.

Brian Case

LIVE PAGE

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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday July 22nd (Adm 85p)
Special return of ....
THE ENID
Howard Bragen and Ian Fleming

Tuesday July 26th (Adm £1)
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

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Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
TRICKSTER
Boy Bastin & Ian Fleming

Wednesday July 27th (Adm 85p)
TRAPEZE
Sorahna & Ian Fleming

Sunday July 24th (Adm 65p)
JENNY HAAN'S LION
Imperial Storm Band & Nick Leigh

Thursday July 28th (Adm £1)
ULTRAVOX
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday July 22nd 50p
METROPOLIS
(Ex Pretty Things)

Saturday July 23rd 50p
COUNT BISHOPS

Sunday July 24th 60p
THE BUSHWHACKERS

Thursday July 21st Free
WARREN HARRY

Wednesday July 27th Free
THE RINGS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday July 21st £1.00
'O'BAND

Friday July 22nd and Saturday July 23rd £1.00
BURLESQUE

Sunday July 24th 75p
THE TYLA GANG

Monday July 25th 50p
999

Tuesday July 26th Free
HEAD OVER HEALS/ PRAIRIE OYSTER

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

DINGWALLS

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01-267 4967

Tuesday July 26th
The very first London performance of Stiff recording star

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We at Dingwalls say *"Elvis is King"*
Licensed bar, restaurant, dancing, 8 pm-2 am

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The West End's Premier Nightspot presents

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ZAINE GRIFF
and
SCREEMER

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WINDOW

Plus support + MIKE KAYE ROADSHOW
8 p.m. — 1 a-m. Admission £1.25

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Last Ever Appearance of
JACK THE LAD
+ SUPPORT

Saturday July 23rd £2.00
THE MOVIES
+ SUPPORT

Thursday July 21st £1.50
STRIFE
+ KUIBE & THE RATS

Monday July 25th £1.00
THE POLICE + WASPS + FLICK

Friday July 22nd £1.50
WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U — BOAT
+ SUPPORT

Tuesday 26th July £1.00
Last London Appearance prior to European tour
G. T. MOORE
+ ALPHALFA

Thursday July 28th
HEAVY METAL KIDS

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE ROXY CLUB

41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday July 20th
Audition Night postponed until following Wednesday
STINKY TOYS
+ Killjoys
Thursday July 21st
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
+ Unwanted
Friday July 22nd
X-RAY SPEX
+ Two Way Army
Saturday July 23rd
LONDON
+ Zips
Wednesday July 27th
Audition Night 30p before 10pm 50p after 10pm
TRANSMITTERS
+ Now
Thursday July 28th
MEAN STREET
+ Menace
Friday July 29th
COCK SPARRA
+ Support
Saturday July 30th
DEAD FINGERS TALK
+ Neo

SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday July 20th
METROPOLIS
Thursday July 21st
OTWAY BARRETT FIASCO
Friday July 22nd
SPITERI
Saturday July 23rd
NEO
Monday July 25th
To Be Confirmed
Tuesday July 26th
KOSSAGA
Wednesday July 27th
METROPOLIS
Thursday July 28th
GORDON HUNT'S NORTHSIDE RHYTHM'N'BLUES ENSEMBLE
Friday July 29th
To Be Confirmed
Saturday July 30th
To Be Confirmed

Ring for details
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
Tel 01-748-1043
Opp Hammersmith Undreground District Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines
Admission Free

Wednesday July 20th
GUNNER CADE
(Ex Groundhogs)

Thursday July 21st
BABYGRAND

Saturday July 23rd
LANDSCAPE

Sunday July 24th
KATZENJAMMER

Wednesday July 27th
VA VA VOOM

Thursday July 28th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
(Ex Argent)

THE GARDEN

The South West's Top Rock Centre
PENZANCE

Thursday July 21st Adm. £1.00
Welcome Back
SASSAFRAS
Possibly last time Terry Bennett will be fronting the band

Tuesday July 26th Adm. Free
THE BRAINIAC FIVE

Royalty Southgate

"LONDONS MUSIC NITE SPOT"

This Friday 22nd July
SHEER ELEGANCE Admission £1.20
TOP RECORDING STARS
This Saturday 23rd July
Capitol's Soul Guy
GREG EDWARDS
Winchmore Hill Road, Southgate. N14
(opposite Southgate Underground).
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words words words

Getting it taped

MONTREUX

An International Festival Report

I DON'T KNOW if it's the rarified nature of the Swiss atmosphere, but Montreux seems to make musicians of every persuasion throw off all inhibitions. It's not so much a question of persuading them to unpack their instruments and blow, the problem is trying to get them off stage! During the second weekend of the 11th Montreux International Music Festival, something like 26 hours of sublime music was faithfully preserved on both video and magnetic recording tape in a 72-hour period.

Faced with such a heavy schedule, plus afternoon sound checks and after-hours jams, attempting to pinpoint specific highlights is akin to dumping a sack of uncut gems at one's feet and being asked to choose rubies in preference to emeralds. Me, I'll just scoop the diamonds.

ETTA JAMES is built like a Mercedes Transit and exudes twice the maximum horse power. A veritable mountain of flesh, if she ever bumped Joe Tex she'd shatter every bone in his body. To say that she completely dominates any stage she sets foot on is to understate the ferocity of this soul sister's presence.

As her opening gambit "Tell Mama" confirmed, Etta James doesn't require the first half of her act to warm up, all she needs to do is slip off her shoes and she's attacking the jugular. When she then bulldozed her way through her most famous hit "I'd Rather Go Blind", she hollered out the words with such abandon that it was like having every vertebra massaged by a squad of stormtroopers marking double-time.

The further she gets into a song, the more she becomes totally absorbed as she first gets down and testifies and then pogoes like a steamhammer out of control. She may be twice the size of Tina Turner *and* The Ikettes *and* Aretha Franklin put together, but her concentrated lung-power and risque asides make the sexual posturing of just about every other soul femme fatale seem like a novice nun reciting matins.

Supported by a crack unit that boasted Brian Rey (guitar), Richard Tee and Rick "this beats brown rice anyday" Wakeman (keyboards), David Lowrey (bass), Steve Ferrone (drums) plus a horn section of David "Fathead" Newman, Herbie Mann, Klaus Doldinger and Lew Soloff, she segued through a medley of hits that included "At Last" and "Sunday Kind Of Love", before giving Randy Newman's "You Can Leave Your Hat On" the kind of treatment that left little to the imagination.

It was at this juncture that the audience of well over 2,000 stood up and afforded Etta James the kind of ovation usually reserved for the end of a set. I kid you not, it took about five minutes before she was allowed to continue. Again she chose a Randy Newman song, this time "Sail Away", and give it a definitive treatment.

The audience responded accordingly.

As an encore, she returned to breathe new life into "Rock Me Baby", acknowledged the roar of the crowd, wiped away the tears, scooped up a bouquet of flowers in one hand and her shoes in the other, and made a graceful exit.

Fifteen minutes later, the audience was still screaming for more.

LUTHER may only have three songs in which to show their paces, but in terms of sound and vision they more than held their own in such celebrated company. With Luther Vandross himself taking the lead vocals, the delectable Diane Sumler, Alfa Anderson and Krystal Davis plus Peter Cox fleshed out the harmonies as they shucked'n' jived. I would have liked to have heard and seen more, but nevertheless they gave some indication as to why they are currently far more interesting than the majority of stereotyped soul ensembles to make it out of the studio and onto the concert platform.

Showtime. And the amalgamation of **BEN E. KING** and the **AVERAGE WHITE BAND** is nothing less than an inspired manoeuvre. It works from the very first moment, when Ben E. King glides up to the microphone and the AWB slip into "Supernatural Thing".

With the AWB's normal line-up of Hamish Stuart, Alan Gorrie and Onnie McIntyre (assorted axes), Molly Duncan (tenor), Roger Ball (alto/keyboards) and the ubiquitous Steve Ferrone (drums) augmented by Dick Morrissey and Jaroslav Jakubovic (saxes), Jim Mullen (guitar) and Sammy Figueroa (congas), they proceeded to hit one high after another on "Spanish Harlem", "Don't Play That Song Again" and "Stand By Me", and it was during the latter that King paid his respects to his seminal influence, the late Sam Cooke, by singing the lyrics to "Wonderful World" over the muted chords of "Stand By Me".

The next five songs were "Get It Up For Love", "A Star In The Ghetto", "I'm A Fool For You Anyway", "The Message" (featuring Etta James) and "Keepin' It To Myself" — all of them culled from the "Benny And Us" album — and presented both King and the AWB performing better than I've ever seen them before. It was a faultless exercise in mutual appreciation, and most worthy of the crowd's uncontrolled appreciation.

The final evening was the first all-live disco night ever presented in public with the carpet and many of the seats rolled back, the occasion when the AWB really came into their own.

Any nagging doubts one may have harboured last year that perhaps the AWB were treading water were finally laid to rest. Not only have the vocal harmonies and leads become even tighter than on record, but instrumentally they've greased the mechanism for smooth running in fourth gear.

They kicked off with "Pick Up The Pieces", and in rapid succession coasted through "Work To Do", "A Love Of Your Own", "Person To Person", "Got The Love", a new instrumental called "Sweet'n'Sour", "If I Ever Lose This Heaven", "I'm The One", "TLC", "Cut The Cake" and, with Etta James and Ben E. King joining in a four-way banter with Stuart and Gorrie, gave an extended work-out on "I Heard It Through The Grapevine".

Throughout the set they demonstrated why so few other bands are capable of establishing this degree of subtle interplay without tripping over each other.

As, without exception, everyone blew their ass off, it's extremely difficult attempting to single out any one of the soloists who crammed onstage for the five-tune debut by **THE ATLANTIC SUPERSTARS.** For starters, not only did this two dozen strong big band — put together by Arlf Mardin — embrace the augmented AWB, but they were joined by the brass section from the Don Ellis Band plus Doldinger, Newman, Mann, Richard Tee, altoist Sonny Fortune and the Brecker Brothers.

Ben E. King and Luther added vocal muscle for "Everything Must Change", whilst everyone got to exercise their chops on a brand new Mardin arrangement of "Pick Up The Pieces".

If battle ribbons *must* be awarded, then Morrissey, Mullen and Newman receive honourable mention, whilst Sonny Fortune and tenorist Michael Brecker (looking like Robert DeNiro) blew the best solos of the entire weekend.

Afterwards, as everyone toasted organiser Claude Nobs with champagne, Alan Gorrie declared: "It will take a couple of years before promoters like Mel Bush or Harvey Goldsmith will realise that economically, it's possible to put a gig on like this in London. Add up the regulars who go to Ronnie Scott's 52 weeks a year, plus the R&B and soul crowd and you'll fill the Empire Pool!"

(Champagne? Empire Pool? Huh, and I thought we were talking about a shot of rhythm'n'blues! Oh well, back to those Eater records . . . — Ed.)

Roy Carr

Onstage at Montreux: ETTA JAMES (above) and JOCK McFUNKY of AWB (left).

MR CLAUDE NOBS INVITES YOU TO:

MAKE MY FUNK THE SKI FUNK!

(Chillun, ah wants ta get funked up — on Moet et Chandon . . .)

Jimmy Campbell

LIVERPOOL

AS IAN HUNTER so accurately noted, it's a mighty long way down Rock'n'Roll from the Liverpool docks to the Hollywood bowl. And it's never further than when you're a man like Jimmy Campbell.

Jimmy Campbell is one of the unsung heroes in the Merseyside chronicles. He served his apprenticeship in the beat club boom with stints at the Cavern and in Europe in a Liverpool group called the Kirkbys. After that came various projects including a place in the post — "Sorrow" Merseybeats, backing Chuck Berry on tour, and four excellent but sadly ignored solo albums between 1969 and 1972. These you would do well to seek out in the bargain bins.

One of them was a joint venture with fellow Liverpudlian Billy Kinsley as Rocking Horse. Sadly this fine album too fell on stony ground but whereas Kinsley pushed on to eventual success with Liverpool Express, the disillusioned and introverted Campbell fell back into limbo, stockpiling songs and debts alike.

This is something of a pilgrimage, then, to find our man in the Nelson pub in Seacombe, Wallasey, where he does an oldies sing song effort on a Saturday night. But also, after closing, Campbell carries on with the encouragement of a dozen eager friends and several no less encouraging jars of ale.

It's amazing to see the transformation in Campbell when he dons his guitar. His slight figure, with tousled dark hair and lived-in good looks, worn down by too many ales and late nights, becomes infused with life and confidence, almost like a new man.

Kicking off with "Sorrow", Campbell works through some favourite oldies — "Money", the Everly Brothers' "Ferris Wheel", a couple of Beatles tunes — gradually working in more of his own songs. Some are old ones from the albums, like "Penny In My Pocket", "Stayed Out Late Last Night" and an impassioned "Don't Leave Now" which alone made the trip worth while, and some are newer unrecorded material, like "Got A New Girl Writing Me Letters".

Campbell's style is a strange (ie unique) blend of pop, beat and singing the blues, an intuitive bonding of sophisticated writing and powerful emotional content. He'll also throw in a beautiful little folksy song, like "Snow Covered Street", so appealing in its fragile melody and engaging, simple love lyric that it's a straight heart to heart communication.

He's a fine songwriter, with lyrics with real insight and understanding — (as he says) not personal, but for people like him.

The voice is that bit rougher now (with matching smoker's cough) but it's as appealing as ever — fairly high, nasal, expressive, with the occasional husky catch which doubles its plaintive appeal and communication. Typically, Campbell is dismissive of both his major assets — voice and writing ability.

If only he had the pushiness to back up his manifest ability. So many hangers on rode on the tail of that Mersey shooting star, yet the truly talented Campbell remains in the shade. But who's to blame?

Is Jimmy Campbell just another lost cause? No, all is not lost. He has a publishing contract with GTO and hopefully a recording contract to follow. With Campbell's ace songs and Dick Leahy's proven shrewd commercial judgment, that missing chapter of Mersey history may get written after all, and the Hollywood Bowl could yet see another Liverpool superstar. Go to it, gentlemen.

Ian Cranna

Fabulous Poodles

THE NASHVILLE

THE POODLES steamed through a frantic set, rocking and rolling and acting obscene to the delight of a near capacity Nashville. They're a very together band, not 'together' in the cliched sense, but rather all four work so well in unison I just couldn't imagine anyone in their place. My Generation was taken at a breakneck pace, and songs like "Work Shy" and "Rum Baba" should sound just as good when committed to record on their debut album — produced by John Entwhistle — due out in the autumn.

They're a bloody good pub band, and a whole lot more: economical, versatile and *very* funny. Their punk version of "On The Street Where You Live" was a riot, complete with mammoth cardboard razor guitarist's head. The problems of masturbation were touchingly analysed on "Let's Wrist Again" and "Wrist And Spout", and "Turn Up My Microphone" made me think it was only superficially about the problems a band faces with its PA . . .

The Lesser Known Tunisians opened with a brisk and entertaining set, but the faults in their act were highlighted by the excellence of the Poodles. The Tunisians' songs suffered from a similarity of sound and a lack of between-numbers patter didn't help them win over a predominantly Poodles audience.

How the Fab Poodles will fare when they get on the concert circuit will be interesting to see, but they work well on the two levels of musical ability and humour — and how can any band fail with a violinist the absolute spittin' image of Clark Gable?

Patrick Humphries

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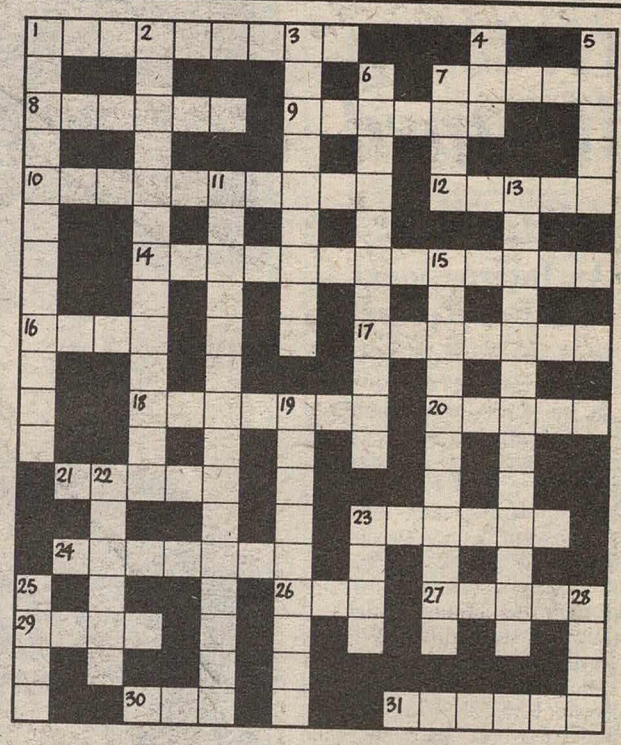

ACROSS

1 Unadulterated madness courtesy The Vibrators (4, 5)
7 See 16
8 Bob Marley meets Leon Uris?
9 See 29
10 i.e. not Elvis (anag.)
12 British pop's Greta Garbo, she's scarcely been heard since end of '60s after a five-year span of chart singles
14 Fiddler by Appointment to Rolling Zimmerman (7, 6)
16 & 7 across Once upon a time, kiddies, he was leader of The Move
17 Late rocker, leather-fetishist meets artsy Don McLean!?
18 Charterhouse rock'n'roller
20 & 27 Like Sabbath rock, Led Zeppelin or R. Blackmore's Rainbow?
21 Heartbreaker hardly worth a mention!
23 & 23 down Self-promoting pop producer (as in Jonathan King)
24 A 1968 No 1. and the Moptops first 45 on Apple (3, 4)
26 The label of Clash and Johnny Mathis
27 See 20
29 & 9 The one who did not say "Kiss me Hardy". That was his dad!
30 & 22 One half of the seminal harmony duo
31 & 7 down He had his *own* album to do

DOWN

1 Anthem of the Blank Generation. (No, *not* "Ma Baker".) (6, 6)
2 Produced by Richard Perry for Leo Sayer (7, 6)
3 Singer in the classic Purple line-up (3, 6)
4 . . . Hammer
5 To McGhee what Hall is to Oates
6 The "Celtic Bob Marley", born in Britanny to harp-maker father (4, 7)
7 See 31
11 Written by Lennon and McCartney (in a gesture of Old Wave solidarity), it was the Stones' second hit 45 (1, 5, 2, 4, 3)
13 Remove rat's tit (anag. 5, 8)
15 After "You Turn Me On" in 1965 he moved to L.A. where he works as singer, writer and broadcaster (3, 8)
19 Weller-Foxton-Buckler's ode to urban living (2, 3, 4)
22 See 30
23 See 23 across
25 Scandanavian palindrome
28 Arthur Lee all gooey romantic!

ANSWERS

LAST WEEK'S ACROSS: 1 Max's Kansas City; 5 Robert Wyatt; 9 "In The (Summertime)"; 10 Impressions; 12 Fats (Domino); 14 Peter Tosh; 15 Free; 17 "Street Life"; 19 "Oh Happy (Day)"; 20 Toots And The Maytals; 21 Black Sabbath; 23 Bach; 24 "Summertime"; 26 Domino; 27 Kate and Anna (McGarrigle); 28 Harley. **DOWN:** 1 Martin Belmont; 2 "Sheer Heart Attack"; 3 Stylistics; 4 "(The First) Cut Is The Deepest"); 5 "Tutti Fruiti"; 6 Baez; 7 Joe (Boyd); 11 Steve (Harley); 13 "The First (Cut Is The Deepest)"; 16 "Delilah"; 18 The Tubes; 21 Boyd; 22 Spooky (Tooth); 23 (David) Byron; 25 Mink (DeVille).

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7/7/77: When worlds collide

GLASTONBURY

A Free Festival Report

MEANWHILE BACK on the planet Earth . . . "What is reality? / What is reality? / I wrote this on Sat'day / No, sorry, Sunday!"

Anywhere else at all, **SUNSTROKE** would come over decidedly bizarre: a halfhearted punkoid psychedelic six-piece, featuring a slinky blank panther lady on congas (who changes diaphanous *see-through* gowns onstage — gasp, drool, before your very eyes — while still stylishly stroking dem skins) and deadpan pataphysical lyrics like the above. One song is cockily described as "a cross between Elvis Presley and Kurt Vonnegut", and the singer keeps asking the audience if they want rock'n'roll or "a bit a space".

The Sunstroke standard of musical talent and invention is high, if at times deliberately surreal. The attitude is one of mock arrogance. Yes, these guys come from da City, Bristol Gardens in trendy but decadent West London no less.

For the record, Sunstroke were playing the Glastonbury Free Festival: a celebration of 7/7/77, marked simply, from the main road, "FUN"; sited on a beautiful ley-line ridge near Street in Somerset; attended by upwards of 3,000 people, advertised solely by word-of-mouth. MCing was performed by a dope-pipe-selling lunatic in Indian headdress, tinted shades and Levi shorts, given to reciting the rain-chant from "Woodstock" and singing and dancing with all the bands.

In the context, then, of this decidedly bizarre festival (the weirdos wore clothes and the straights stuck to hashish and acid) Sunstroke seemed oddly normal. The audience listened intently, idiot danced or did the lysergic pogo, and had a good laugh during the band's two well received sets.

Among the better known "names" present were Edgar and Steve Broughton with their respective latest outfits, Here and Now (of course), and members of Skywhale.

EDGAR BROUGHTON confidently restored a reputation eroded by years of rampant untogetherness and resultant apathy — although one is temporarily at a loss to divine why he has parted company with his brother, for both bands sounded, to these ears, similar — fresher and cleaner than the Broughtons of yore — plus the brothers appeared to be sharing a tent.

Edgar is a vastly under-rated songwriter; the proficiency and vigour of the band, **CHILDERMASS,** should correct this lack of critical and popular recognition. To his credit he denied repeated requests for "Out Demons Out" with the words "it still needs saying but not by me", and not here either — the last thing this magical festival wanted was a heavy political exorcism.

HERE AND NOW more than made their presence felt again. After a lacklustre performance on Thursday afternoon, and an undignified if spontaneous and entertaining participation in the Glastonbury Zodiac Band — a mammoth jam starring **NIK TURNER** (a sublime saxophonist, make no mistake; he really ought to get a permanent group together soon) — on Friday, Saturday evening saw them tuning once more into the Music of the Spheres. It was an especially exhilarating phenomenon for those who had taken note of the "Dropping time — 7 pm" on the daily BIT broadsheet.

It was disappointing the complete **SKYWHALE** did not play, for the Bristol musicians' jam featuring several of their numbers seemed somewhat nondescript.

The music went on 24 hours a day, often from more than one source simultaneously; apart from the main stage (the mixing tower from last year's Knebworth), private vans broadcast recorded sounds (lots of Gong, Beatles, "Lamb Lies Down On Broadway", Spirit, Cheech and Chong), and impromptu percussion jams frequently filled the air.

Everybody got superhumanly stoned.

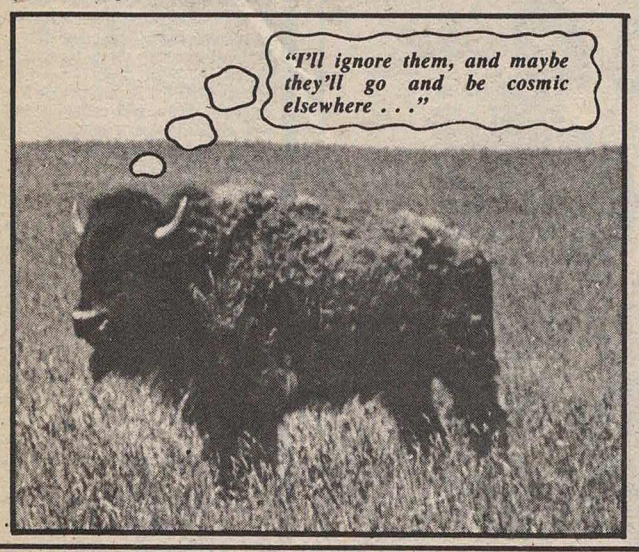
Not that it was all squalid degeneracy. The Tipi people (nee Wallies) about whom one hears such horrible tales — it claims they completely destroy squats within weeks — have started a "Save The Horse" charity, collections for which brought some down from London to roam the festival site. It has been the vision and dogged persistence of the Tipi people (in particualr that of their guiding light, Sid Rawles) that has kept the free festival spirit alive over the past few years.

Also a grateful thanks must go to the organisational efforts of BIT and Release, most definitely without whom . . .

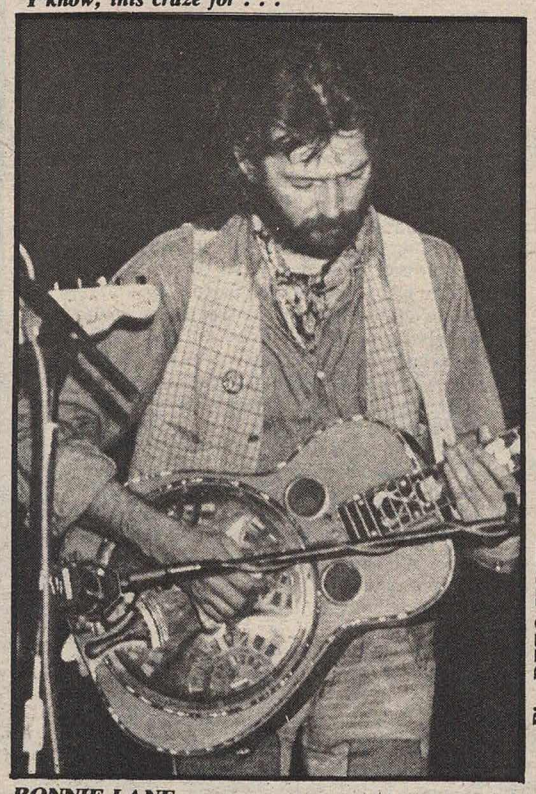
Other bands worthy of mention, and worth watching out for the future: Corina and Friends, Rotbang, Desperate Straights, and Planets — as different in detail from one another as chalk and cheese (respectively "folkie", punkoid, "progressive", and space) but each with a similarly exciting, optimistic Aquarian quality distinguishing them from the rest of the music scene by its bright shining newness.

I just wish I could remember the name of the solo guitarist whose FX axemanship converted a box of wood into a heavenly chorus. Never mind, we got plenty more goes on the free fest front this Summer alone: next week Windscale, then the North Country Fair, Meigan . . . the World! Heh heh heh.

Jonathan Barnett



Y'know, this craze for . . .



Pic: DEZO HOFFMANN

RONNIE LANE

Ronnie Lane Eric Clapton Tom McGuinness

SHROPSHIRE

RONNIE LANE, one of the original street corner boys, left Rod and Co. four years ago for the simpler pleasures of country life. Since then live gigs have been sporadic and impromptu. He wants to be the village rock'n'roller more than a jetset superstar. Last Friday night at his local hostelry, the Drum and Monkey, he played the rock'n'roll squire and made fine music too.

To satisfy the great demand for tickets, the show was held in the pub car park. A fine hot day ensured the right mood.

Sun sinking slowly in the West and back to nature — the psychedelic revival is at hand. The beautiful setting in the Shropshire hills is matched by the determined mood of the audience. Friday nights are to be enjoyed, and enjoy it they will.

The support act, Alan Williams, starts the night off right. His country interpretations of "Roll Over Beethoven", "Bye Bye Love" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" are thumping good tunes, well picked. His version of Rufus Thomas' "Walking The Dog" came close to Spirit's version for capturing the feel and mood of the original.

Soon Ronnie and crew are on stage to deliver the goods. By this time anticipation is high. Rumours had named every superstar as certain to appear, but only Eric Clapton, his old mate, turned up. Oh, and "Rolling Stone" Ian Stewart with Jim Jewel on sax and Charlie Hart fiddle, and an unknown sax, guitar and rhythm section — a motley band ready to rock.

The gig rolls off to a loping 12-bar start with "Back My Baby". Tonight is going to be a case of "This one goes like this . . . we hope!"

Then they dedicate a song to the Stones and play "Dead Flowers". An eerie feeling that the Stones are there in spirit if not in body fills the air. Sheer magic.

The music then moves into top gear. Ian Stewart, Eric Clapton, Charlie Hart and the saxes start to really rock. The feeling is just so warm and funky even the cooling night air feels hot. Steamheat is not only generated in the amphetamined frenzy of the city. Even "Willy And The Hand Jive", my least favourite song ever, makes sense.

Tom McGuinness of McGuinness Flint steps on stage for "Singing The Blues" and then the band are firing on all cylinders. "Walk On By" and "Da Doo Ron Ron" have the crowd jiggling in time to Mrs. Lane's divine version of cancan funk.

The old faves follow in such amazing succession that there is no difference in the quality of classics and Lane/Clapton originals. Hell, "Ooh La La" and "Key To The Highway" are classics. Chuck Berry's "Little Queenie" and "C'est La Vie" merely make a good time great.

Old Eric is in top form tonight. No falling into the bass drum as he did on the last gig here. It's dirty greasy blues licks all the way. "Goodnight Irene", and other slow blues strolls, strut along. When Ronnie leaves the stage Eric and his Strat lead the band through a scorching blues jam and then "Stormy Monday" is dusted out.

It's been over three hours since they took the stage and they still play on. Tom McGuinness leads the way into Dylan's "If You Gotta Go", and Eric hits out with the hot licks. Then it's all over.

The magic of the evening was so utterly devastating it's been hard for me to do it justice. Let me put it this way. I finished scrawling this at five in the morning following the gig. As the sun rose I stuck Neil Young's "American Stars'n' Bars" on. That other peerless country rocker said it all:

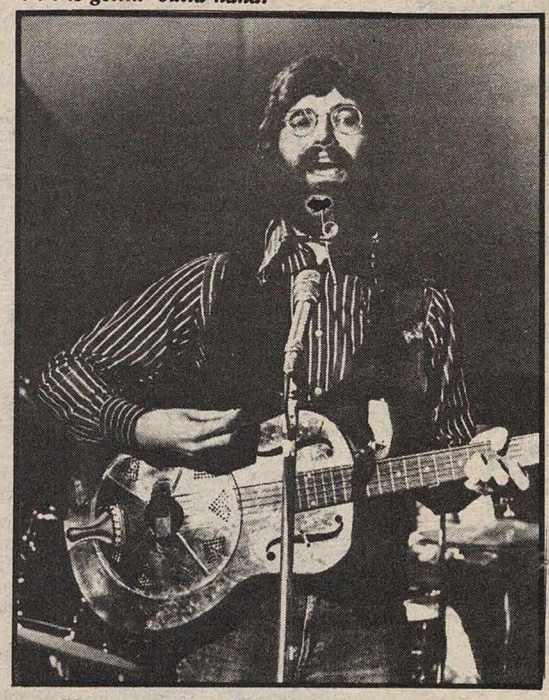
"Homegrown's all right with me
Homegrown's the way it should be."

Michael Pritchard

. . . National steel-bodied guitars . . .

Pic: RICHARD YOUNG

. . . is gettin' outta hand!



Pic: LPA

Young men in waistcoats carrying strange guitars decorating this special On The Town rural page:

From the left, ERIC CLAPTON, RONNIE LANE and TOM McGUINESS, Shropshire lads one an' all.

EMI Records Limited. 20 Manchester Square London W1A 1ES

MO' MOHAMMED

● From page 25.

three-chord wasteland impersonation lets the musical superiority he undoubtedly feels twist his mouth in a vaguely contemptuous sneer.

"That's not my idea of expression," he murmurs, reminding me that Cockney Rebel's music has always sounded like the ultimate example of where rock stood in the first part of this decade — post-Dylan verbal-pyrotechnic imagery; vintage Bowie affected inflection in both vocal and visual and that entire Roxy Music schtik of flitty Art School camp just flown in from another dimension and is my neurosis showing?

"Actually, Dylan was not a *major* source of influence," he asserts and my jaw hits the deck in mute disbelief.

"As much as I loved so much of his stuff, the reason for any similarity is in fact because we were both influenced by the French Symbolists. I was writing like that at 14 . . ."

Yeah, I know the feeling. Jack Kerouac has been ripping me off for *years*.

HE SAYS THAT he sees his future music taking on a more "socio-political" frame of reference, although he's suss enough to realise that political change is rarely achieved with mere music.

"The real danger is that you could become too analytical, and rock-music is street music," he says and we discuss his well-known lifelong association with the Liberal Party, increased to quasi-fanatical levels of commitment by making friends with David Steel. Inevitably, we're at each others throats as he comes out with facile statements about Reds infiltrating the Labour Party while disagreeing that the extreme right — and maybe even more than that — of the Tories are neo-Fascist.

"Well, the National Front is THAT," he tells me. "At least they own up to it whereas these Communists are fucking hypocrites . . ."

Such rock-idol-as-politician pratitudes (Hi, Eric) are far more dangerous than his moronic McCarthyism-witchhunt soliloquies. "The only revolution worthwhile is a bloodless one." Worse than mere ignorance is when it comes from the lips of someone in a position to be manipulated by outside sources for their own ends.

Elements of F.Street have often focused their attention on his anti-Commie song, "Red Is A Mean, Mean Colour". The *Observer Magazine* told how, when he does it live, "thousands of working class kids sing along".

"They try to use me but they can't," he tries to convince me. "David Steel will lead this country out of its mess."

My hostility is built-up anew with the frustration of failing to get across to someone who honestly believes that a bunch of middle-class wimps will save us all.

PERHAPS IN AN attempt to remove the tense alienation exuding from every pore in my body, Harley talks voluntarily about his career as a writer and chemical connoisseur.

"My editor was very, very stupid," he reminisces. "A fucking middle-class wanker!" he hisses vehemently. "I got them to fire me so I wouldn't lose me six weeks money, y'know? I quit because I always considered myself to be a poet and it got to the point where I could watch a cop at a car crash scraping up bits of brain and stuff from the road. Then I woke up one morning feeling *sensitive*."

The man is certainly a mellower version of the Mohammed that showed up four years ago. Being 26 years old and therefore the proud owner of maturity has produced the inevitable changes, together with the fact that as you get older the glory that is emotional and chemical excess seems less of an appealing tightrope ride.

"When I was on the dole for two years wearing out copies of 'Blonde On Blonde', I was doing more tabs of acid than I could count. I was doing dope, a speed-freak for three years and as near an alcoholic at 21 as anyone could get." Significantly, this is the period that inspired his early songs and the formation of his Cockney Rebel vision. The Best Years Of His Life?

"We had hold of some Purple Haze and four of us went to a midnight horror movie that gave you glasses to watch it in red and green 3-D," he chuckles and adds that two of the people he was with were first-timers and started to scream hysterically when the knives were coming out of the screen at their throats.

"We left them screaming in the cinema," he says pleasantly. "Maybe they're still there. Another bad one was a festival where I was tripping while the camp-site was on fire and the East End sucurity guards were splitting open the heads of Hells Angels. Blood, fire and acid . . . my last trip was far worse but that was too terrible to tell you about."

STEVE HARLEY is the same selfish, arrogant, stubborn, parcissistic egomaniac that he always was (and me too), but now he's got to face the contradiction of a doomed poet who grows up. His problem is that he can now *politely* disagree with snotty accusations that he is too old to die young.

What happens when we die, Steve?

"We go to a better place, boy," he laughs. "Slip gently away on the ship of death. There can't be anywhere worse that *this*."

Me, I think we just rot.

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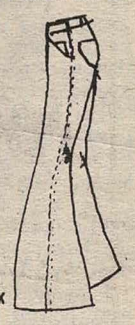

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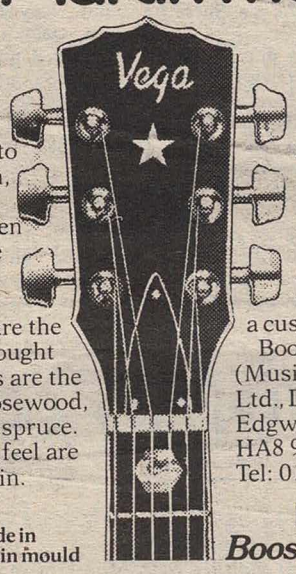

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Silly Wizard

EDINBURGH

"JUST AS well we're not *big* stars." Mr Modesty is Andy Stewart (no, not that one), deftly ducking low beams to take the pub stage.

The Wizard are back in town. They've just completed a highly successful seven week tour of Europe, topped four British festivals, sold out a 550 seater theatre and now this charity gig on their homecoming. Not bad for "folkies"!

But the Wizard are not folkies, not in the Arran-Sweaters-sing-The-Wild-Rover sense. What we have here is another set of pioneers into cross-over territory. The material is nearly all traditional, but these are not Fairports or Steeleye Spans. For a start this is an acoustic (bar an electric bass) and drummerless band. But don't let that fool you — this band have as much energy as any of their electrified rock counterparts.

They even look like a rock band — not a square inch of the dreaded Tourist Board tartan to be seen.

The focal point is the prodigious talent of the brothers Cunningham, that's Johnny (fiddle, mandolin) and Phil (accordion, keyboards, whistles), aged 19 and 17 respectively. I'll just add that they've been playing since they were three and four years old, so the penny ought to drop they they're pretty damn good. The other main man is Andy Stewart (banjo, lead vocals), and the line-up is completed by Martin "Mame" Hadden (bass) and Gordon Jones and Bob Thomas (guitar, mandolins, bouzoukis etc).

The Wizard in full cry are a joy to hear, a glorious, exhilarating stramash. Because there's no drummer, the focus is thrown onto the instrumentalists from the word go, and they carry the burden with effortless style. The Cunninghams each take solo spots to display their flying fiddle and sailing squeeze box, and sometimes too Stewart will take an unaccompanied vocal. And they make it look so easy . . .

The trouble with bands who play full tilt jigs and reels is that their quieter side tends to get overshadowed. Silly Wizard, however, play a varied and finely balanced set so that this aspect, like the slow airs and the beautiful "Broom of Cowdenknowes", can still make an impact.

Then they open up the throttle! Then it's obvious why they don't need a drummer — all those stamping feet do the job for them! Oh, and a special mention for the finale, another belting set of reels, with the instantly endearing title of "You Can Stuff Your Jubilee Up Your Ass". My sentiments exactly.

Someone made the point that Silly Wizard are a band you discover for yourself. It's true enough — it *is* difficult to convey the zip and zest oof this unusual group. Try and get to see them.

Ian Cranna

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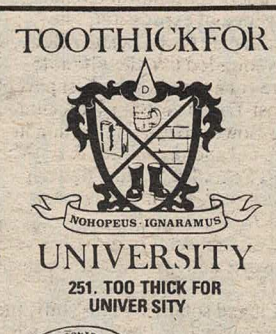

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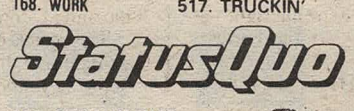

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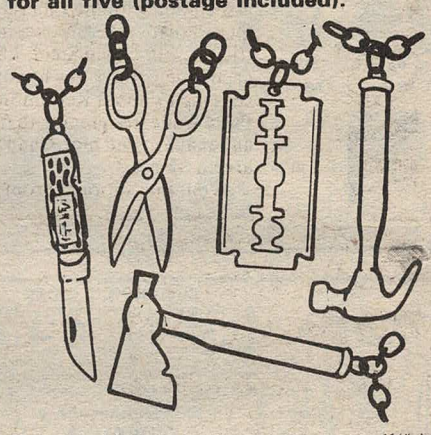

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129. CONTENTS

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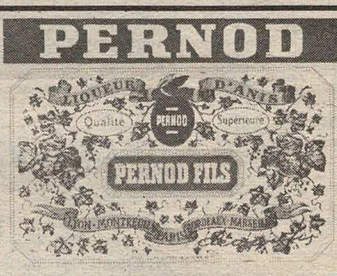
220. DRIVE ON THE PAVEMENT

704. MIGHTY MINI



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682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

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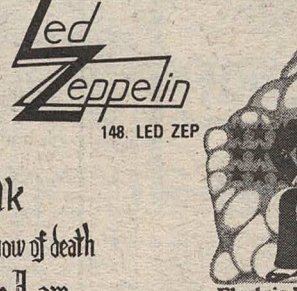

148. LED ZEP

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

Electric Light Orchestra
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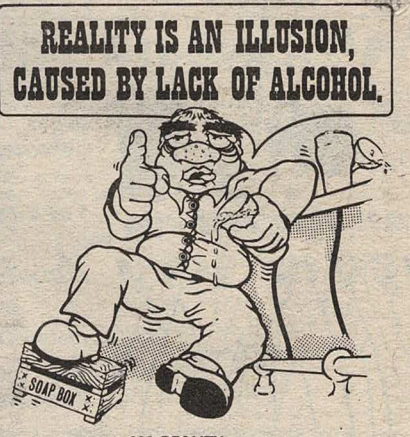

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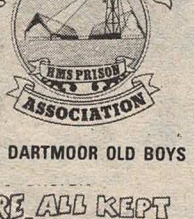

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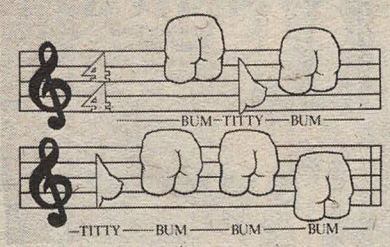
No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH



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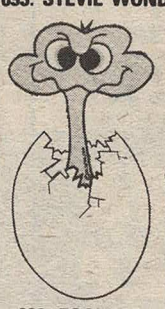

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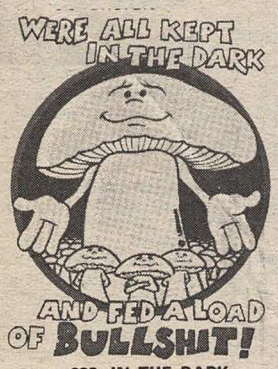
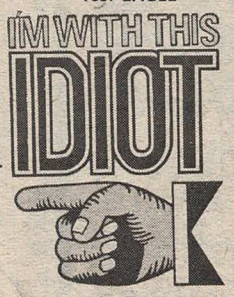


683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

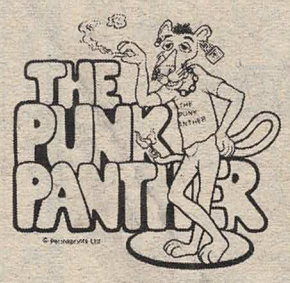
507. FLOYD

214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS



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SO, EVERYONE is shocked and disgusted by the recent "punk bashing", and cases of violence at new wave gigs: yet when the punk rock movement first appeared, people like Malcolm McLaren and even Mark P stated specifically that rock 'n' roll was violent music and that punk rock would make no claims to be peaceful, as the "hippies" had.

Indeed, they even glorified violence as being an outlet of the frustrations of working class youth. This sort of statement was, of course, eagerly lapped up by the music press, without (or little) reaction, and we were fed bullshit like "honest" and "street level" by certain journalists. Now that some of this predicted violence has happened everyone is surprised and sickened, especially the music press.

The fact of the matter is that this "punk backlash" was inevitable. Did they really expect to go around preaching violence, in the hope that everyone would cower before them, and not lift a finger? Did J. J. Burnel really think he could challenge anyone in the hall to some "aggro" in the hope that everyone would stop what they were doing and tremble with fear?

We read about band members being assaulted with broken bottles and glasses: of punk rock fans being challenged by boot boys and Teds: of famous stars being senselessly beaten up. Of course this will happen.

It was to happen because on the one hand we have the punks, saying how tough they are and how many fights they have been in; and on the other, the Teds and boot boys or whatever, thinking "If I beat one of these so called tough punks up, I will be even tougher and all my mates will respect me."

This theory is reinforced when you take into account how few of today's "hippies" — who still preach peace, love and non-violence — are beaten up by the Teds and skins. The fact is that beating up a "hippy" is no great achievement, because everyone knows that they will put up little resistance.

Although this "Teds bash punks" thing is bad enough, even more disturbing is the violence among fans at new wave gigs. This had been brewing for some time, with minor incidents, but came to a horrific climax with the murder of Patrick Coultry. I don't for one minute blame the Radiators but I do think those artists who incite violence and claim it to be natural human behaviour, along with (to a certain degree) certain members of the rock press, who mindlessly repeat what their punk gods tell them about fighting, and don't comment in any way, must take some of the responsibility for feeding the public with moronic crap.

I think that we are all aware that the punk rock/violence association, has been taken far too far, and that a change in policy towards it is what is needed (and there is evidence, though slight, that this is beginning to happen).

Once the violence has been removed, we will be left with great music and a raw energy that should be harnessed against racialism, fascism and yes, even mindless violence. Until then, the summer of hate is very much a reality.

R. W. WORT, London.

You seem to have grasped the root cause of the problem. I wish more people could see it that way. The return of violence on the heads of those who glorified it initially is instant karma. As you say, there are other, more important things to kick against.

NOW, NOW, Tony Maher of Dublin, don't go spoiling your case by overstating it. You know as well as I do the *real* proportion of "students" that end up in Belfield on Saturday nights, but what you may be surprised to find out (as I was) is the similar proportion of apparently hard-core punks down the Roxy etc. who are actually in Barclays Bank, London School of Economics or Marks & Spencer during the day.

Before I incite a riot by that statement, let me say — by no means all, certainly, but I'd say about fifty-fifty which is about on a par with Belfield. The point I'm making is that now punk is fashionable, there are a hell of a lot of weekend and evening punks a la ditto hippies, mixed in with the real thing, whatever that may be. And having been down the Roxy a few times and Belfield hundreds of times, I'd say the majority of London punks are sheep in wolves' clothing, but Christ, some of the Dublin crowd are wolves in sheeps' clothing.

Also, I doubt if the Rats would thank you for championing them as punks. Good band yes, new-wave-ish yes (and no), punks no. In fact, so called "hard core" punks tend to consider them wimpish when judged by whatever they see as punk criteria (e.g. page 5, this week's *NME*).

PETER OWENS, London NW6

Evening punks has an all-reet ring to it, I feel. What do punks do during the day anyway, and what would a sheep be doing dressing up like a wolf? It's all too much.

DON'T THE Sex Pistols realise, that if they go abroad it will be a total contradiction to what punk is all about? How can anyone relate to a group who lives in France, America or wherever? Also how can they make their usual records about the decline of Britain if they're living it up somewhere else?

VIRGINIA CREEPER, Cheshire.

I'D JUST like to say that it's fine to sweep away all the dead wood, the B.O.F.'s like Led Zeppelin, and Queen, and the new wave is really good and healthy, but there's a danger that many fine artists, and records from rock's classic past may be overlooked.

I have just got into Captain Beefheart and Love, and just because the scene went stale, doesn't make every record redundant. Beefheart is NOT instantly disposable. We must take a micro-macro-organic-geo-political view, or failing that, an overall view. — *MR FREI ABER FROH, A German Reader.*

Strike while the iron is hot as it were. Yes, yes it is good that German readers realise how important is 'rock's classic past'. Captain Beefheart, so you say. Good. This and Love are partial to us both. — MB.

RE BUZZCOCKS/Heartbreakers. In answer to your question — what gives? The only unco-operative attitude was that of the Heartbreakers. As we told you last week, it's no fun being the last to know that someone else is guesting on your gig. As to lights — there were no lights. As to P.A. — the Heartbreakers insisted on bringing their own in. Dressing room — the broom cupboard used wasn't very accommodating to anyone. Plus if the Heartbreakers don't talk to you all afternoon and during the night of the gig, make no friendly gestures, they can hardly expect warmer reciprocation. Of course, this is a point of view, and obviously will be the last thing to consider. A satisfactory answer. Correctly.

LOVE CHASE, "New Hormones," Manchester.

Ungrateful, these Yanks. Come over here, use up all our natural resources, our finest facilities, drink our tea and without so much as a buy your leave or a how's yer father they bugger off home again. Take Lester Bangs, for example. Go on *take* him. — MB

MEA CULPA! Though I do not know what "council tenancy" means (though I would like to), I still suspect that my misinterpretation of the Sex Pistols' lyrics, as has happened so often with so many of us before, makes them better. "Another case of tenancy" to me meant that, just like an apartment with a bad landlord, you can just leave the damn country after you destroy it. I also suspect the Pistols to be patriots in disguise (have they read Camus' *Resistance, Rebellion & Death?*) and tender this offer: when your country falls, as it surely must, any of you and especially Mick Farren can stay at my place till you get your effects together as exiles.

LESTER BANGS, N.Y., N.Y.

P.S. What's such a big deal about being mad at Britain? *I'm mad at the world.*

Bullshitting again, Bangs. I'm pretty mad at you too, you old bozo, but don't let bitterness creep in. Aww to hell with it, this next one is pretty choice. It's from another famous sixties writer. Jeff Nuttall, to be precise. Well nearly.

I QUOTE: "It took a long time and the process involved a running fight with the squares insofar as each time a group of young people created their own culture the squares bought it up, streamlined it and sold it back on a large scale, invalidating it . . ." (*Bomb Culture* by Jeff Nutall).

What am I going to do about it? Fuck All.

DWAYNE HOORER.

All part of life's embroidered musical bog roll innit? Bloody country's going to the dogs. Not that I care. — MB

(But we can't all emigrate to the States Max — Ed).

JUST SOME random notes from a stowaway in lifeboat number 13 on the Titanic to you lot in the bridge.

"Innovators in thought depend upon the insight of individuals not on the preference of an age-mass . . . belonging to a generation is one of the lowest forms of solidarity — to act like someone because he was born in the same decade is inferior to taking out a membership in the Red Headed League" *(The Tradition of the New Rosenburg).*

Punk is a phenomenon of pop culture, a culture that has predictable rewards, hence the star system is inevitable. Rotten is a star — the Virgin P.R. job on the possibility of the Sex Pistols living abroad is one of the best pieces of propaganda since Goebbels put pen to paper — NOWHERE did I see a mention of tax rates abroad; tax exile? Our Johnny? No, he's leaving the country for safety reasons.

"Are we really so easily manipulated?"

In contemporary life there are no spectators, just winners and losers. Which side am I on? Like most of us, the one that loses.

How do ya get off this ship anyway?

KEITH BROOKS, Sheffield.

The Goebbels comparison is an overstatement and I don't know what the *New Rosenburg* is. *You're pretty suss, but not aggressive enough for this bag.*

RECENTLY THERE HAS been much debate in the columns of your paper as to how the 'new wave' will avoid the siren call of big business and the conditional castration that this entails — so preventing it from going the way of all its predecessors in becoming 'safe' and 'marketable product' as explained by George Melly.

My slim hope was that by the very nature of Punk attitudes and fashions there would be nothing for youth culture moguls to latch on to, exploit and debase to cynical mouthings as has happened with dreary monotony in the past.

But reading recent issues of *NME* it's becoming apparent that entrepreneurs *can* exploit nihilism, safety pins and one chord energy as effectively as love'n'peace, America, up against the wall, and all the other redundant '60s slogans that have had the life flogged out of them by the chain store boutiques.

'Punk' bands that can be bought are scrubbed, homogenised, packaged and set alongside those specially manufactured on record company production lines and released in special pic sleeves with cut-out punks from Surbiton public school posing by dustbins.

This is coupled with adverts in your paper for 'punk leathers' with gold safety pin attachments for FORTY QUID!

If your paper is really concerned with maintaining the real thing, can't you at least attempt to curb the more blatant exploitation adverts (even if you are owned by IPC) and expose the computer punk bands specially built and fuelled by multinational record company money. Mere criticism of the music does no good as this actually appears in the promotion of bands as happened with a certain dire bands advert last week.

CONCERNED. Norwich.

Like Lowell George once said, "Why beat about the bush? Let's get this thing into the open and make some money out of it." Next.

I'VE JUST just had a jolly good laugh reading Charle Shaar Murray's article "Which Side Are You On?". It strikes me as if Charles is desperatly looking for a cause to fight for. He seems to think that we could solve all the problems of society if we only rid ouselves of the mysterious "they" who run things. The very title of the piece implies that there is some sort of battle being fought in this country and that "we" are naturally the goodies, whilst "they" are the baddies. God only knows who "they" are: are they the capitalists, the controllers of the media, the political parties, or just everyone who doesn't enjoy rock music? I don't know. You tell me, Charles.

It is simply not true that the punks "don't have anything to drop out from". Only someone with no real experience of working-class life (in the 1970s) could possibly have such cliched and out-dated ideas about what it's really like.

If this country is "up shit creek", it's not because the politicians have made a mess of things, it's because there isn't enough hardship. I think it's very true what Solzhenitzyn said about the spirit of the Russian prople being in better shape than that of the British because they take nothing for granted. CSM might think the attacks on Johnny Rotten and co. show that "British liberty" is a farce, but if he lived behind the Iron Curtain he'd know what REAL repression was.

All I'm really saying is that there are far mare important causes to fight for in this world than the right of the Sex Pistols to play their ridiculous music. So please, no more three page articles on how badly treated the punks are. I just cannot take them seriously.

J B GRIMSHAW, Sale, Cheshire.

CSM just said to tell you that he's a middle class hippy and you can pull his toe nails out for it if it makes you feel better. He's said his bit, you've said yours. Honour done, what!

IF KEEF goes down for life, can ya please ask him if I can have this Dan Armstrong?

GARRIE LAMMIN, Cock Sparrer.

I din't think we need to dwell very long on your request.

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All the usual naf from frustrated rock and roll singers, Ph. D.'s in Hemel Hempstead, punk bashers, hippy bashers and the odd sensible ones from people with real brains.
PRINT MY LETTER OR I'LL SHOOT YA!
PRINT MY LETTER OR I'LL SHOOT FRANCE!
This man has nothing to do with rock 'n' roll. He has a lot to do with the kind of society which hypocritically proclaims free speech while violently suppressing anyone who criticises that society: some old get.
ALL PICS H.T. MULDOON
True blue
I HATED ELVIS IN '56 I HATED BEATLES & STONES IN '63. I LOATH & DESPISE CLASH, SEX PISTOLS. LIFE
SQUAAK.. YRS DISGUSTED
Mark P. is Fab, grovelling apologies etc...
Illustration: LOWRY

In which some of the readers come over all metaphysical like but most of 'em are plain silly.

Yup, they're spewing forth on Bakunin, Jeff Nuttall, Solzywatsit, Tolstoy and Manitoba. Even Lester Bangs sees fit to grace these pages with an epistle from strife torn New York.

Heavy Jack? Not half.

MAX BELL wields the savage plume.

teazers

Q: HOW DO YOU keep the **Sex Pistols** out of the news? A: You don't, but Old Wave readers can skip this section and move on to the alternative intro. For those still with us, this week's Pistols' scam starts after the dots . . .

1/ **Johnny Rotten** and **Sid Vicious** will be scouring the flat ads again (the pretty vacancies boom boom) on their return from the band's European tour. Vicious, and Rotten in particular, have again been thwarted in their efforts to find living quarters in London with some degree of privacy from patriotic thugs, the singer having been forced out of his previous flat by a horde of yobs who discovered his address and went round one evening to terrorize him and his companions.

Rotten then moved in with Vicious and his lady **Nancy,** in a flat in Maida Vale, London. It was no popstar palace even at a princely £65 a week, though it did give him the anonymity he needed — that is until a bunch of characters, apparently acquaintances of Rotten, trashed this apartment and, much to Sid's chagrin, terrorized his beloved Nancy. Their landlord promptly gave them the elbow.

This latest in a series of domestic traumas may have been one of the reasons why Sid missed the flight when the rest of the band left for their European tour last week.

2/ Sid's problems don't stop there. He's going to have to interrupt the Pistols' Euro-tour within a few days to return to Britain, where he's due in court to answer assault and offensive weapon charges resulting from the infamous Night At The 100 Club last year when a girl got a sliver of glass in her eye. Sid wasn't involved in that incident but got picked up and hassled by police who arrived on the scene.

3/ Is all as it should be between the Pistols and **Malcolm McLaren,** who was in the USA last week trying to secure that elusive American record deal? Before leaving for Europe, Sid Vicious was particularly vocal to one *NME* reporter about McLaren's handling of the band.

4/ That "controversial" — see *Sun* and *D. Mirror* — film clip used by *Top Of The Pops* was the work of *Supersonic* producer **Mike Mansfield** (Cue sneer, cue hail of gob etc).

5/ After his interview on Capital Radio (see *Thrills*), **Johnny Rotten** described by *Sunday Times* as a "mild-mannered liberal chap with a streets-of-Islington accent."

/6 Meanwhile, has **Don Revie** replaced **Johnny Rotten** as Britain's Most Despised Man? Watch out for **H.M. Brenda's** Patriotic Liberation Front, is all we can say.

Gabba Gabba Hey . . .

"We're so pretty, oh so pretty . . ." See items 1 to 6.

ALTERNATIVE OLD WAVE INTRO: The current Musicians' Union newsletter lists **Rod Stewart** — along with **John Mayall** and **Alexis Korner** — among "brothers" who have not paid their union fees. The defaulters' list carries the announcement: "This information is given to assist members in carrying out their obligation under Rule XIV, Section 8, whereby they are forbidden to accept engagements to play with non-members" . . .

Echoes of **Charlie Manson.** In New York, a mass murderer whose speciality is gunning down young women, has identified himself using the monicker "Son Of Sam" — a phrase which can be heard apparently on the 1967 **Jimi Hendrix** classic "Purple Haze". According to U.S. reports, the full line — barely audible on the record — says: *"Help me, help me, help me, son of Sam, son of Sam."* New York Police, who've been listening to Hendrix records trying to get an understanding of their quarry, have also found a link between the cut "Hey Joe" and the gunman's grisly modus operandi . . .

Peter Tosh elpee "Legalize It" banned as "prohibitive import" in Melbourne, Dahn Under. Local Custard & Exercise men say Tosh's album breaks a new Aussie law covering merchandise which incites people to commit a crime, in this case smoking dope . . .

Full-grown music journalists broke down sobbing in the streets this week at the news that **Dan Peek** had packed up his acoustic and left **America. Gerry Beckley** and **Dewey Bunnel** are continuing to work as a duo and are in no hurry to find a replacement . . .

Nick Watkinson, formerly of Winton, Bournemouth — where the bloody hell are you? Get in touch with the Editor of *NME* where you may hear something to your advantage . . .

Well Respected Ambassador For Britain. Ninety-two degrees heat, 76 per cent humidity, and on crowded Sixth Avenue in Manhattan only one man can be seen wearing a jacket. The jacket is by Pierre Cardin, the gentleman sweating inside — **Ray Davies** . . .

"Punk rock is sweeping the nation," opened a recent *New York Times* article which went on to argue that the music of the **Pistols, Ramones, Damned** etc should be viewed as a Threat to the Fabric of American Society. The piece was written by **William Safire,** whose previous occupation was writing speeches for **Rat Nixon.** Safire's article was so apoplectic that he managed to rope **The Bee Gees** into his tirade. Their name, he said, is underground slang for a well-known combination of drugs. We always thought it came from **Barry Gibb's** initials. God preserve us from snurdos everywhere . . .

Next **Bob Marley** album likely to be a live affair — taken from the last of his four nights at the Rainbow earlier this year . . .

Secret **Elvis Costello** West Country gigs last weekend met with much acclaim. In Penzance a holidaymaker called **Captain Sensible** had to be restrained from leaping up onto the stage to "jam". He was restrained by Stiff employees because, they felt, he was unfamiliar with Costello's material. Would this really have made any difference, *T-Zers* wonders? . . .

Nick Lowe, who is said to have something in the region of 50 tracks "in the can" for his first album, is finally putting a band together and will, therefore, not be playing with **Dave Edmunds** for many more moons . . .

Actually, there *is* more we can say about **Don Readies** (see Item 6). An old wino who hangs around Fleet Street bars tells us that the whole story of the beastly Revie's flight to of the Petrodollar has not yet been told. The stuffto come is pretty sensational too . . . .

It's official. Accusations of "lingering senility" at *Top Of The Pops* are denied in *Radio Times* by the show's producer *Robin Nash*, replying *a la Gasbag* to a complaint about the absence of new wavers on *TOTP*. No question of lingering, it's a bloody stampede: **Tony Blackburn** was only last week telling his listeners that if he was born again he would like to be reincarnated as a housewife. Really. Seems Tony Accrington feels never more comfortable than when he's tiptoeing round his G-Plan with a feather duster in hand . . .

LOVE GOES TO BUILDING ON FIRE: The New York new wave newlyweds pictured above are Talking Heads Martina Weymouth, bass, and Chris Frantz, drums, who got hitched in Chris' home town of Maysville, Kentucky (population 500). The bride wore white; the music came from a stereo. "We've been living together for three years," Frantz told T-Zers Man In New York, "and we thought, 'Let's show that we're serious'." "How cute," said Joe Stevens who took the photograph.

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What gives between **Peter Gabriel** and **The Jam**?. . .

Ghoulish and totally unfounded **"Keef** Is Dead" rumour doing the rounds of musicbiz gossips . . .

Glossop item: **Ian Trimmer** of **Burlesque** banned from driving for three months when he appeared in court in Glossop — not a million miles from Accrington — last week for doing 42mph in a 30mph area . . .

A daughter, **Georgia,** for **Sandy Denny** — six weeks premature, so she hopes to be gigging again in September . . .

Cock Sparrer rhythm guitarist **Garrie Lammin** had several stitches inserted in his hand after it was slashed by a broken bottle outside Camden Music Machine (getting a reputation for aggro). He'd gone to the aid of a punk girl friend who was being jostled by Teddy Boys . . .

Expect autumn tours by **Poco** and the **Amazing Rhythm Aces** . . . .

At farewell party last week, his staff organised a surrogate *This Is Your Life* for Warner Bros' **Derek Taylor**, who's leaving to work in LA as vice-president of creative services. **George Melly** played the part of **Eamonn Andrews** and among those present were **Ringo Starr** (on film from America) and **George Harrison** (in the flesh). *(Gosh, what fun — Ed.)* Taylor was **Beatles'** publicist in the '60s . . .

Taking their cue from **Nick Lowe's** "Bowi", **The Rumour** cal.ed their debut solo album "Max" as a return compliment to **Fleetwood Mac** for titling their last album "Rumours". **Max Bell** v. upset when he heard this news . . .

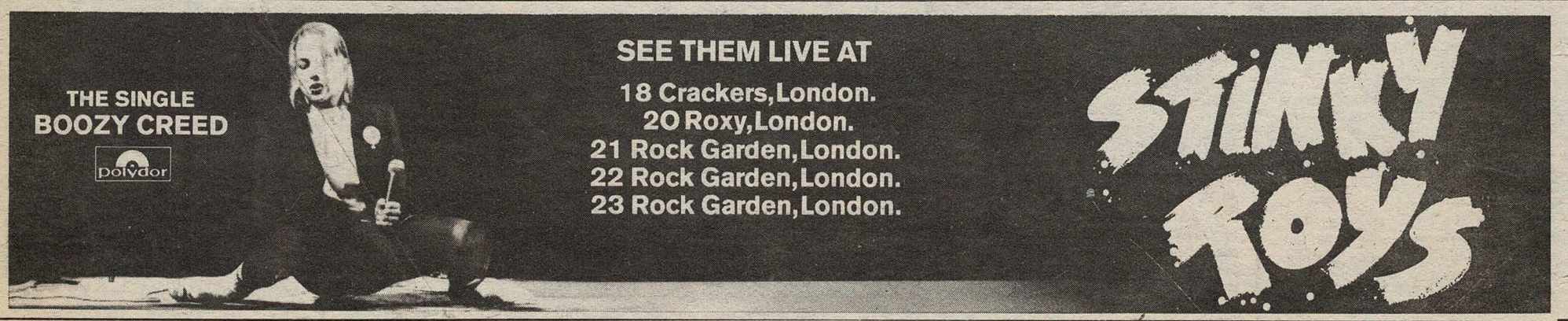
Fruit Eating Bears set out last week on a seven-day tour of the North only to find that it was non-existent (the tour that is, not the North). They were intercepted halfway up the motorway to be told it was all a hoax . . .

Cheer up **Max: Blue Oyster Cult** cutting a new album at Electric Ladyland using material by **R. Meltzer** and **Ian Hunter** . . .

Is it true **Van Morrison** has severed recently tied managerial knot with promoter **Harvey Goldsmith?** . . .

Ramones turned up for gig in Chicago to find they'd been booked into a condemned hotel. It took several hours for **Johnny, Tommy** and **Joey** to persuade **Dee Dee** not to take this as personal slight . . .

Gabba Gabba Hey.



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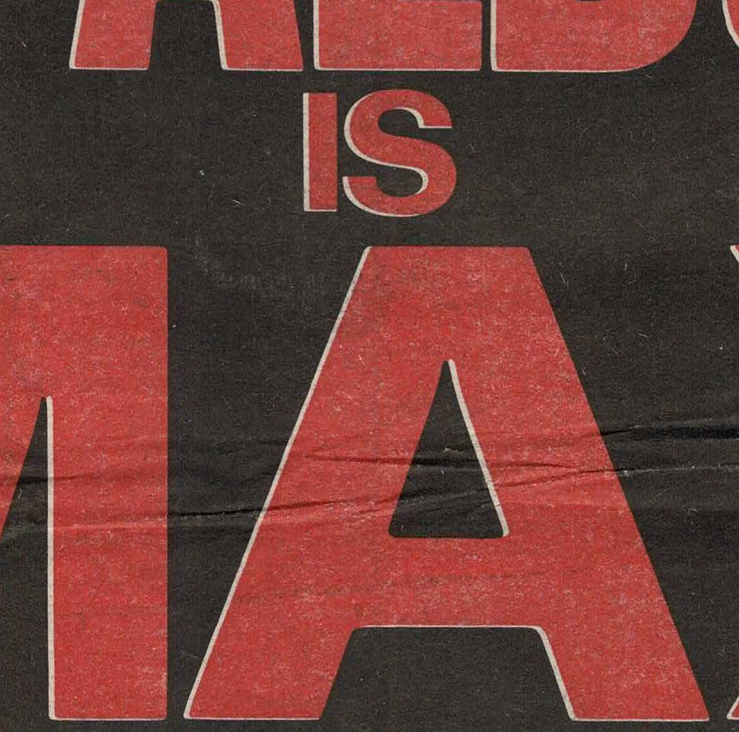
MIXED BY THE RUMOUR



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